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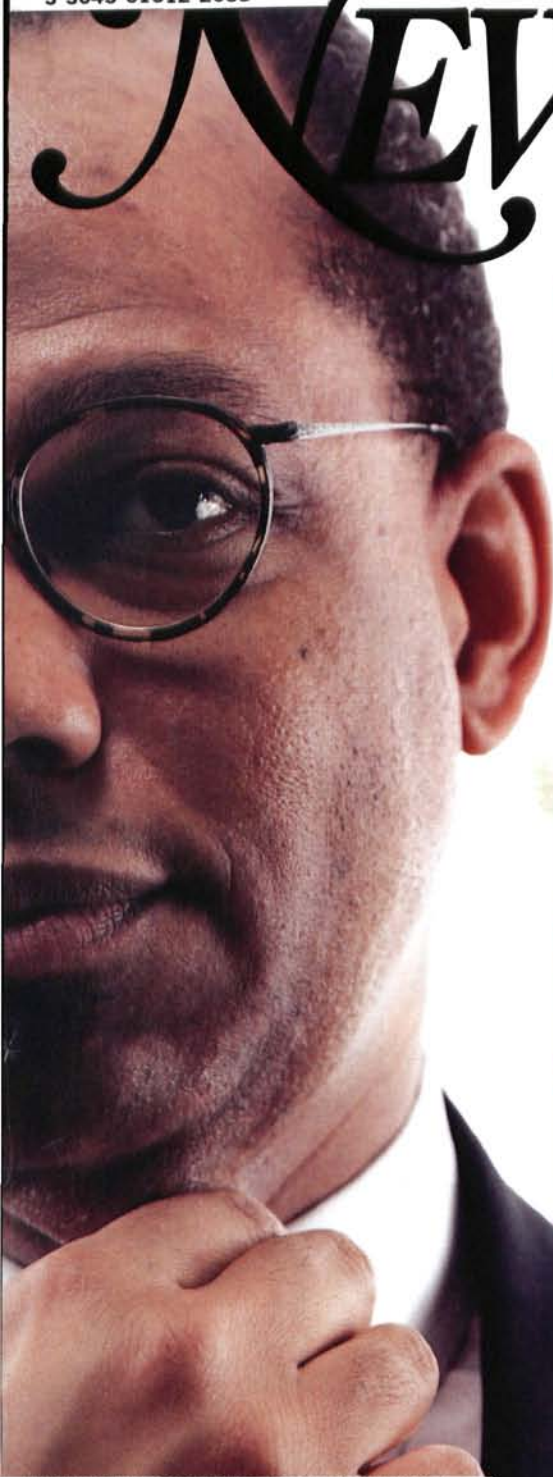
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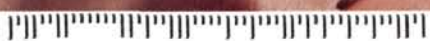
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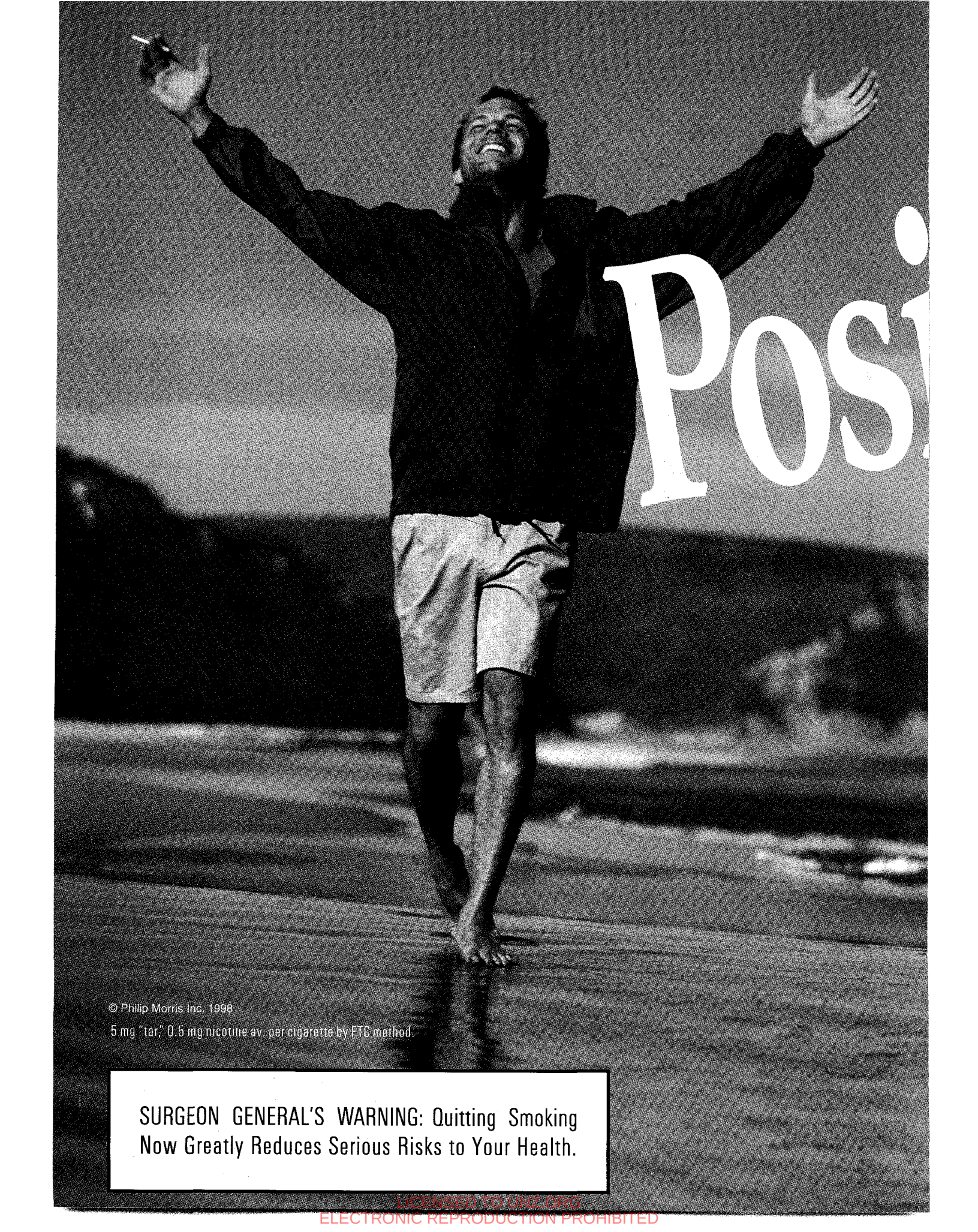
CALVIN BUTTS
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by Craig Horowitz



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By Craig Horowitz

A firebrand in his youth, Calvin Butts of the Abyssinian Baptist Church is now known more for making deals than for making noise. But can an insider who calls Governor Pataki a friend win the black vote if he runs for office, as he hopes to do? Al Sharpston, of course, thinks not.

28 Leo's Lioness

By Mark Lasswell

At 90, Leo Castelli is still the art world's beloved dad—and his wife, 35-year-old Barbara Bertozzi, may be its wicked stepmother. Longtime employees have been fired, friends banished; clients are leaving. And the gallery itself may be closing after 40 years. Is Bertozzi just ironing out his affairs—or angling for her husband's legacy?



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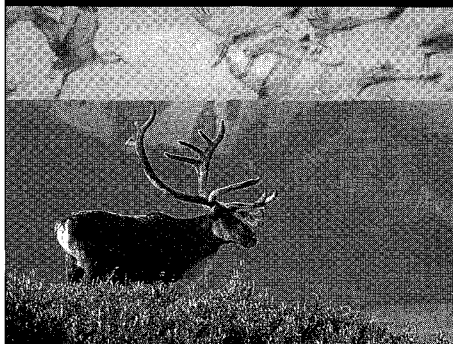
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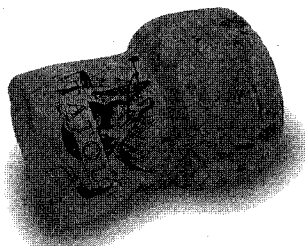
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Fatherly Love

Is Harvey Keitel acting out of paternal fear or wounded pride? Does being governor really require political experience? Can Jay overcome Alaska?

HARVEY KEITEL AND LORRAINE BRACCO shared the same doctor and Lamaze coach with my wife and me when they were expecting Stella and we were expecting our first child ["Scenes From a Bad Movie Marriage," by John Lombardi, January 12]. We went into labor and delivered on the same day, at the same hospital. While they happily received Stella, we had a daughter who did not live. Hearing of our situation, Bracco invited herself into our room as she was being discharged, gave my wife heartfelt condolences, and deposited the roomful of flowers she had received while in the hospital. Keitel quietly kissed my wife, then turned to me and gave me a hug and a kiss on the cheek. There were tears running down his face. The genuineness of his empathy and humanity left an impression on me that I will carry to my grave. I am only sorry I never got a chance to tell him how much that meant to us. We have three daughters now, Samantha, 10, and twins, Rachel and Miranda, 6. Life goes on!

John P. Alicea
EDISON, N.J.

I KNOW HARVEY KEITEL FROM HIGH SCHOOL, and besides being a poolroom guy, he was sweet, funny, and outgoing, and everyone liked him. He marched to a different drummer from the one most of us security-minded middle-class kids did and pursued his dream of acting. What pain to see your only child in the hands of immature and inappropriate adults and not be able to do anything about it. How many fathers care enough to fight for their child's well-being? I wish them peace.

Name Withheld
MANHATTAN

I'M STRUCK BY THE ALLEGATIONS, UNPROVEN and perhaps unfounded, made against Eddie Olmos. It's incredibly sad to think that he and Bracco chose to take the high road and Keitel the low road where it concerns the true welfare and

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best interests of Stella. Olmos and Bracco have been done a great disservice, not to mention the potential damage done to the fragile psyche of a young child.

Bettina and Dennis Lambert
MANHATTAN

Why Not a Woman?

I FOUND MICHAEL TOMASKY'S COLUMN ON Betsy McCaughey Ross very insulting ["The City Politic: Dues and Don'ts," January 12]. On the one hand, he says you don't really need to be a genius to become governor, and on the other, he says that Ross is inexperienced. Well, Pataki had no experience and was elected simply because everyone wanted to get rid of King Cuomo. People wanted someone in there who would respect their mandates, like the death penalty.

New York City has never had a woman mayor or governor. Christie Whitman had no experience and she has made a hell of a governor for New Jersey. Connecticut had a woman governor who was elected for several terms. Texas, long considered a macho stronghold, had Ann Richards as governor. But never New York! No experience is the oldest excuse in the books.

The post calls for an administrator to see that the budget is balanced and that valuable programs are not jeopardized. As a former accountant, I have no experience in politics, but even I can do that. Mr. Tomasky, your chauvinism is showing.

Rose S. Wilson
MANHATTAN

SURE, THERE ARE LOTS OF DEMOCRATS who should be running for governor before Betsy Ross. She just happens to be the only one with balls. After all, who ever heard of Pataki until that empty suit stood up to face Super Mario?

Allan Hoving
WESTPORT, CONN.

WHAT QUALIFICATIONS DID PATAKI HAVE? He was an unknown one-term state senator from Peekskill who allowed himself to be Alfonse D'Amato's lackey in order to be governor. Having a wealthy husband doesn't hurt, but at least McCaughey Ross has held statewide office.

And we know for sure that Alfonse D'Amato will not be pulling the strings. And that's good enough for me.

Reba Shimansky
BROOKLYN

The Final Insult

JUDITH REGAN IS NOT A VICTIM, AS SHE loves to be portrayed, but a provocateur and a victimizer ["Intelligencer: Judith Slings," December 15]. What prompted an old-fashioned knockdown fight between us was a dispute not over a man but over racial slurs. She called me a "Jew bitch" and a "kike." During the street confrontation described in your article, she also gave me the finger and called me a wimp. At this point, provoked by her racism and her vile personality, I reacted fairly normally: *All hell broke loose!*

My sons have constantly been verbally abused by Regan for many years. I have been, too, on many occasions, but I always chose not to react. But when the "Jew" word came in, I drew the line.

Annie Ex-Kleinschmidt
MANHATTAN

Northern Exposure

I HAD NO IDEA THAT DINING WITH AN Alaskan was considered to be a novelty ["Gotham: Nice Jewish Boy," January 12]. As one of the slew of contenders, I can say that my interest was not to have a fancy meal. I can well afford the price of a meal, and offered to share the expense. Alaska is not a possibility for me, but I went to check out Jay, not Alaska. Jay has his task cut out for him. He should try to sell himself first; the Alaska part will come naturally (for the right person).

Name Withheld
MANHATTAN

Correction Because of unforeseen circumstances, the partnership between John Tesar and the Splendido restaurant, reported in January 12's "Cue: Restaurants," has been dissolved.

The stars of *Century City* are Marcus Giamatti and Ellen Parker, not Dennis Ryan and Parker, as was reported in last week's "Cue: Theater."



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A FERRARO FAN GETS LISTLESS

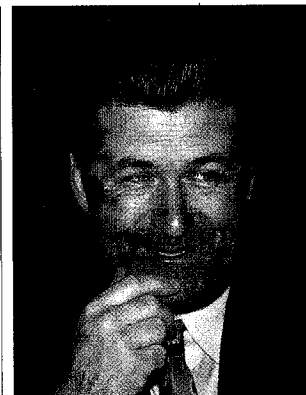
How much cash can last-minute candidate **Geraldine Ferraro** count on from EMILY's List? At least one long-time contributor recently spurned the list, which raises money for female candidates nationwide. Last month, producer **Chase Mishkin** (*Gross Indecency, As Bees in Honey Drown*), who has regularly donated \$5,000 to EMILY's List in past election years, informed list founder **Ellen Malcolm** that she was already supporting **Charles Schumer**. "I think the idea of just supporting women candidates is divisive," explains Mishkin, who during the tense meeting told Malcolm that she was resigning from



Ferraro: Denied!

EYE OF NEWT FOR BALDWIN AT MUGHALI

Patrons at the Upper West Side Indian restaurant Mughali got more than their money's worth last week when **Alec Baldwin**, while dining with a pal, began rehearsing his Macbeth role—for nearly two hours—to a captive but entertained audience. "He was really acting out, ranting and standing up for emphasis," says the witness, who adds that pedestrians paused by the restaurant's window to enjoy the impromptu performance. "All the customers started watching. It was unbelievable," he adds. For those of us who missed the moment, the dialogue will be repeated at the Public Theater next month. As for the quality of the work, one vindaloo-lover would only say, "I don't know that much about Shakespeare, but everyone enjoyed it."



Alec Baldwin:
Any damned spot

the list. "If there's a guy who's good, he deserves our support, too," she continues, adding with a sigh, "I think I probably lost a friend over it." Evidently, Malcolm didn't get the idea. Through a spokeswoman, she insists that Mishkin is still a member in good standing. "Chase was expressing dismay about politics in general, not EMILY's List,"

explains the spokeswoman. Says Mishkin: "If she's kept me on that list, she's done it without me paying, because I'm definitely not going to." Even a personal call from Ferraro a few weeks later proved fruitless. "It's not that I've lost faith in her," says Mishkin. "I've lost faith in her ability to beat D'Amato."

FIorentINO TRIES TO SCORE

Some actresses don't save their emoting for the movies. During a recent basketball game at the Reebok Sports Club, bystanders waiting on the sidelines for a court were startled by a rather vociferous young woman cheering on the players. "Generally, people are pretty quiet while they're waiting for their turn, but not her," says one witness. The woman was so enthusiastic, in fact, that

many of the players began to wonder if they knew her personally. She certainly looked familiar, and no wonder: It was **Linda Fiorentino**. The *Last Seduction* actress, who has very publicly lamented her single status, may have thought the Reebok courts offered a good opportunity to make new friends. "She was really cheering the guys on—like 'Wooo! Great shot! Way to go!,'"

says the amused bystander. As soon as the game was over, Fiorentino wasted no time and asked to join a coed team that was taking the court. At least one player thought the actress was more appealing on the big screen: "She usually plays all these sultry, sensual characters, but in her gym stuff, she just looked thin and pale." Representatives for Fiorentino did not return calls.

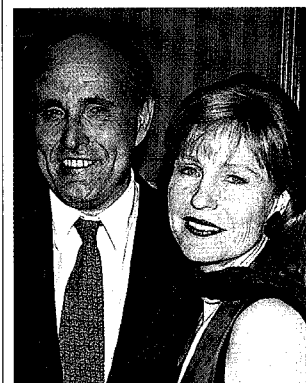


FRESTON'S ROCK-SOLID COMMITMENT

Strike one man off the city's most-eligible-bachelor list. **Tom Freston**, chairman and CEO of MTV Networks, and **Kathy Law**, a Los Angeles-based writer and actress, have decided to tie the knot this April. Says Freston, "I'm very excited and lucky and I'm anxious for the spring." While a small family affair is the current plan, MTV's large family of rock stars might yet turn this into a wild event.

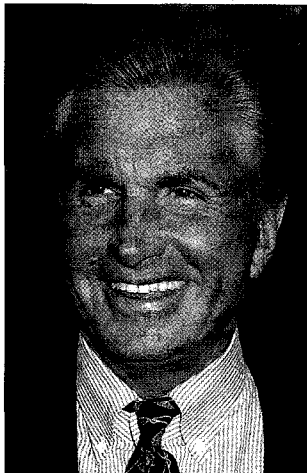
WILL RUDY AND DONNA REPAY BILL?

If **Bill Koepfel**'s ambitious lawyers have their way, Mayor **Rudy Giuliani** and **Donna Hanover**



Rudy and Donna:
Court date

may take the stand to testify in a nasty legal battle that's pitting son against mother. Koepfel is suing his mother over his father's estate, and his attorneys filed a list of potential witnesses that includes the city's First Couple. Not only did they introduce the real-estate scion (and Giuliani fund-raiser) to the woman who became his wife, **Jean Herbage**, but they also visited Bill and Jean in Palm Beach and Westchester. The mayor even spoke at their 1995 wedding, where Bill's mother, **Roberta Koepfel**, created a family drama. "She expressed great discomfort at being there," reports **Melanie**



George Hamilton:
Eat and run

Korn, a neighbor and therapist who gave a deposition for Bill. Korn says she sat with Roberta at the wedding because "I agreed with her that she should not circulate and tell people that this wedding will not last." Within days of the ceremony, Bill consulted Korn professionally. Among other things, they discussed the armed guard he'd hired at his wedding "to prevent any inappropriate, embarrassing actions by his mother," Korn says in her deposition. The case is now in discovery, report attorneys for both sides.

PEN REWRITES THE CHAPTER ON OVITZ

AS PEN prepares for its annual gala on May 11, some members of the writers' group are wondering about **Michael Ovitz** and his \$400,000. The co-chair of last year's gala, Ovitz lined up supporters and raised a lot of money, although the dinner ultimately didn't meet the lofty financial goal of \$400,000 set by PEN. Insiders report that the organization was seriously considering cutting back staff and

WILL GATES REACH FOR THE STARS?

After delivering her second annual speech to the United Nations, astrologer **Joan Quigley** is setting her sights on cyberspace. Quigley, famous as the woman who guided **Nancy Reagan**, is at work on a software program that would allow users to create their own astrological charts—and Quigley's rep says the Reagan-era prognosticator is trying to negotiate a meeting with Microsoft chief **Bill Gates** to market the software. "According to our charts, we should meet," says Quigley, who compares the program to "the chess program Big Blue—more knowledgeable than a human." Her predictions for her possible partner? Quigley goes out on a really prophetic limb: That in 1998 his "projects would turn wildly profitable," leading to "megabucks and enormous power."

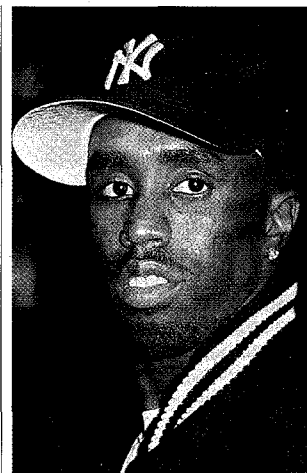
programs to cover the shortfall. "It's true. We were very apprehensive and very concerned," admits PEN president **Michael Scammell**. But a recent audit proved that they aren't in such bad shape after all. "We actually ended up in the black, which I'm still rubbing my eyes over," says Scammell. Another insider says the group is expecting Ovitz's final payment "in the next few months." Scammell reports that PEN's original discussions were with Disney and that Ovitz only took over the event after he left the company. This year's gala will be co-chaired by board member **Toni Goodale** and **John Sargent** of St. Martin's Press. Meanwhile, the group's longtime executive director, **Karen Kennerly**, is leaving in June to write a nonfiction book of her own—but she's pledged to see PEN through the gala.

THE BOOK ON LEON; THE DISH ON GEORGE

WAITING TO EXHALE: "Leon works terribly hard," **Katharine Graham** told *Vanity Fair* three years ago. "He's writing some very eggheaded book of some kind." That book—a philosophical reflection on sighing—is still being pondered, but now *The New Republic's* literary editor of fifteen years, **Leon Wieseltier**, is putting the final touches on

his first serious full-length work. Tentatively titled *Kaddish* and scheduled to be published by Knopf in September, the work is based on a journal Wieseltier kept the year he said Kaddish for his father. It's *not* a memoir but instead a "scholarly and philosophical" look at "Jewish prayer and the rituals of mourning," explains Wieseltier. It'll be more than 400 pages long, which should finally put to rest talk about Wieseltier's legendary writer's block. Next up (groan): The long-delayed opus on sighing.

TV DINNER: Move over, **Robin Leach**. Globe-trotter **George Hamilton** will soon be indulging in his own champagne wishes and caviar dreams. The permanently



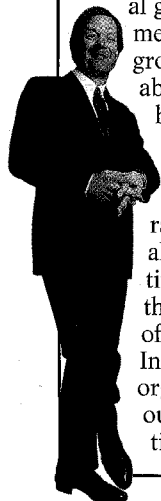
Puffy Combs:
Ought to be in pictures

bronzed actor plans to host a syndicated half-hour program creatively called *The Best of Food and Wine*. The show will operate in a magazine format, with Hamilton introducing segments on the latest trends and trendsetters in the culinary world. "It's like *60 Minutes* or *20/20*," says the show's executive producer, **Scott Woolley**. "George will be like a **Hugh Downs**, leading viewers in and out of segments about food and wine, taking them around the world." The show goes into production in March, with plans to debut this summer.

Additional reporting by Kate Coyne.

PUFFY COMBS: IT'S A WRAP?

Sean "Puffy" Combs is not satisfied with just being a rapper, producer, songwriter, and Svengali—now he's looking for yet another career. Sources close to the music whiz say Combs has been schmoozing with film types and discussing possible roles. "Puff and I talked about his acting in a film. He's interested in doing character roles at this point," says **Scott Derrick**, president of Usonia Pictures, in L.A. Combs, who has previously acted only in his videos, also recently met with Warner Bros. and **Oliver Stone**. According to the music impresario's manager, **Benny Medina**, "We are very conscious of finding roles that represent him as Sean Combs the actor, as opposed to Puff Daddy the musician and producer. We want a role that's a stretch, not a street kid or a rapper. We want him to tap into his emotions. Sometimes I think film is his first love."



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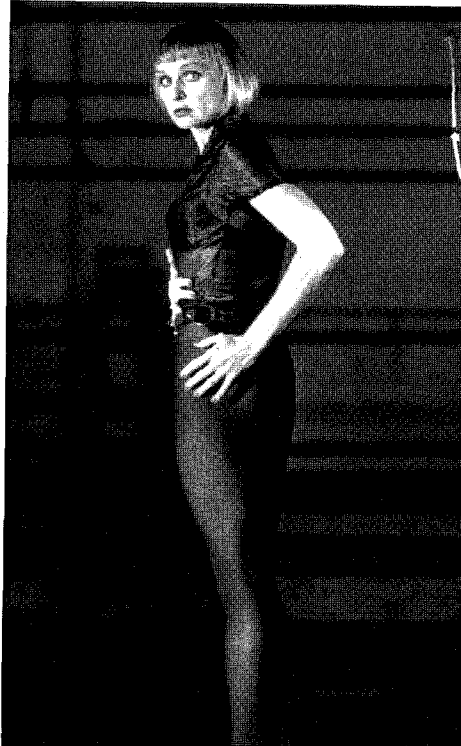
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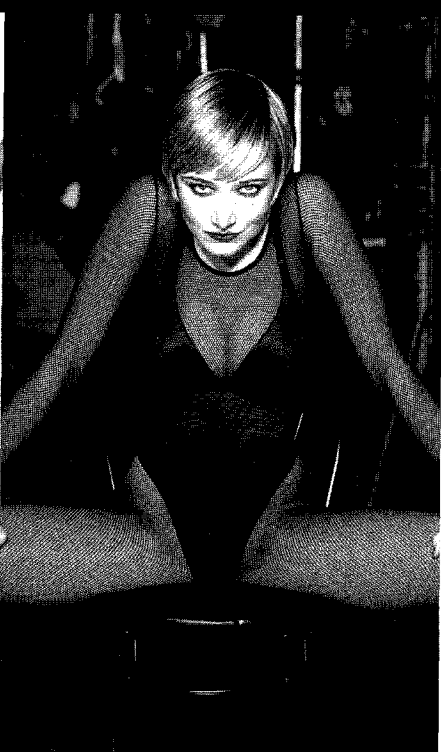
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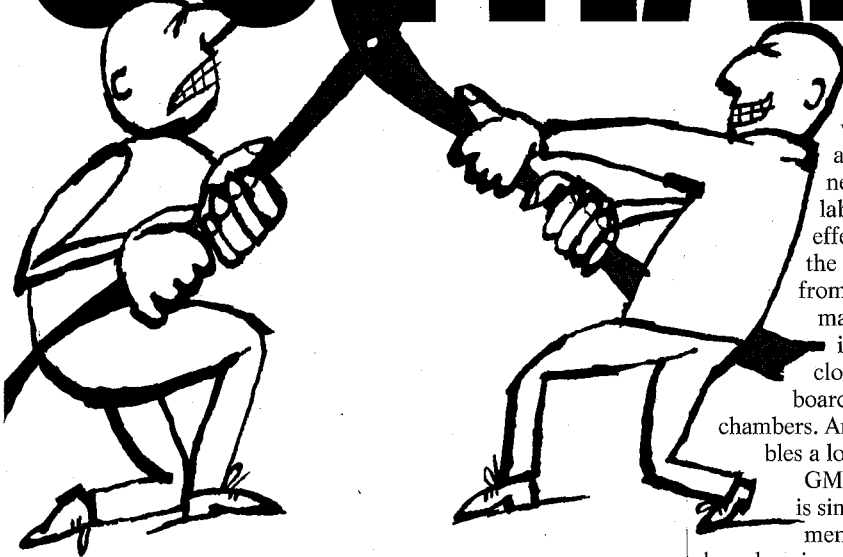
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GOTHAM



Red-Ribbon Wars

What's the future of AIDS debates when activists become political insiders?

WHEN THE GAY Men's Health Crisis announced last week that, after years of opposing the initiative, it would now support the creation of a confidential statewide registry of people with HIV, conservative politicians and right-leaning pundits were delighted. "At last," the *Post* sighed, "honesty about AIDS." Many activists were not so impressed, and a coordinator of an upcoming GMHC benefit has reportedly threatened to withdraw his support.

The fact that the country's oldest and most established AIDS-advocacy group was being praised by its longtime enemies—and scorned by its comrades—struck many as the end of an era. Once upon a time the battle lines were clear: activists united in struggle on one side,

government and pharmaceutical companies on the other. But the politics of AIDS hasn't been that simple in a long time.

For the past several years, activist groups like Treatment Action Group (TAG) and Project Inform have forsaken ACT UP-era shock tactics for a place at the table with legislators and executives. Though significant

victories can be attributed to this new model of collaboration, it has effectively removed the political debate from the public domain and restaged it behind the closed doors of boardrooms and state chambers. And that shift troubles a lot of advocates.

GMHC says the case is simple. The Department of Health has been keeping a confidential registry of people with full-blown AIDS since 1981, and no one has much objected; adding HIV cases to that list will make it easier to direct funding and treatment (especially with new drugs, like protease inhibitors, that can be used to treat the disease earlier in its course) to those who need it most. But critics fear that the list won't be all that confidential—and then what's to stop someone from publicizing the names (as happened with Nushawn Williams, suspected of infecting several girls in upstate New York)? Or to jail people who have spread the virus? "Protease inhibitors

(continued on page 14)

SCRAPBOOK

Rudy's Rules

CAMCORDING TOURISTS AND volunteers for the homeless beware! Now that Mayor Giuliani's cracked down on the jaywalking scourge, what obscure city code will he choose to champion next?

- No intentionally occupying more than one seat on a park bench. Penalty: \$50 to \$200 fine.

- No giving away anything for free in Grand Central Terminal (i.e., food, blankets to homeless) without a permit. Penalty: expulsion from building, fine left to discretion of judge.

- No unauthorized recording of sound. Penalty: maximum sentence of four years in jail.

- No pets' making use of fountains, pools, or ponds in city parks. Penalty: \$50 fine for owner.

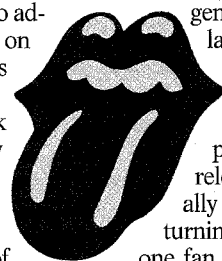
- No fortune-telling (i.e., exorcising, influencing, or affecting evil spirits for a fee). Penalty: up to three months in jail.

- No adultery (class B misdemeanor). Penalty: \$1,000 fine and up to three months in jail.

CAMEO

Stones and Other Assorted Gems

MICK AND THE BOYS HAVE BEEN AT IT for a long time, you have to admit. Their onetime peers, on the other hand—the bands that used to sit just below them on the Billboard charts back when rock and roll was a relatively new listing—have largely gone out to pasture. Which is why it was so disorienting last week to find that just as the Stones were giving one of their classic performances (equal parts Vegas



spectacle, shameless nostalgia-peddling, and genuine attitude) at the Garden, Bob Dylan and Van Morrison were playing next door in the Theater. Grace Slick was in town, too, as were the Mamas and the Papas. Had some VH1 programming effort gone awry? Had relentless years of sixties revivalism actually succeeded in reviving the sixties? "It's turning New York into this big party," said one fan, "and then it's all gone again." Don't worry, they'll be back: Time is on their side.

AIDS continued from page 13

change how we can take better care of ourselves," says Tim Horn, a TAG member. "But you can't have the state practicing medicine from the bench."

When GMHC's policy department announced the shift to the rest of the staff, however, "there was no ruckus," says one senior employee. Drug companies already maintain and sell patient lists, it was argued, so allowing the government to compile that information just isn't that big a deal. And by shifting its support, GMHC gained political leverage. "Instead of being cornered," the staffer explained, "we want to have some negotiating ability."

Trading outsider power for insider access has made for some strange bedfellows within the AIDS community. For example, authors Michelangelo Signorile and Gabriel Rotello—loose-cannon agitators turned best-selling authorities—now advocate that gay men stop sleeping around and settle down. Which, in the estimation of many former allies, puts them nearly in league with the Christian Coalition.

"The problem is," says Nan D. Hunter, former director of the ACLU's AIDS project, "the space for outsider advocacy is shrinking. There needs to be somebody who performs the function that GMHC performed at the beginning, which is really to bring up the clearest, most uncompromised version of what the outsider perspective is."

The people at GMHC steadfastly deny that they've sacrificed any ground or sold out any constituents. "I don't know what coalition we busted," says Ron Johnson, the group's managing director. "A number of [AIDS] organizations across the country have come out for an HIV-reporting system. We are in line with that consensus."

GMHC's announcement did at least succeed in making headlines—calling attention to aspects of the disease too often eclipsed by scandals and tabloid-driven panics. "Doing nothing would have been worse," says the senior GMHC staff member. "The reality is, it's good publicity." **ANDY YOUNG**

CRIME

A Death in the City

The anatomy of a fatal bar fight in the East Village.

THE THURSDAY BEFORE Christmas, Frederic Josephs, a 46-year-old financial adviser and divorced father of three who lived on Long Island, arrived at Lucky Cheng's on lower First Avenue with his friends Ronnie and William Wahrburg. It was around 10:45 P.M. Before midnight, Josephs would be knocked unconscious by a stranger half his age. Coming to, he would refuse medical attention and head home. The next day, suffering head pain, he would check into a hospital and soon thereafter slip into a coma; three weeks later, he would be dead.

The reports of Josephs's death, and the subsequent search for his presumed killer, Kevin Greene, flickered through the daily papers, the brief news items making Josephs out to be the hapless victim of a vicious assault. The real story is not so simple.

Bela Bolski, the club's manager, remembers seeing Josephs and the Wahrburgs—who visited the place frequently—when they walked in: "They were laughing and being really loud." About 11 P.M., a blonde drag queen began her performance, singing "My Name Is Cookie," and Ronnie Wahrburg started dancing, following her into the dining room.

There, Wahrburg accidentally knocked a glass of wine into Kevin Greene's lap. Greene, a 22-year-old Banana Republic sales clerk and part-time model, was celebrating his birthday with his girlfriend. Ronnie Wahrburg didn't seem to notice

the spilled wine and made her way back to the bar. Greene followed her there, in search of napkins, and initiated a brief exchange. "He started yelling at my wife," says William Wahrburg. "He just asked her if she'd buy them a new glass of wine," counters Philip Murphy, Greene's attorney. As Greene returned to his table, William Wahrburg and Josephs followed. Niki, one of the club's transsexual waitresses, overheard the confrontation: "[William Wahrburg] said, 'You shouldn't speak to my wife that way.' Then Fred tried to punch Kevin, but he couldn't quite reach. I guess Kevin has longer arms because when he swung back, he hit him

a wheelchair. "Josephs refused medical attention," a police spokeswoman says. "And declined to press charges."

"He didn't press charges because they told him that they'd have to arrest him, too, because Greene would file a counter-complaint," says Wahrburg.

The police released Greene, who went back to his table. The club's management, looking to smooth things over, offered everybody involved a free dinner. Greene left a note for the transsexual waitress on the bill. "Sorry about the 'Vibe,'" he wrote, and signed his name. "P.S. You look beautiful."

That note would help lead police, who had not taken



Lucky Cheng's on First Avenue, where Frederic Josephs received a deadly blow.

in the face." Wahrburg denies that's what happened. "Fred absolutely did not throw the first punch," he says. "We were trying to offer this guy money for a drink. I haven't been in a fight since I was 16 years old."

"All of the sudden, Cookie was screaming, 'Security! Security!'" says Bolski. "I thought it was part of her act. But then I looked over and there was this guy lying on the floor." Josephs was sprawled in the middle of the dining room. "Everybody just stared at him," says Connie Calabro, a social-services worker from Queens who was sitting at a nearby table. "I started rubbing a wet napkin on his head."

When the police arrived, they handcuffed Greene while EMS workers took Josephs outside in

down Greene's name, to his MacDougal Street apartment. Three weeks later, when Greene returned from a ski trip, the cops were waiting for him. On January 8, he was charged with second-degree manslaughter, which could land him in jail for up to fifteen years if the grand jury doesn't reduce the charges. For now, he's free on \$25,000 bail.

The dilemma the grand jury faces is clear. "It's tragic," says Murphy. "But my client didn't do anything that any other person wouldn't have done in those circumstances." William Wahrburg disagrees: "I'm not a lawyer; I don't know what *should* happen. But somebody died over a spilled glass of wine." **NORMAN VANAMEE**

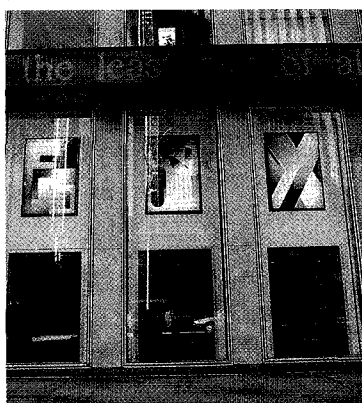
Fox's One-Liner News

Rupert Murdoch fiddles with his zipper.

REPORTING THE RECENT news that the alleged Unabomber had tried to hang himself, even the tabloids managed to remain civil. But the Fox News zipper, on the corner of 48th Street and Sixth Avenue, played the story for laughs, announcing it as a case of SUICIDE-BY-UNDERWEAR. When Woody Allen wed Soon-Yi Previn, the red-and-black zipper heralded the union with a cheeky MAZEL TOV!

The Asian fiscal crisis was described as a phenomenon that JUST WON'T GO AWAY. The zipper has been up and running since 1996, but its Borscht Belt tone

dates only to early December. Fox brass, seeking to distinguish their electronic toy from the nearby NBC version that ran identical wire-service copy, turned to Marvin Himelfarb, an ex-writer for shows such as *WKRP in Cincinnati*, *Fantasy Island*, and *Hart to Hart*. "It started with Rupert Murdoch," says Himelfarb. "He went to Roger [Ailes] and said, 'Let's kick this up.'" From the Fox office where he spends fourteen hours a day tarting up the AP feed, he admits that the job is "just another thing to draw attention." (It seems to be



Fox's electronic news at 48th and Sixth.

working: minor collisions between captivated pedestrians and bicyclists are now commonplace at the intersection.) Himelfarb couldn't be happier. "When something like Roseanne's divorce comes up," he exults, "I just start salivating."

ETHAN SMITH

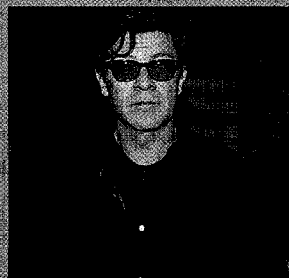
THE SCENE

Tommy and Tunes

Photographs by Patrick McMullan



At the opening of Rolling Stone's "Covers Tour" exhibit: Left, Jann Wenner, Elizabeth Vargas, and Michael Douglas; right, Robbie Robertson.



At the Racquet & Tennis Club, Terry George and Mia Farrow attend the premiere of Universal's *The Boxer*.



At Lemon for the launch of Tommy Jeans for the Tommy Girl: Top, Hiffiger, Missy Elliott, and MTV's Carson Daly; bottom, Bruck Up and Busta Rhymes.



Diego Serrano and Tully Jensen at 2 seven 7 for Cristina Greeven's birthday party.



Gretchen Mol attending the party for Pedro Almodóvar's *Live Flesh* at Speed.

NICE JEWISH BOY SEEKS HOT-BLOODED JEWISH GIRL FOR LOVE IN COLDER CLIMES PART XII

● Sifting through the piles of mail he now gets, Jay Ramras, the Alaskan restaurateur in New York to search for a Jewish bride, was struck by a photograph and charming card sent by a 35-year-old woman from Daytona Beach, Florida. We'll call her Cheryl. Noting that her friends describe her as "hippie chic," she claimed her dream was to move to Alaska and work for Overeaters Anonymous. Intrigued, Jay went down for a visit. It didn't go very well.

● The Sights: Together, they visited Celebration, the town constructed by Disney. Jay found it so "obscenely perfect" he was moved to vandalize a street lamp with a wad of gum.

● The Soul: Jay went to synagogue for an awkward evening service with Cheryl and her parents. "Just fall asleep like I do," her father advised.

● The Sacrifice: Jay was forced to spend hours advising the family on their planned trip to Alaska to visit Cheryl's aunt.

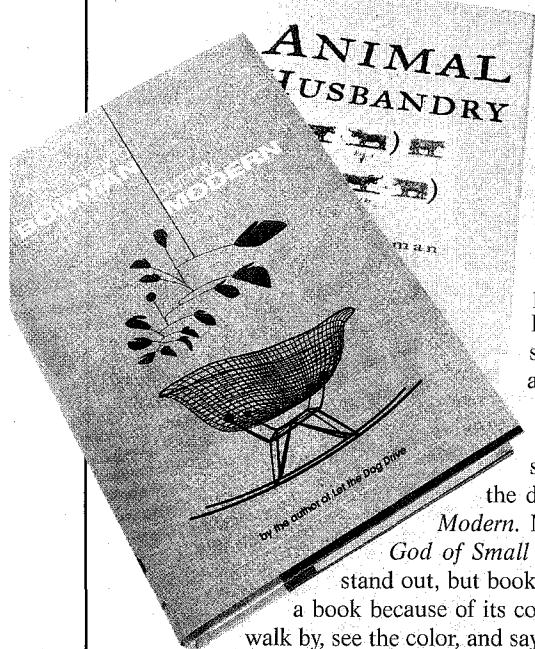
● High Point: Breakfast at the Waffle House restaurant. "Everybody was so friendly, it was like walking into Alaska."

● Low Point: The morning Cheryl greeted him with, "It's a great day when you pee and it doesn't sting."

● Next Trip: Undaunted, Jay's jetting off on another long-distance prospecting mission—this time to visit a young lady in L.A.

GOTHAMSTYLE

EDITED BY DANY LEVY



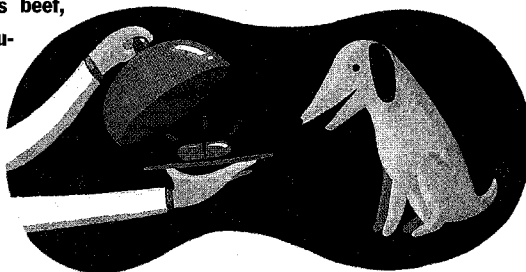
Coloring Books

Suddenly it seems like all the hip new literary fiction is dressed up in chartreuse. Laura Zigman's cow-covered *Animal Husbandry*, David Bowman's slapstick *Bunny Modern*, and the paperback version of Bruce Wagner's sardonic L.A. story *I'm Losing You* all recently arrived in stores with covers of the acid-yellow-green usually associated with Pop Art paintings and Nike swooshes. "Intense colors are part of the sixties-retro thing happening in furniture and style," says Michael Ian Kaye, who supervised the design of both *Animal Husbandry* and *Bunny Modern*.

Next to the somber covers of books like *The God of Small Things* and *Angela's Ashes*, chartreuse does stand out, but booksellers scoff at the idea that anyone would buy a book because of its color. Says a Rizzoli clerk, "I don't think people walk by, see the color, and say, 'Ooh, I'll pick that up.'" ALEXANDRA LANGE

A Spoonful of Liver Makes the Medicine Go Down

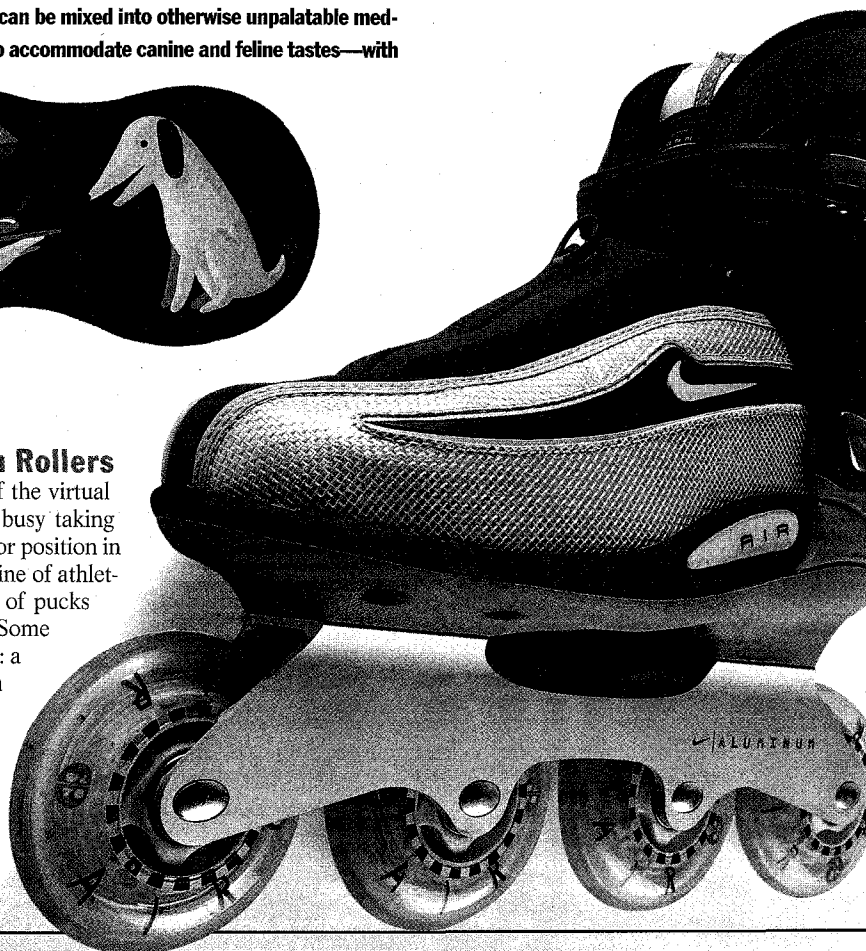
It's a scheme worthy of Willy Wonka: C.O. Bigelow Chemists recently started offering a choice of 42 flavors—such as peach, cherry, and bubble gum—that can be mixed into otherwise unpalatable medications for children. It's such a hit, it's been expanded to accommodate canine and feline tastes—with such tail-wagging classics as beef, cheese, chicken, and fish. "Tuna's real big," notes Joel Eichel, supervising pharmacist, "especially with the cats." Which figures: "It kinda smells like that smell you get when you open a can of cat food," he says.



High Rollers

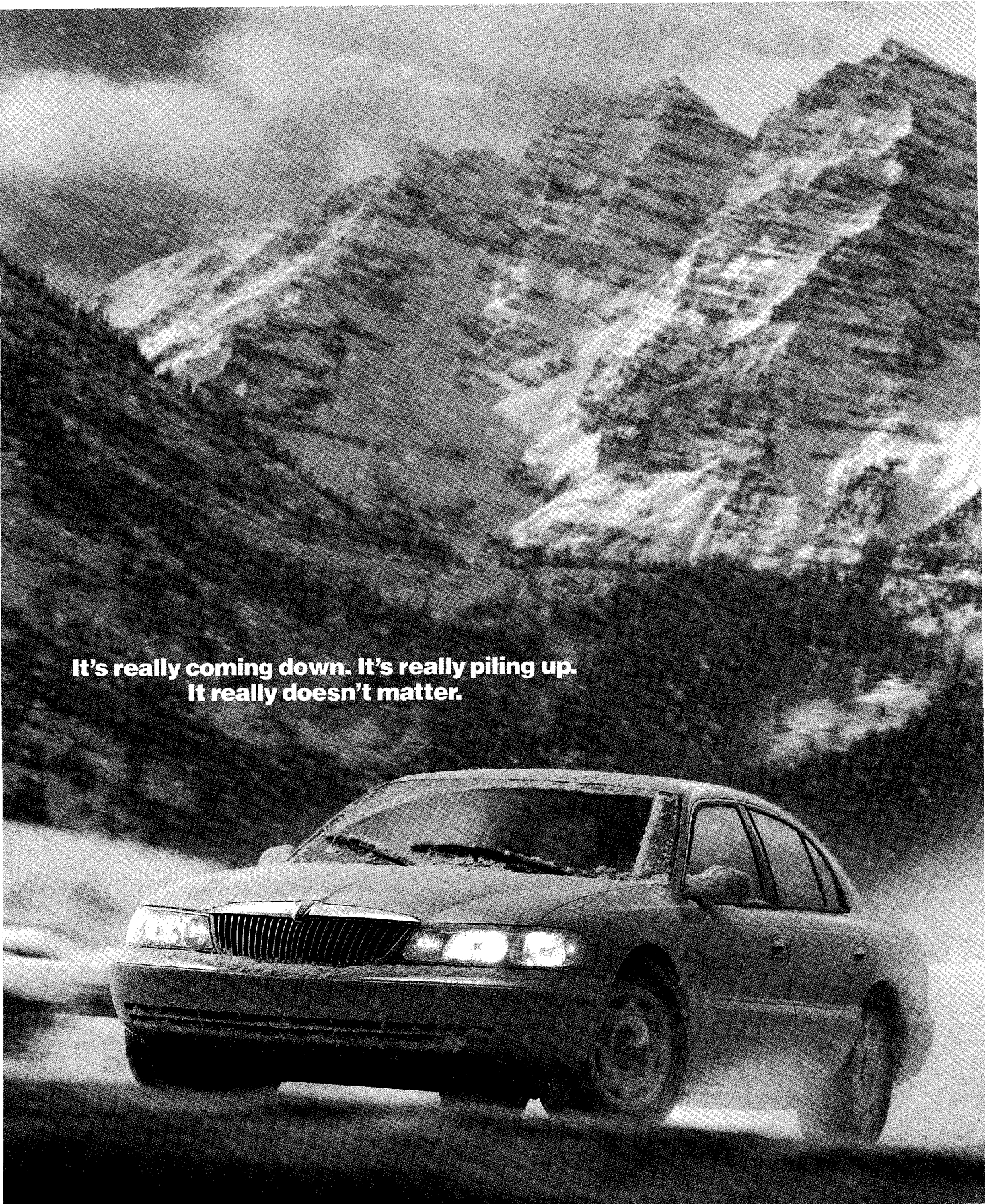
While Microsoft fights to extend its domination of the virtual world, another Pacific Northwest powerhouse is busy taking over the physical realm. Not content with its superior position in sneakers and sportswear, Nike is creating its own line of athletic equipment, such as snowboards, various types of pucks and balls, and, come March, sneaker-based skates. Some of the innovations it's bringing to the skating world: a Zoom Air Footbed, to "diminish road buzz," and a Foreflex Cuff, for increased range of motion. Despite this technical razzle-dazzle and the company's marketing prowess, some are skeptical. "Customers want to see the Rollerblade brand name. How can you fight that brand recognition?" asks a sporting-goods-store manager who, it's worth noting, wouldn't give his name for fear of offending Nike.

BETH LANDMAN KEIL



That's a Wrap (Or Is It?)

That sweater you tie around your waist to cover up those too-tight pants may feel like the most important item in your wardrobe. But finding the right one can be tricky—anything bulky runs the risk of making you look bulky, too. Isaac Mizrahi tried to help with his Barbie-sounding "Tie-My-Sweater" pants and dresses (with built-in sweaterlike wraps), but at \$475 and \$765, respectively, they weren't much help at all. Now Laundry by Shelli Segal has introduced her more affordable "seat covers"—bits of sweater-shaped fabric that can also add volume in just the right proportion. "For me," Segal explains, "it helps, because it gives me hips." SARAH BERNARD



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Loss Leaders

The banning of fen-phen has left the calorically challenged frantically searching for substitutes, from herbal copycats to colonic hydration.

4 DON'T WANT TO HURT YOU." MY cheek is pressed against the cool, plastic-covered examining table and I'm facing the wall, thinking about beauty and health and Courtney Love, so radiant on the cover of *Bazaar*, so resplendent on *Rolling Stone*—anything to keep from thinking about what they did to her, what they're doing to me.

"Breathe all the way in and hold it," Trisha Rossi says, and suddenly I'm a Spanish olive impaled on a swizzle stick.

Okay, it's a smallish stick, a temperate, well-oiled medical nozzle hooked up to a gurgling wall-mounted gauge, and under the gentle ministrations of Rossi, colonic-hydrationist to the stars, it is not entirely uncomfortable. At her Natural Alternative Center on West 72nd Street, Broadway dancers, burnished socialites, and Marla Maples all go for similar upendings. It is here, in fact, that Courtney Love flushed out her toxins to become the vixen of Liz Smith columns. Did she press her face against this very examining table?

Smiling, Rossi spins a knob on the wall, sending warm water looping through the hose. And suddenly gallons of tepid water are flowing into me *backward*. The sensation is not so much painful as it is intensely peculiar. "I like this part," Rossi hums, pressing a stethoscope to my belly. "It's like listening to the waves of the ocean."

INTESTINAL SCRUBS WERE NOT MY FIRST choice in finding out what people are doing these days to lose weight. Last month I put myself on Herbal Phen-Fen, the newest craze in dietary supplements. Herbal Phen-Fen is the herbalists' answer to the pairing of fenfluramine and phentermine (and sometimes Redux) that was prescribed as much as 18 million times a

year until last September, when the FDA announced it was causing fatal heart damage. Instead of scaring people away from anything fen-phen, the news launched a whole new market for dietary doppelgängers. Now a half-dozen products have appeared, with names like Phen Fuel, Diet Phen, and Phen Cal—feeding upwards of \$150 million in sales. Jerry Hickey, the owner of Hickey Chemists on the Upper East Side, is stunned by the stampede of customers. "The demand is huge," Hickey says. "It's all day long."



Use it to lose it: Tapeworms, vibrating "electric spankers" (popular during the fifties, above), fen-phen—some people will try anything to shed weight.

Herbal Phen-Fen combines Saint-John's Wort, sometimes called "nature's Prozac" because of its effect on mild depression, and the powerful stimulant mahuang. Mahuang is natural speed—the source of ephedra, similar to the racy compound found in cold pills like Sudafed. Mahuang is currently available in more than 120 holistic products for weight loss, muscle-building, and energy. The FDA blames it for 42 deaths, though only two have been confirmed by autopsy—and none is credited to Herbal Phen-Fen. The agency isn't

likely to move against Herbal Phen-Fen anytime soon, because the Dietary Supplement Health and Education Act of 1994, hard won by health-food fans, takes non-pharmaceutical natural aids (including vitamins and herbal and naturopathic supplements) out of the FDA's purview.

Nevertheless, in December, the FDA promised legal action against any company that markets these supplements as alternatives to the outlawed pills. "The promotion of these supplements under drug-like names gives the impression that

they're either composed of drugs, which they're not," says FDA spokeswoman Marian Segal, "or they're effective for weight loss, and they haven't been shown to be."

Despite that assertion, Herbal Phen-Fen seems to work better than most herbal products. In a study of 1,401 patients taking it, conducted by Dr. Steve Heymsfield, medical director of St. Luke's-Roosevelt Hospital Center's weight-control unit, average weight dropped from 176 to 164 over eight weeks. Heymsfield is currently conducting the only double-blind placebo-controlled study of Herbal Phen-Fen in the country.

I knew none of this when I picked up a 60-tablet bottle of Herbal Phen-Fen Stage 2 at the Vitamin Shoppe on Sixth Avenue in the Village for \$21.95. I lasted four days

on the stuff. Sure, my workouts were noticeably zestier and I increased my half-mile swim to a mile effortlessly. And my appetite fairly vanished (it helped that the huge purple pills smell like freeze-dried sewage). By day four, I had shed three pounds.

But my blood raced, my chest heaved, and I couldn't sit still or sleep. I couldn't concentrate well or focus my thoughts, the speediness was so overwhelming. Heymsfield ascertained that the "Stage 2" on my bottle meant it was twice as

strong as the one he has been testing. With neither formula does the label describe the pills' effects or say how much mahuang is in them; I have no idea how much I was taking. Plus, I had continued my copious coffee intake—nothing on the label told me not to. Even after I quit taking the tablets, it was another four days before I stopped grinding my teeth. Still, Heymsfield thinks these are safe pills. "Of course," he adds, "two years ago, I was going around saying that about fen-phen." Ultimately, I sided with my nervous system over my waistline and decided against trying the regular-strength Herbal Phen-Fen.

I also considered, then ruled out, other health-food remedies. Chromium picolinate, which sells like candy at point-of-purchase displays in drugstores, has been classified a potential human carcinogen. Although some nutritionists have called it the "wonder drug of the nineties" because of its demonstrated ability to boost metabolism and burn fat, the Federal Trade Commission recently warned manufacturers to stop making weight-loss claims without greater proof.

The hormone DHEA is another product benefiting from an unproved reputation for helping burn calories. It carries dire but vague and variable warnings on the label: One, for instance, says it's "for adult use only," while another says it should not be taken "by any person who is under 40," and another says it is specifically "not for use by women." The National Institute on Aging tells everybody to avoid the stuff. Dr. Richard Ash, one of the city's preeminent holistic physicians, argues: "DHEA shouldn't be on the market. We don't know anything about it."

And the newest white-hot product, called Calorad and fashioned from liquid collagen from Canadian cows, also failed to win my confidence. While the literature is careful not to make claims, it includes this rhetorical question: "Would you like to strengthen joints, gain lean muscle, enjoy better sleep, slim down and firm up, increase energy and stamina, reduce wrinkles and age spots, experience a sense of well-being? Exercise and dieting not required." Ash is not a fan. "Read the label," he says. "It says, TAKE ONE TABLESPOON BEFORE BED ON AN EMPTY STOMACH. Well, if everybody went to bed on an empty stomach, they'd all lose weight."

"WE DO DETOXIFICATION, WHICH IS SERIOUS weight loss," Trisha Rossi, who has a shallow Bronx accent and a fabulous wardrobe consisting of miniskirts and black velvet flats, tells me. She says 4,000 patients have successfully shrunk under

her management. She uses vitamin therapy and a series of colonic treatments over a several-month period, and she promises immediate results. She argues that scouring the system makes the the body better able to digest and absorb nutrition, burning what it needs, expelling the rest.

"Most nutritionists in town are basically guessing, reading tea leaves," she insists. "I need science." Though she boasts New Age degrees in homeopathy, nutrition, and naturopathy, Rossi's not an M.D., notwithstanding the "Dr." that invariably precedes her name. Her "science" is a form of divination, too. Before any treatment is given, your hair is clipped and analyzed. Based on the lab report, Rossi determines your course of supplement and/or colonic therapies to lose weight. The cost is enough to clean anyone out: \$446 for me—not including the eight follow-up irrigations, to be administered weekly, at \$65 each. But if she could do for me what she did for Courtney Love, it would be worth the price tag.

On my first visit, Rossi peppered me with questions. "You're not voiding three times a day?" she exclaimed. I allowed an assistant to clip a lacework of divots along the back of my skull. Ten days later, my results were in.

"IT'S VERY ACIDIC, YOUR SYSTEM, AND WE have to try and balance that out," Rossi says, reading my chart. She sees a very high aluminum count ("That means memory loss"), a low tissue-calcium level ("Are you severely depressed?"), and a copper level about six times the normal range ("This shows you are in an extremely stressful state"). She recommends a cache of supplements: vitamin E; more dark greens like spinach; a high-potency lecithin tablet for "colon stress."

And, of course, the hose. Rossi swears no more than a few cups of water are washing through me at any given moment. At best, the sensation is relaxing; at worst, deeply humiliating. But afterward, making my way back to my office, I realize how *weird* I'm feeling: stressed out, depressed, a bit forgetful. Within days, however, I am feeling not just better but healthier, and I've shaved off two more pounds.

Perhaps I'm losing weight merely because I've set my mind to it; at least some of the people going to the New Age marketplace for help may be giving these remedies an assist with newfound self-restraint. In the end, we may just be bribing ourselves, but we're doing it to the tune of \$1.3 billion a year. Because, like Courtney, we all want to be the girl with the most cake.

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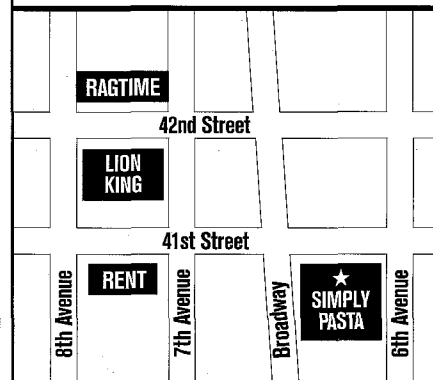
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Calvin Butts, Harlem's Reverend Inside, Thinks Black New York Needs New Leaders

By Craig Horowitz

ON A DAMP, DREARY NIGHT WHEN the fog rolling in off the Hudson River gave the village of Ossining, New York, the gauzy, eerie look of an old vampire movie, the Reverend Dr. Calvin Butts

parked his Cadillac near the rail-

road tracks on the edge of town and got out carrying a well-worn, leather-covered Bible. He took a deep breath, turned up the collar of his trench coat, and walked through the blue-black darkness toward the octagonal guard towers that loom over the front gates to Sing Sing. ■ Butts, who is pastor of the legendary Abyssinian Baptist Church in Harlem, had come to this notorious maximum-security prison where more than 600 people have been electrocuted (including Julius and Ethel Rosenberg) to minister to a group of twenty prisoners. The men, who ranged in age from 20 to their mid-forties, had been convicted of crimes varying in severity from robbery to murder. What made these men unusual was that they were all working to turn their lives around: finishing college and even becoming seminary students while in prison. ■ Once inside Sing Sing's decrepit

check-in room, with its metal detector, stark fluorescent light, and thick iron bars, Butts, in a snappy brown suit, sea-blue shirt, and white pocket square, waited while his identification was verified. Standing amid the bulky, pasty-faced guards and a handful of people emptying their pockets as part of the security ritual to get into the 173-year-old prison, Butts looked around and began to shake his head

gently from side to side. "This," he said as his still-boyish face gave way to a broad smile, "is the work I was meant to do. *This* means something." ■ Barely an hour before, as we began the trip to Sing Sing, driving along Lenox Avenue, across the Harlem River, past Yankee Stadium, and on up into Westchester, the pastor of the great Gothic fortress on 138th Street had been talking passionately about the other work he feels increasingly called to do: run for public office. In fact, his soul-searching about seeking a bigger pulpit is



so well known, even the prisoners he visited that night asked him what's up with politics, when is he going to become a candidate? ■ "It may be now that there's some transition—not away from the church because I'll always want to preach—but it may be that the Lord has prepared me for something else," he said, filling the car with his sonorous

(Reverend Outside Begs to Differ.)



TO RUN OR NOT TO RUN? The Reverend Calvin Butts has long considered entering politics; now it's time to act.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DANA LIXENBERG

"Is it true that I have not been marching and demonstrating?" s

voice. "I've wanted to be mayor of New York since the third grade. And I'd like to be a U.S. senator at some point. That's very clear to me. But what you wanna be and what you *need* to be are two different things."

The imperative to do something now, however, extends beyond strictly personal considerations. Butts knows there is a serious black-leadership vacuum in the city. In the post-Dinkins era, no one has yet stepped up (which is the only reason it's still referred to as the post-Dinkins era). State comptroller Carl McCall, already 62, has shown no real interest in developing a higher profile. State Senator David Paterson seems to covet higher office but not quite enough to really go after it. C. Virginia Fields, the newly elected Manhattan borough president, so far seems by temperament more legislator than leader.

And despite the Reverend Al Sharpton's showing against Ruth Messinger last year, serious questions remain about his potential to broaden his appeal. So when Butts, 48, looks at the political horizon—say the Rudy-free mayor's race in 2001—he surely sees as clear a field for a serious black contender as there may ever be. Whether the goal is City Hall or Charles Rangel's congressional seat, this may be the optimal time for Butts to finally find out what kind of support he really has.

"He ought to be in government, because he's a guy who likes to deliver and he could do it on a grander scale," says veteran political consultant Hank Sheinkopf. "Is it time for unusual kinds of political leaders like Calvin Butts who don't come up through the normative channels? The answer is probably yes, because there's a change going on in how we determine what makes a leader and what we expect from them. He's very smart, and he shares the values of a lot of middle-class people."

IT'S EASY TO FORGET THAT CALVIN BUTTS is the minister who once said then-mayor Koch was "worse than a racist"; who blasted David Dinkins and Charlie Rangel as "timid politicians" who "settle for crumbs"; and who snapped during a visit by Nelson Mandela in 1990 that New York was "one of the most racially divided cities in the world."

Butts has come in from the cold. Where once he happily stood outside the system, tossing rhetorical cluster bombs, he now operates with significant grace and skill on the inside. He was a member of Governor Pataki's transition team (*Republican* governor Pataki) and serves on the board of the Empire State Development Corpora-

tion. He lunches with Chase Manhattan chairman Walter Shipley. He's partners with megadeveloper Bruce Ratner on a commercial project on 125th Street. He's courted with parties and fund-raisers by wealthy socialites. He's got a Sunday-morning radio show on KISS-FM. He's on the board of the United Way and the Central Park Conservancy. He was recently chosen to head New York's influential (and white-dominated) Council of Churches. And he counts among his close friends and advisers American Express president and COO Ken Chenault, Travelers Group vice-chairman Tom Jones, United Way president Ralph Dickerson, and Time Warner president Richard Parsons.

NOT ONLY IS BUTTS THE pastor of Abyssinian, the 190-year-old Harlem church that is a center of spiritual and intellectual activity for blacks from all over the tri-state area, but he is a reformer, an administrator, an organizer, and a developer. He has, through the Abyssinian Development Corporation, built millions of dollars worth of housing for homeless people, senior citizens, and moderate- and middle-income families. He is in the process of renovating and resuscitating the Renaissance Ballroom, once a locus of Harlem nightlife.

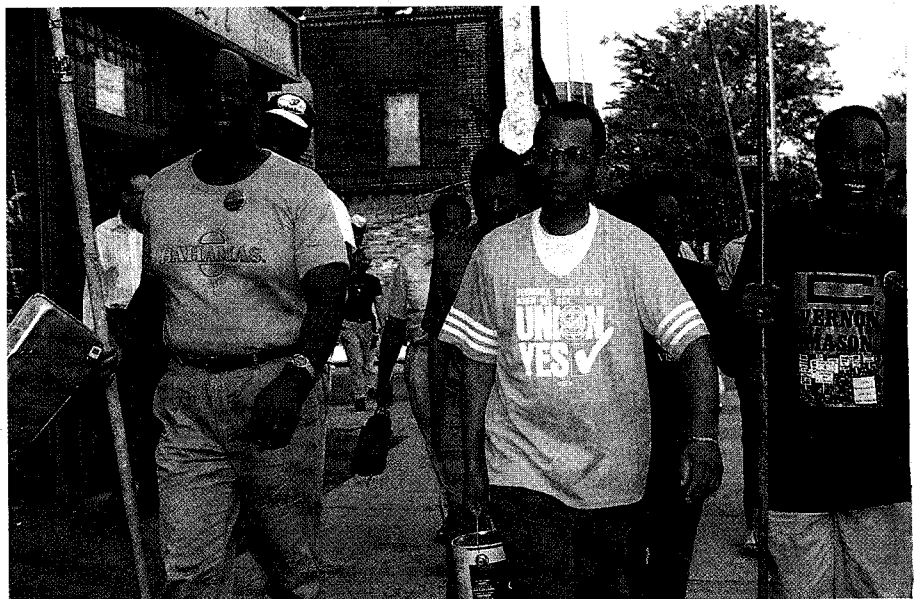
And by the sheer force of his will, he has brought the first major commercial development to 125th Street in more than 30 years, a 53,000-square-foot Pathmark supermarket.

Now the once-militant minister, who's had a longstanding friendship with C. Vernon Mason and who, along with several other Morehouse College students, tore up the streets and firebombed a store in Atlanta on the night Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. was assassinated, believes he has built enough bridges, mended enough fences, and amassed enough of a record to demonstrate he is qualified even to run New York City.

"Mayor is what's happening," he said when I asked him how serious he really is about City Hall. "I'm a New Yorker. I want to go to the Yankee games as mayor. I want to go to the Knicks games as mayor. I want to be able to greet world personalities when they come to the city. I would like to see Harlem's streets clean. I'd like to see police who are tough but civil. I'd like to use the opportunity to empower African-Americans so that they are respected, so that they have a piece of the pie, so that somebody finally delivers for them while not being unfair to others," he said.

"Mayor?" he asked rhetorically in a high-pitched voice. "Mayor of the city of New York? Shucks. To be able to cut through traffic like a hot knife through

THE VICE SQUAD Clockwise from below, Butts and C. Vernon Mason prepare to paint over liquor and tobacco ads in Harlem as supporters rally around; Butts in his office before a painting of Adam Clayton Powell Jr. in 1980; the Lillian Upshur Houses (Abyssinian Development Corporation) in central Harlem.



Butts. "Yeah." Instead, he's been creating jobs and building housing.

butter. Mayor? Sure. Mayor is every New Yorker's dream," he said.

"To be able to help people, that's primarily what you do as mayor. To be able to make this city shine. To provide real leadership, leadership that brings people together. Mayor Giuliani is mean-spirited, vindictive, and small-minded. He's tough in ways you don't even have to be. But people see him as at least getting *something* done, something that began to address some of the city's problems. But what I'm suggesting," Butts said as he fumbled to fish a bill out of his pocket to pay a toll on the thruway, "is that you're still only settling for mediocre leadership."

For almost a decade, Butts has toyed with the notion of entering politics. He's put out feelers, he's floated trial balloons, and he's publicly threatened to challenge

Koch, Dinkins, Rangel, and various other veteran office-holders. But mostly what he's done is talk and spend a lot of time, Hamlet-like, stalking the ramparts.

What's different now is that Butts knows the years are slipping away, and if he doesn't act soon, political opportunity will pass him by forever. By most measures, he's still a relatively young man—but not in political years, not for a first-time campaigner. But even as all of the external factors line up and point him toward a run, ultimately his heart will have to truly be in it. So the question remains: Is this finally Calvin's moment?

Does he really want to be the most powerful black man in New York? Is his hunger for wider influence and approval so deep (think Rudy Giuliani or Bill Clinton) that he's willing to take the relentless pounding that's become as much a part of political life as shaking hands? And is he willing to make the switch from someone people revere as a man of integrity, a man of God, to someone whose motives will most often be viewed as suspect?

Despite his burning ambition to have a deep and lasting impact on black politics in New York, part of him remains conflicted. He's worried he'll be sullied by a run for office. "Every time I get close," he says, "I hear about some back-room deal or some terrible compromise and I start to reconsider. It just breaks my heart."

Nevertheless, he's insistent about his desire. "I wanted to be out in the political arena a long time ago," Butts says, "but I had an obligation to the church and I kept that obligation. I served the church well. I was a good minister in terms of my priestly functions. I was a community activist. I mean, I've been doing this a long time: arguing cases, taking up unpopular causes, marching into the schools demanding to see the book closets, challenging principals, fighting police brutality, marching down Eighth Avenue and up 125th Street against drugs, organizing the campaign against tobacco, protesting rap-music lyrics. I've waited to go into politics because I've had other obligations."

THE PERSONAL DILEMMA BUTTS IS STRUGGLING with actually reflects a wider conflict in the black community. For the first time in a long time, there is serious debate among blacks about what kind of leadership is needed and what kind of leadership will be most effective heading into the next century. As the years have passed and progress in the post-integration era has remained painfully slow for many segments of the black population, there is a

growing belief that it is time to move beyond dependence on the combustible, charismatic, civil-rights-style agitator.

Some think it's time to move beyond mass social movements or grand, sweeping legislation toward smaller, real-world victories like renovating one block of apartment buildings at a time, recapturing one school, or reopening abandoned retail space; steps that cumulatively, over time, turn whole neighborhoods around.

THE AFRICAN-AMERICAN community is going through a major transition in terms of models of leadership," says Deborah Wright, who, as president and CEO of the Upper Manhattan Empowerment Zone, is Harlem's reigning economic czar. "And Reverend Butts is right in the middle of it." Wright, whose brother, father, and grandfather are ministers, knows the difficulties Butts has to face intimately. "It's very tough," she says. "It's a very, very fine line he's walking. I'm sure there are a lot of people pushing Calvin: 'Speak for us, run for us.' Because everybody's always searching for that one star that's gonna lead us to the next place," says Wright, whose aunt is activist Marian Wright Edelman.

"So he's caught in a situation in which he's struggling to determine the best way to leverage the power of his church and who he is, to deliver the best results to his community. Advocacy is expected at Abyssinian because of its traditions. So he's really got the perfect platform to grab the next step. Except what is that?"

A Butts candidacy would make a clear statement that it's no longer necessary for a black leader to unfailingly adhere to a rigid ideological line to have credibility in the community—whether the issue is Louis Farrakhan, Clarence Thomas, or affirmative action. Or he could leave the preeminent position of leadership among New York's black politicians to the once-again newly ascendant Al Sharpton. Unlike Butts, Sharpton suffers no bouts of ambivalence or uncertainty about his role.

Though he is at the moment scratching his head over whether to challenge Ed Towns for his Brooklyn congressional seat—to "punish" the recalcitrant Democrat for supporting Rudy Giuliani—Sharpton knows that his overall success depends on his ability to keep moving forward, to sustain his momentum. It is the Satchel Paige school of political activism: "Don't look back, 'cause some-



thing may be gaining on you."

Say what you will about Sharpton—it's pretty much all been said already anyway—but the truth is, he's committed to what he does. To many people he may be a charlatan and a blowhard, the ringmaster of the racial circus that has played in this city on and off for the last decade, but political and social activism inhabit every cell of his ample body. Like all politicians who rise above the pedestrian, he's obsessed; he's willing if not eager to sacrifice just about everything else in his life (again, think Rudy Giuliani).

THE NIGHT I TALKED TO him about Butts and the future of black leadership, he was at home in Flatbush, where dinner guests were arriving to help him and his wife, Kathy, celebrate their seventeenth wedding anniversary. Sharpton was perfectly happy, however, to talk to me for as long as necessary to answer my questions, to make his points, and to get his fix.

"If Jesse [Jackson] hadn't run in '88 and we hadn't had Yusuf Hawkins, then we wouldn't have had Dave Dinkins," Sharpton argues. "Social movements are what excite people. You cannot show me any city," he says, in defense of the social-activist model, "where a guy building supermarkets was elected mayor. If you go to the corner of 125th and Lenox or the corner of Atlantic and Nostrand and talk about black leaders, Butts is probably not a name you would hear. But if you wanna talk about elite white power circles, well, he's got *that* access."

It's ironic but of course no surprise that the things that would seem to make Butts a strong potential candidate, at least to a white person, are precisely the things that can still cast a shadow over his credibility in the black community. "If he runs he's gonna have to explain his access to Pataki. He's gonna have to explain his relationship with D'Amato. He's gonna have to explain his access to downtown money," says Sharpton, blithely dismissing the broad significance of residential and commercial development in inner-city communities.

For Butts, perhaps the key lesson about political power and having the means to affect people's lives was learned on the very block where Abyssinian stands. It was there, on 138th Street, that he learned how wide the chasm is between rhetoric and results.

"When I first came to work at Abyssinian," says Butts, who lives in Harlem with

his wife and three children, "I was on the streets with the kids all the time. I was young myself [22], and I was always playing ball with them, dancing with them, and talking with them. Several of our members lived right across the street, and they were always giving me food. Ernestine Brown would sit at her first-floor window and she'd holler, 'Reverend, we're cookin'—come take home some food for your family.' She'd give me fried fish, corn bread, bread pudding.

"And then one day I turned around and nothing was there. The building had been abandoned. I knew the man who owned it, brother Hunter. He and his wife had worked all their lives and they lost the building to rising city taxes." The same thing was happening all over Harlem. Abyssinian continued to thrive, but by the mid-eighties, nearly half of its 6,000-member congregation drove in on Sundays from the five boroughs and the suburbs.

The buildings opposite the church, once home to proud working-class families, were now burned-out, abandoned shells. Crackheads and drug dealers hung out on the corners. It was a terrible embarrassment for Butts and for the church. What did it say about the impact and the reach of the Abyssinian Baptist Church and its congregation if they couldn't even take care of their own block?

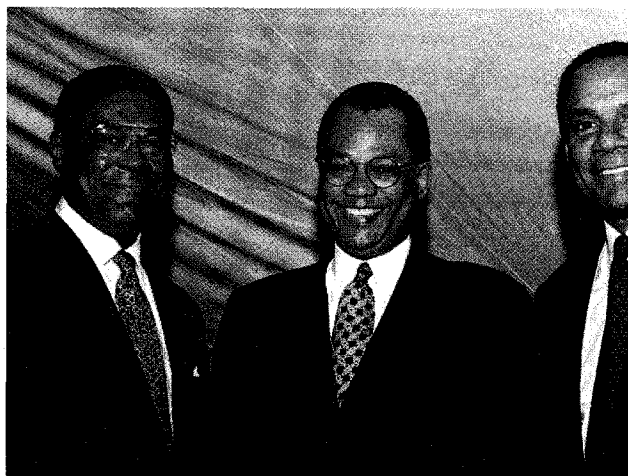
By the middle of 1986, Butts had finally had enough. He stood in the pulpit at Abyssinian on a Sunday and in a memorable, impassioned sermon he challenged the congregants to join him in a fight to take back 138th Street and eventually the rest of the neighborhood. The result of that plea was the birth of the Abyssinian Development Corporation, which now has a portfolio of investments in Harlem totaling \$65 million. And the two buildings opposite the church—which were abandoned in the late seventies—where Ernestine Brown used to sit by her first-floor window and call Butts to come get some food have been completely renovated. One is now transitional housing for homeless families, and the other is home to the Abyssinian Development Corporation, a childcare center, and low- and moderate-income housing.

"Calvin plays an extremely important

role in the community," says Dennis Walcott, head of the New York Urban League. "He's galvanized a younger urban and suburban base of parishioners who identify with his message and the idea of giving back to the community. He's shown that economic development improves the life of a neighborhood and the life of the people that neighborhood serves."

And this is, according to political consultant Hank Sheinkopf, what now matters most in politics. "The era of symbolism is over. What everyone wants from government—whites, blacks, and Hispanics—is performance. Look at the election numbers. The people who deliver," says Sheinkopf, "are the ones who get re-elected."

Nevertheless, Sharpton still contends that Butts's work as a builder in Harlem would mean little in a campaign to someone in Brooklyn or Queens. "I'm telling you that he doesn't have the support in the black community that white people downtown might think he does. When I run, I get Calvin's group and Floyd

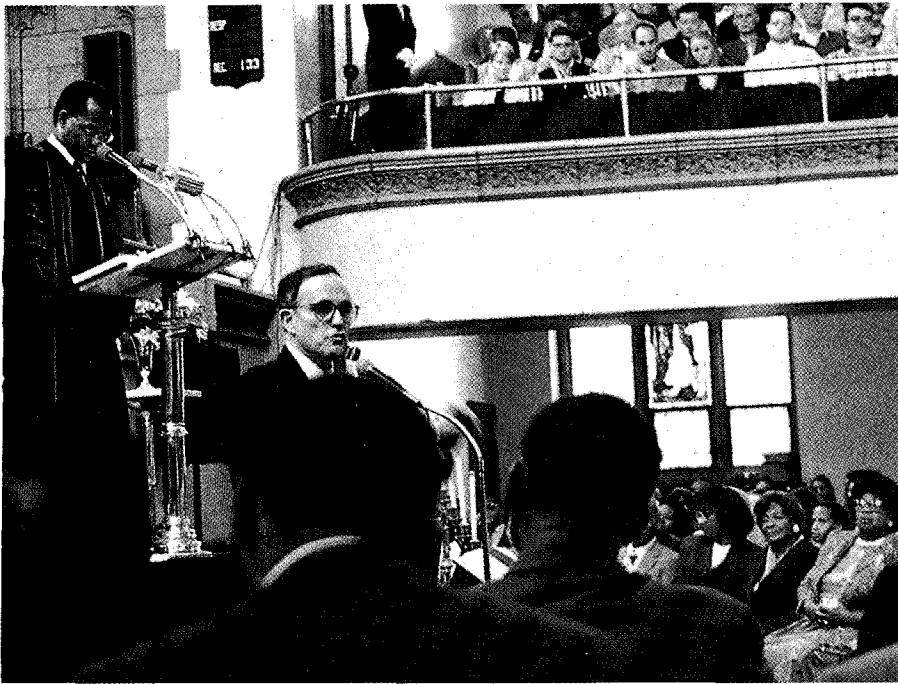


Flake's. If he runs, he won't get mine and he might not even get Flake's. I think I could beat Calvin in his own church," Sharpton says, never shy about pushing the hyperbole.

"If you look over the last decade at the movements that have stirred black New York," says Sharpton, who's undoubtedly still angry that Butts supported Messinger against him in the primary, "from Bensonhurst to Abner Louima, Butts has not been involved. He's chosen the inside path, and that's fine—it's worked for his church. But that's not the same thing as running for office. If he went on black radio [WLIB] and said, 'Well, I had to have access to power to take care of my church,' people will say, 'Fine. Then that's where you need to stay.'"

"If Calvin Butts, whom I've preached

Butts, some say, often criticizes blacks. "But where's Calvin on rac



DOWNTOWN UPTOWN Mayor Giuliani and Butts speaking to the congregation at the Abyssinian church in Harlem, 1995. At left, with Travelers Group vice-chairman Tom Jones and American Express president Ken Chenault, both of whom Butts considers close friends.

for, whom I talk to, came to my house right now and said, 'Al, I want to run for mayor in 2001,' he could not assume I would support him. Based on what? He's black? Which is why I would argue that he has never actually run. In his heart of hearts, Calvin knows he doesn't have the support. I think he knows if he put it to the test he'd have a problem."

On the other hand, there are those who would say that it is Sharpton, with his rigid adherence to the old social-activist model—not to mention his connection to tragedies like the Tawana Brawley episode—who has the problem. "Al is reflecting what I'd call traditional, lame thinking," says Time Warner president Richard Parsons. "That's why so much of the political force coming out of the black community has gone exactly nowhere. Because at the end of the day, blacks are no different from whites. People want results. They make judgments by asking, 'Is my life better? Do I have a better opportunity for a secure and meaningful job? Are they picking up the garbage in front of my house? Can I go to the store at ten in the evening without being accosted?'"

"Now," says Parsons, who's known Butts and worked with him on a variety of projects for over a decade, "it's because many of those things aren't work-

ing and aren't the way they should be that there's a kind of residual, low-grade anger. This results in an immediate attraction to and identification with anyone who seems to have the temerity to stand up and face the Man. But it's very transient, and it's never going to get Al where he wants to go. It's the politics of failure and we've got decades to show that."

Though Butts sounds disappointed when told of Sharpton's assessment, he responds with equanimity. He has nothing to gain by getting into what he calls a rock-throwing contest with Sharpton (if he weren't a minister, he would, of course, have called it a pissing contest). "I would expect Al to say that I have good credentials on these issues and I deserve to be listened to. Is it true that I have not been marching and demonstrating? Yeah. But the real issue is what have I been doing?" Butts says.

"I think marching and demonstrating is very, very important, but I have also recognized that the change that we need is going to come by amassing real political power. I will march. I will demonstrate. I will raise hell. And I will kick in some doors if I have to," Butts says, his voice rising gradually as his passion builds. "But you have to build alliances. You have to build coalitions. You have to raise sub-

stantial amounts of money in order to really bring about the kind of change that is needed. Being 'out there' can be defined in many ways," he says, not in defense of his actions but to point out what the years have taught him.

"The way I've been 'out there' is by trying to create jobs, by building housing, by bringing investment opportunity, by building bridges to the corporate community. And I would expect," he says, pausing for a moment to take a deep breath and perhaps not let out his anger, "I would expect that Al would tell people I don't come to this empty-handed. The same way that I point out the value of his work when people say to me, 'What's he done? He's never run anything, he's never built anything, and he's never won anything.'"

STRIPPED TO ITS ESSENCE, THE debate is really about more than who will run for what particular office in any given election. At its core, this debate is about who will set the black community's agenda for the foreseeable future, how these goals will be pursued, and who will lead the charge.

Butts has an opportunity to demonstrate that it is possible for a black leader to amass what he calls "real political power," the power to get things done, without being branded a sellout. To maintain these channels, he successfully walks in two worlds—uptown, or the black world, and downtown, the white world. "More than anything else," says United Way president Ralph Dickerson, "you live and die by who you are. You've got to be yourself in both venues. You've got to bring all your collective wisdom and be the same person on the sixtieth floor of Chase Plaza or at Time Warner as you are when you're talking to the church deacons or some young people in central Harlem. If you change in either place, then you know what names they want to paint on brothers when that happens."

Butts is articulate and forthright, but there is another key to his current success and future prospects. Though no one is likely to say it out loud, Butts is the kind of black man with whom white people feel comfortable. Even before his transformation, when he was more strident, he was the downtown choice among the activists. White editors would often tell reporters working on stories about black issues to find out what Butts thinks. Unlike Sharpton, with his fiery street style and his funky, neo-James Brown processed hair,

ues?" Sharpton says. "Where's Calvin when a white cop shoots us?"

"I told Butts I'm a poker player," says Rangel. "And the way we p

Butts is far from a threatening figure. With his soft features and his wire-rim glasses, he has a sweet, almost studious look. His only concession to hipness is the small jazz beard that, like his buddy Wynton Marsalis, he wears under his lower lip.

"Calvin is a very easy person to feel comfortable with and to trust," says Carol Parry, executive vice-president of Chase Manhattan Bank, who has financed a number of projects for Butts, including the Pathmark. "He's outgoing. He's... he's a minister, know what I mean? He loves you and he brings it with him when he comes into a room."

THE GREAT DANGER IN ALL OF THIS FOR Butts, or any other black leader who works on the inside, is that he will lose his street credibility: that he will be damned with the charge that he's not black enough. A perfect example of how even an unassailable truth can be distorted beyond recognition when viewed in the funhouse mirror of racial politics—and the damaging impact it can have on a leader like Butts—is the recent case of the Reverend Henry Lyons. Lyons is head of the National Baptist Convention, the largest black religious group in America, with more than 8 million members. It has for decades been a bedrock institution that blacks have looked to for leadership. Over the summer, Lyons's wife was arrested for setting fire to a \$700,000 waterfront home in Florida.

As the story unfolded, it turned out that Lyons had bought the house, a \$135,000 Mercedes, a time-share condo, and a diamond ring for a woman named Bernice Edwards, his mistress. Lyons also had the woman, who had once pleaded guilty to embezzlement, on the religious organization's payroll as a public-relations consultant and had paid her \$440,000. When his wife found out, she set the house ablaze in anger. (She eventually pleaded guilty.)

Shortly after the story broke, the National Baptist Convention held its annual get-together, where Lyons's leadership was put to the test with a no-confidence vote. Butts led the charge against Lyons, demanding his ouster. How could he lose? Here was a man up for re-election as head of a national religious organization who had lied, committed adultery, misused substantial amounts of the organization's funds, embarrassed himself, his family, and the other religious leaders, and severely damaged the group's credibility. It was, for Butts, an absolute slam dunk.

Nevertheless, Butts lost. Lyons easily survived the vote. Though he offered a

number of bogus explanations to excuse his behavior, Lyons ultimately relied on one of the classic contemporary strategies of the guilty in this age of no personal accountability: He claimed he was the victim of a white media conspiracy. On the morning of the voice vote at the convention, flyers were placed on every seat in the hall screaming about the white conspiracy.

BUTTS, IN FACT, IS ALREADY viewed by many of the other ministers as a renegade, and his unsuccessful battle to oust Lyons may only isolate him further. The potential damage is that Lyons's allies in New York will not support Butts if he runs for office. And Butts would need help from his peers in the clergy to solidify and mobilize his natural base. (Lyons's close friend is the Reverend Samuel Austin, head of the Empire State Missionary Baptist Convention.)

"What I hear from other preachers," says Sharpton, whose mayoral bid was enthusiastically supported by Lyons, "is that they see this as Calvin grandstanding. They say Calvin will attack a black guy—whether it's Mike Tyson or Lyons or the rappers—'cause he knows the white media will give him coverage. But where's Calvin on racial incidents? Where's Calvin when white cops shoot us? They felt Calvin knew Lyons was an easy shot."

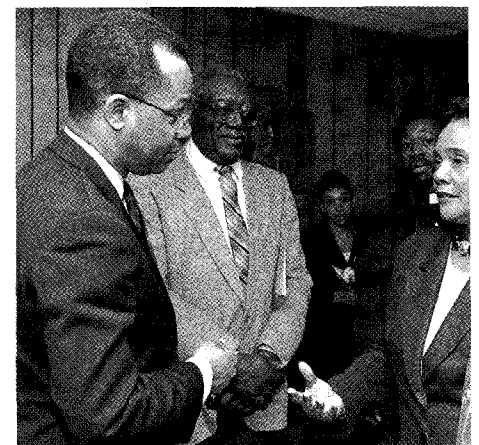
Butts, however, is resolute. "There was a time when I felt that in order to maintain my credibility in the black community there were certain things I probably should not say about certain black people or certain things I should not do regarding white people," Butts says. "But I have to act on what I believe based on my experience. One of the characteristics of a leader is you've got to be willing to stand up and say this is the direction in which we need to go when people are not sure. And then you've got to have nerve enough to start walking out in that direction to lead and to map the course for those who'll follow."

SITTING IN HIS SOFTLY LIT OFFICE AT THE church one afternoon, with its cherry-wood furniture and wine-colored carpeting, Butts leaned back in his chair and remembered the first time he visited Abyssinian. He was 11 years old, and a cousin took him up to Harlem from his house in Queens. At Abyssinian, they sat in the balcony. "I'd never been in a church that large, with that many people, and that much excitement," Butts said with obvious emotion. "I don't really remem-

ber much about what [Adam Clayton Powell Jr.] said, I just remember the overall scene and that he seemed so much larger than life. He was like a god."

Butts doesn't talk about it much, but he feels the weight of Abyssinian's legend. He knows he's part of a long tradition of independent leadership at the church, which itself was founded as the result of a protest. In 1808, a handful of blacks and Ethiopian merchants were told at a white Baptist church downtown that they'd have to sit in the balcony, away from the white people, if they wanted to worship. Instead of agreeing to the segregation, they formed their own church and named it for the old-world word for Ethiopia: Abyssinia.

One hundred years later, on the next-to-last day of 1908, Abyssinian was taken over by a rising young gospel star from Connecticut named Adam Clayton Powell Sr. Powell preached about pride, self-re-



ker is unless you sit down at the table and ante up, you don't win."

liance, discipline, and black unity. He also combined theology with politics, always pushing the power of the ballot to his parishioners. Sensing the change that was happening uptown, Powell led the church in 1920 to buy property on 138th Street next to Marcus Garvey's black-nationalist headquarters. Powell's timing was impeccable. It was the dawn of the Harlem Renaissance, and in 1923 Powell moved the congregation to a large tent uptown. Fourteen months later, construction of Abyssinian's present home was completed and the congregation exploded to nearly 14,000.

The Powell era not only continued but was actually enhanced and amped up when Adam Jr. took over from his father in 1937. Known affectionately throughout Harlem simply as Adam, he was a towering figure in the black community: A gifted preacher, an extraordinarily popular congressman, and a bit of a rogue, Powell was the modern archetype of the influential black preacher as politician. He was proud, he was defiant, and he was effective. He fought segregation, he pushed student-loan legislation, and he brought federal dollars into his community.

First elected to Congress in 1944, he served fourteen terms in the House. But in the sixties, near the end of his career, it was clear that Powell had been spending more time in his later years satisfying his appetite for living than taking care of his responsibilities. In 1967, he was denied his seat in Congress because of charges he had misused House money. By the time of

his retirement in 1971 and his death a year later, everything had changed: He had fallen from grace, Abyssinian was withering, and Harlem was dying.

When the Reverend Dr. Samuel Proctor took over the church in 1972, it was a mess. A former college president and a professor, Proctor was as reserved and task-oriented as Powell was flamboyant and scattered. Methodically, he got the church's finances back in order, he began to build up the congregation again, he instituted new programs and services, and he assiduously stayed out of the limelight. He also hired a 22-year-old assistant pastor, who was completing his first year of seminary, named Calvin Butts.

Butts began his life on the Lower East Side in the Lillian Wald Projects. When he was 8, his family moved to Queens. His father was a cook at the Black Angus steakhouse and his mother was an administrator in a city welfare office. Butts spent many summers visiting relatives in the South, particularly his grandmothers, who were devoted Christians. They lived near one another in rural Georgia, where Butts was often taken to church. He was bused to junior high in Forest Hills at a time when anti-busing protests were widespread and vehement. And he attended mostly white Flushing High School, where he was elected senior-class president.

At Morehouse College, he studied black history, and he got caught up in the radical spirit of the times. He majored in

philosophy and minored in religion, and his intention was to teach. "But one summer day I was walking across the Morehouse campus," Butts says, "when a friend of mine who'd graduated the year before said, 'Hey, Butts, I'm here recruiting for the seminary. What are you doing with your life?' I felt led by God because doors just kept opening in that direction."

BUTTS ATTENDED UNION THEOLOGICAL Seminary in New York, and it was there that another serendipitous incident changed his life. He was in his first year when Adam Clayton Powell Jr. died and the dean happened to mention to him one day that Abyssinian had a new pastor who was looking for bright young assistants. Butts and Proctor seemed a perfect match. Proctor was wise, reserved, and low-key, while Butts was inexperienced but outspoken, energetic, and charismatic.

When I ask Butts about role models, he mentions Proctor, longtime Morehouse College president Benjamin Elijah Mays, and well-known ministers Gardner Taylor and William Augustus Jones. The only surprise is Jesse Jackson. "The reason I mention Jesse," Butts says, "even though I'm sometimes very critical of him and there's not that great a difference in our ages, is that when you're 15 and Jesse's 21 and you see him out there in this big Afro and overalls and he's shouting, 'I am somebody,' and he's out there with Dr. King in the front of the struggle, this tall, good-looking, articulate young black man—that's impressive to a teenager. He was an example as a young minister of what could be done. Of course, as you grow and learn more about the struggle, you are better able to sift through these things," Butts says, letting his voice trail off.

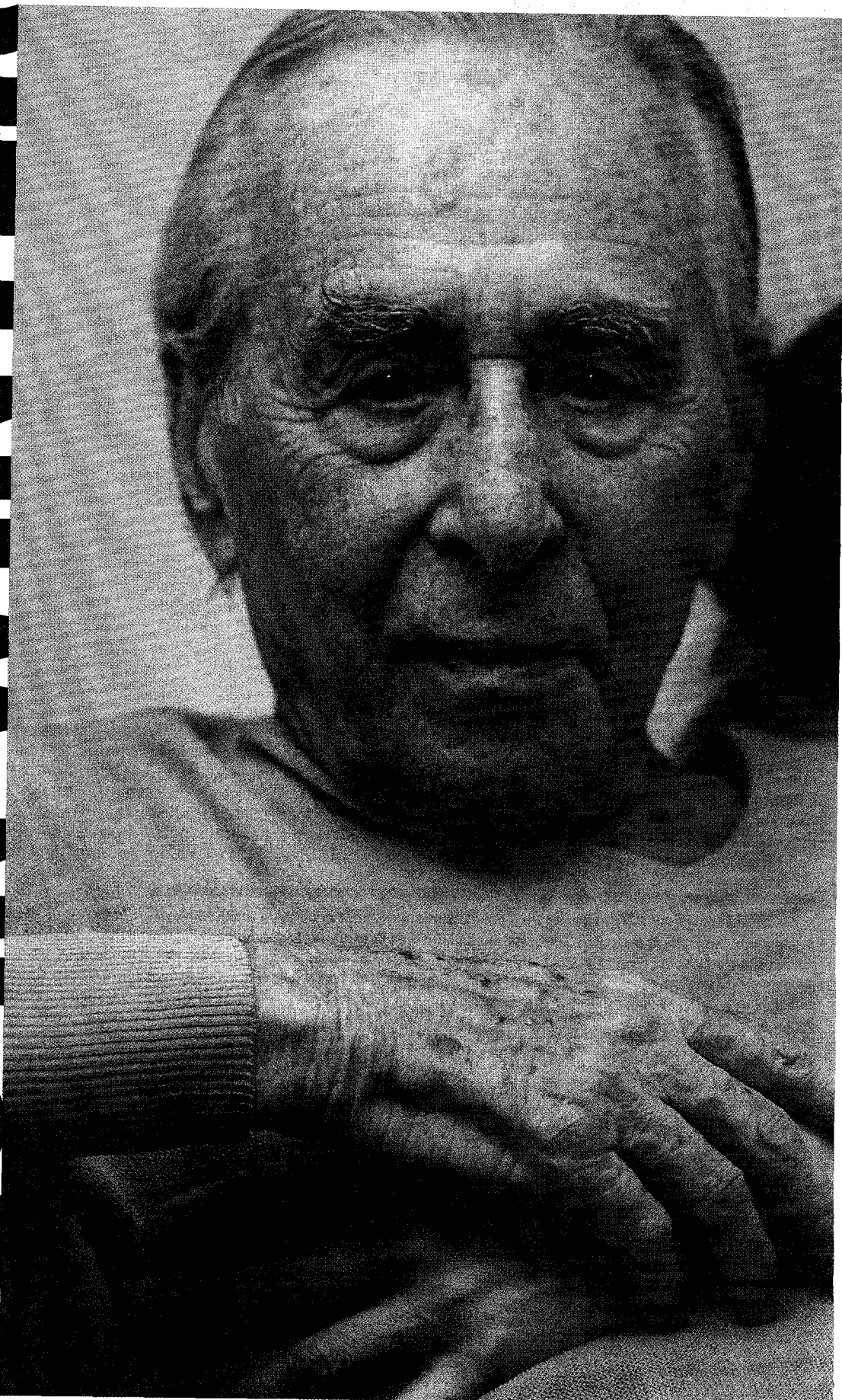
His disappointment with Jackson offers insight into his own view of the responsibilities of leadership: "I wanted Jesse to spend more time organizing the Rainbow Coalition so it could be a true political force. That didn't happen. I wanted him to finally run for something that he could win—a Senate seat in South Carolina, a congressional seat. So he'd have someplace where he could settle and still have the ability to move around the country and speak and inspire people and articulate the issues. But where he could also have some profound impact on the laws, where he could be a powerful and positive force in Democratic politics. Getting voters regis-

(continued on page 81)

FROM PASTOR TO POLITICIAN Clockwise from below, Butts and Sharpton during a Black Ministers Against Violence rally in the fall of 1990; Pataki and Butts at the Pathmark groundbreaking last fall; with Coretta Scott King at a 1991 African-American Emergency Leadership Summit.



LEO IN WINTER





Leo Castelli and Barbara
Bertozzi at home on Fifth
Avenue in 1996.

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LASSWELL**

T MIGHT HAVE BEEN JUST ANOTHER

gallery party in SoHo, art-world habitués chatting and sipping, lots of high heels clacking on hardwood floors. But this was a memorable night: Jasper Johns, Robert Rauschenberg, Roy Lichtenstein, and six other artists whose legends are entwined with that of gallery owner Leo Castelli had made a special portfolio of prints honoring the 90th birthday of the genteel little

man who has had a gigantic impact on art in the latter half of the twentieth century. Nine featherweight white foamcore boxes concealed

the framed prints before their unveiling on the walls at Castelli Graphics, an offshoot of the famed SoHo gallery. Castelli's son, Jean-Christophe, had underwritten the print production and organized the September 16 party, which brought together family, friends, current and former staff, and most of the contributing artists (the ailing Lichtenstein, who couldn't attend, died thirteen days later). Jean-Christophe, who is 34 and works as a story editor for the Good Machine film-production company in New York, drew chuckles with a well-worn family anecdote about the time when, as a child playing at home with a friend, he stopped his pal from testing the accuracy of his throwing arm on a Jasper Johns target painting. Then, to much applause, the coverings were whisked from the prints.

A gallery employee clicked away with a camera—until she turned the lens to Castelli, standing with Jasper Johns and Ileana Sonnabend. The grouping nicely reflected the evening's historic tone: When Castelli discovered Johns, in 1957, Leo and Ileana had been married for 24 years, and even after their marriage broke up, they remained such fond friends that when Sonnabend opened a gallery upstairs from Castelli's in the early seventies, the arrangement seemed perfectly natural. So, too, did the couple's standing together on this night—nonagenarian and octogenarian—for a photo with the artist whose work they first showed in a gallery in their townhouse at 4 East 77th Street. But as the photographer started to record the moment, a woman suddenly intervened.

"No more photographs," she said sternly, shooing away the woman with the camera. The photo cop was Barbara Bertozzi, at 35 young enough to be Castelli's granddaughter but actually his wife of two years. No pictures. Not of Castelli and his former wife with Johns, not even on this special night. One moment, one



gesture by Bertozzi, had revealed the party's conviviality as so much foamcore.

Though most people who reach their tenth decade are largely resigned to the loss of life's pleasures, Leo Castelli has succeeded in reviving one of his deepest delights: getting himself talked about. The last time jolted observers wondered, *What is Leo up to?* was a decade ago, when Castelli—easily the most beloved figure in a business that has the mentality of an anaconda—established an alliance with a less-than-adored art dealer, Larry Gagosian. Now another unlikely Castelli coupling has the art world agape: his marriage to the domineering Bertozzi, and her attempted banishment of seemingly everyone who had any prior claim to his attention or affection. But there is, as usual in the art world, another perspective: that Bertozzi, despite her manifest shortcomings, is a godsend, keeping Castelli engaged in the world during his last years, and performing a long-overdue

housecleaning at the gallery.

Certainly the place has been depopulated. Castelli's longtime lawyer—gone. Three women, referred to in SoHo circles for the past twenty years or so as "the Castelli girls," who worked at the gallery most of their adult lives—fired last summer. Another employee—fired when she answered the door of her Brooklyn apartment and was greeted by a pink-slip-bearing messenger. Others, reading the trend, took new jobs and resigned. Many of Castelli's friends of long standing are now just long standing, waiting for him to show up at lunch or dinner appointments that, they suspect, he isn't permitted to keep. Family members have been so cut off from Castelli that his children, Jean-Christophe (the son from his second marriage) and Nina (his and Sonnabend's daughter, now in her sixties), had a lawyer write a letter complaining in part that Bertozzi restricted access to their father.

The most symbolic severing of all during the Bertozzi regime is now under way: All indications are that the Leo Castelli Gallery—the most famous destination in SoHo—is in the process of shutting down. At 90, Castelli will apparently come full circle, relocating to a small space on the Upper East Side, where he'll operate as a private dealer. (Castelli himself has floated this idea in public, and Bertozzi has spoken of the move as fact, but the gallery's public-relations firm denies

"I COMPARE HER TO I SEES CASTELLI NOW."

any such plan is afoot.)

Though losing her downstairs neighbor doubtless would dismay Sonnabend, she's most concerned about changes she sees in Castelli himself. Throughout his career, she says, he has been acutely attuned to his public profile and extraordinarily sensitive to others' needs. "Always trying to help everybody," she says. "And abruptly, he changed." Castelli seems indifferent to what anyone thinks about his marriage, she says, and—worse—indifferent to his own family: "He doesn't care. He really doesn't care if his children are happy or not." Did the abrupt change correspond with his marriage to Bertozzi? "Maybe it has to do with his illness," she says. "I'm not sure." Castelli had prostate surgery

late in 1994; Bertozzi, an art scholar who had met him several months earlier while seeking an interview with Johns, moved into Castelli's Fifth Avenue apartment during the hospitalization so she could care for him upon his return. Sonnabend readily admits that Bertozzi has indeed looked after him well. "He's a little lonely, I think, but he doesn't seem to be suffering, because he's happy. The main thing is that he should be happy," Sonnabend says. "I don't think he believes that he is lonely; it just looks to people that he's lonely because he doesn't have all his friends around him."

One friend still around him, the writer Steven M.L. Aronson, says the family difficulties were probably inevitable. "When a father or a mother marries very late in life, there's sort of a built-in estrangement between the new member of the family and whatever children there are," says Aronson. "It happens often enough when there isn't money or property involved. But when there is, it's almost sure to." Castelli's daughter, Nina Sundell, who is married to Michael Sundell, president of the Yaddo writers' colony, did not return phone messages. Others say he feels differently, but in an interview Jean-Christophe spoke evenhandedly about Bertozzi's relationship with his father, although he asked not to be quoted. "The children can't go on with their lives with a broken heart," Sonnabend says. "They just have to go on with their lives and hope that sometime, communication is going to be better."

IN THE HOTHOUSE ATMOSPHERE OF THE NEW York art world, perhaps no out-of-towner who attached herself to the city's most esteemed gallery owner was going to be greeted enthusiastically, but an unknown

them from discussing their employment, but Susan Brundage did talk to *New York* about the man she went to work for right out of college. "He may be sorry that things have turned out this way," she says. "On the other hand, he loves the attention and the fact that—he's not a bad boy, but it was certainly one of his hallmarks that he loved having young women in his life. As he's always said, 'There's no such thing as bad publicity.'"

BARBARA BERTOZZI COULD BE EXCUSED for thinking there's no such thing as good publicity: SOHO ART KING, 88, TAKES 30ISH BRIDE, ran the New York *Post* headline on a skeptical "Page Six" item reporting, a month after the fact, the couple's minimalist marriage ceremony at the Municipal Building in September 1995. FRIENDS OF LEO CASTELLI, 88, GROW SUSPICIOUS OF YOUNG WIFE, the New York *Observer* worried the following spring. Last fall, *Art & Auction* ran THE TENDER TRAP? above a short article about Bertozzi's commandeering of Castelli's business and personal life, with a "former insider" calling her machinations "about as bad a case of gold-digging as one can imagine."

Actually, one can easily imagine worse cases. Castelli's proximity for decades to painters whose work commands eye-popping prices has led to the assumption that he has amassed a personal collection of staggering value. But an appraisal by Christie's last summer estimated the auction value of his art holdings at between \$4.4 million and \$6 million. Certainly Castelli's total wealth is greater—his sale of Johns's *Target With Plaster Casts* to mogul David Geffen a few years ago brought in more than \$10 million, but that remains

about the only example of the dealer's lavishly cashing in on 40 years in the business.

One reason Castelli is not so rich as some might expect is also part of the reason he achieved such revered status among collectors, artists, dealers, and art-world groupies: his constant generosity, from furnishing artists with healthy stipends long after their work quit selling to happily sharing commissions with other galleries to simply giving away important works of art. In his early gallery days, Castelli promised to give Robert Rauschenberg's *Bed* (1955) to the Museum of Modern Art, but as the years passed, the value of the famous pillow-and-patchwork-quilt painting skyrocketed. When a tableful of lawyers and tax consultants met to broker a deal for MOMA to buy the painting for a boatload of money in 1989, Castelli suddenly called off the negotiations. "I said I would give it," he told the dumbfounded money men, "and I will give it."

Even when someone actually owed him money, Castelli was reluctant to collect, as Jerald Ordovery, Castelli's and the gallery's lawyer for more than 30 years, described in one of the dozens of tributes in an 80-page book compiled by Independent Curators Incorporated to salute Castelli at the group's presentation of the biannual Leo Awards on October 9. Castelli let debts ride, often waiting years, until "the debtor was usually bankrupt, ill, or deceased," before bringing them to the lawyer's attention. When Ordovery complained about all the uncollectible bills, Castelli would just shrug and smile, saying, "So be it."

The Leo Book brims with personal snapshots, warm anecdotes—and not a word about the honoree's current wife or a single photo of her. Only Ordovery's message hints at Bertozzi's arrival, and only a few people would have been able to decode his reference to working for Castelli "from 1965 to early in 1997, when I stopped work on my last matter for the Gallery." Ordovery's "last matter" was negotiating the sale of the Castelli archives—four decades' worth of papers,

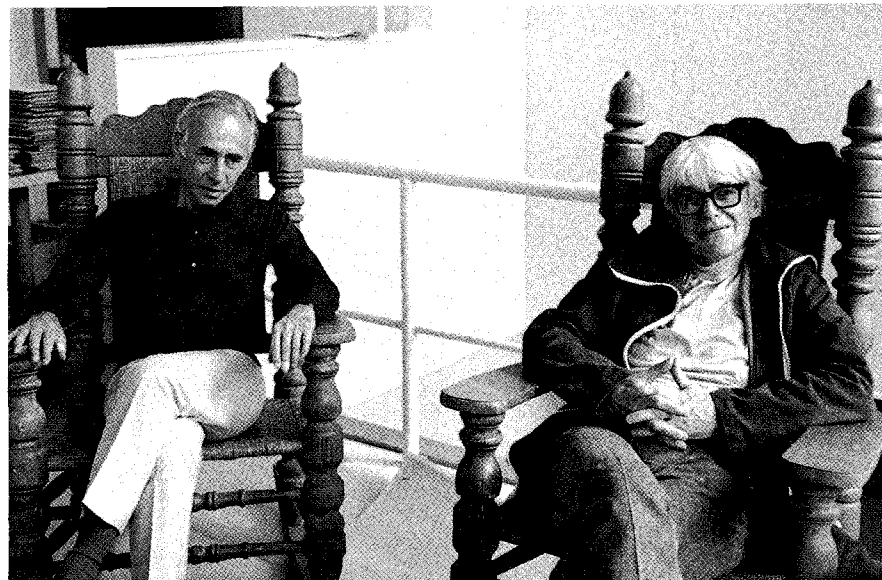
LEON," SAYS ONE OLD FRIEND WHO RARELY CONQUEROR, THE DICTATOR, THE EXILE."

Italian art scholar with expertise in modern Japanese art (Bertozzi has degrees from the University of Venice and Tokyo's Waseda University) who not only roped Castelli but also elbowed away his many friends, his family, and the SoHo institution of Brundage, Brundage & Marks, was courting pariah status from the outset. "I compare her to Napoleon," says one Castelli friend of two decades who rarely sees him now. "The conqueror, the dictator, the exile."

As part of their financial settlement, gallery director Susan Brundage (25 years with the gallery); Castelli's assistant, Patty, her sister (20 years); and registrar MaryJo Marks (15 years) signed a one-year confidentiality agreement barring



LADIES IN WAITING Castelli's first wife Ileana Sonnabend, left, in 1997; above, with the gallery's Patty (left) and Susan Brundage at his birthday party in 1996.



STILL LIFE Castelli, whose gallery has shown many of the greatest artists of the late twentieth century, with Willem de Kooning in 1982.

"THE MAIN THING IS HE'S HAPPY. I DON'T THINK TO PEOPLE THAT HE'S LONELY BECAUSE HE

photographs, diaries, etc.—to the Getty Research Institute for the History of Art and the Humanities in Los Angeles, for \$1.75 million. But Bertozzi got wind of the deal, and it was soon off. Ordovery declined to be interviewed for this story. A spokeswoman for the Getty described the museum's interest in the Castelli archives as "a no-comment situation."

But why would the supposedly gold-digging Bertozzi scotch a nearly \$2 million deal? One detractor says that because Castelli's two children own one-third shares in the gallery and would have profited from the archives' sale, Bertozzi decided to wait until the business is shuttered and the money doesn't have to be divided. But another interpretation is that Bertozzi intends to keep the business going and simply isn't ready to sell the archives. When she and Castelli dined with one of his major artists recently, she told the man about the gallery's future relocation uptown and encouraged him to maintain his association with Castelli. But that connection has been tenuous for the past few years, anyway, and the artist in question is unlikely to put any work on consignment in a new space.

Neither would several other artists long attached to the dealer be likely to move with him. Influential conceptualist Bruce Nauman, furious at the firing of the Brundages and Marks, has withdrawn his work, and others are discreetly extricating themselves from the gallery. In recent years, as the gallery seemed to run on autopilot, some had already quit. "It's always Jasper and Roy, Jasper and Roy, and that's why everyone is leaving," one unnamed artist who had been with the gallery for decades told the *Times* six years ago—but by last spring even Roy himself was plan-

ning on getting out. *Art & Auction* reported in November that before his death this fall, Lichtenstein had intended to become his own dealer, selling independently. A source confirms the account—but adds that the artist had been under the impression that the gallery would close this fall when Castelli turned 90. Now that the space at 420 West Broadway is being slowly dismantled, even artists who aren't quitting the gallery are being told to arrange to retrieve their work. Castelli's other outpost, at 578 Broadway, which included the graphics business (administered by the gallery but inherited by Jean-Christophe from his late mother, Antoinette "Toiny" Fraissex du Bost, who founded and ran the business), has not reopened after closing for the summer.

CASTELLI HIMSELF IS PROBABLY THE best-put-together 90-year-old man in New York. He still wears a suit well, and though his step is slow, it retains a hint of an elegant, confident kick. I'm invited to stop by during an informal "media day" to publicize the first in a three-part fall exhibition called "The Artists of the Castelli Gallery, 1957–1997: Forty Years of Exploration and Innovation." CNN has already been by, and columnist Cindy Adams has strolled through. ("En route out I passed a framed wall thing that resembled a sewer grate," she would later write. "Brown.")

Beginning to show me around the gallery, Castelli gestures at a photo collage and explains that one old shot of him was taken in the gallery of the East 77th Street townhouse. He smiles. But the famously hard-of-hearing dealer doesn't respond to questions about the picture.

Not that there's much prospect of having a conversation with him. Bertozzi is constantly at her husband's side, fretting over him, putting her hands on his shoulders, speaking closely into his ear. The Castelli publicists are also fretting: Richard Rubenstein, trailed by his associate, J. Travis, keeps swooping by our little group to announce that Castelli and Bertozzi need to chat with me for only five minutes. Morgan Spangle, the gallery's putative director, helpfully chimes in that he urgently needs Castelli "for something in the back."

Bertozzi has made a pleasant first impression. She strode out to shake hands, smiling a little nervously, wearing an elegantly understated dress, her long, straight hair lending a youthful touch, making her seem more mid-twenties than mid-thirties.

She has a melodious voice and a lovely Italian accent. The effect is charming, lulling—she's saying something about a "purse cute" with such a bright smile that one smiles back, assuming that whatever it is she's saying is perfectly jolly. Eventually, it dawns: A producer from an Italian TV crew visiting the gallery mentioned that he'd seen her and Castelli in a car that morning on Fifth Avenue. "I feel persecuted," she says for about the sixth time, not quite sounding like she's only kidding.

"WHEN I HEAR HER VOICE," CASTELLI TOLD A friend not long ago, describing Bertozzi, "I feel like a boy in Trieste." That boy, born September 4, 1907, was named Leo Krausz, a surname the family traded in for his mother's maiden name after the First World War.

Elements of Castelli's life as a young man read like a boy's adventure story. Son of a wealthy banker in Mussolini's Italy escapes Fascist bigotry against Jews by moving to Bucharest. In 1932, meets Ileana Schapira, 17-year-old daughter of a wealthy Romanian industrialist, at a dinner party. They marry the following year. Castelli opens first art gallery, showing Surrealists in Paris in mid-thirties at a fashionable address, No. 17 Place Vendôme. Ileana and Leo, with baby Nina and an English nanny, flee to South of France when World War II erupts in '39. Local authorities keep him under surveillance because he's an Italian Jew who tried to volunteer in the French Army to fight the Nazis. After Paris falls to the Germans, the Castellis spend months in Casablanca trying to win visas to America. They finally cross Spain and cram aboard a freighter bound for Havana with a load of cork, leaving through coastal

waters clogged with mines, with enough lifeboats for only the crew. Two arduous weeks at sea, joyous arrival in Cuba, passage through Ellis Island. Ileana, raised with servants, learns to set up housekeeping. Castelli volunteers for U.S. Army, is recruited by the Office of Special Services, forerunner of the CIA, because his fluent Romanian will be useful. The OSS sends him to Bucharest, where the epic had begun.

He might have been an OSS man during World War II, but there was no secret about some of Castelli's activities in Bucharest. "He had a very good time in Romania," Ileana says with a soft, rueful laugh. "Leo is a ladies' man, so he didn't waste any occasion." After the war, they celebrated with a driving trip through

her wish and married Castelli in 1962, but theirs was a stormy relationship, particularly when she discovered years later that he was being unfaithful to her, as he had been to Ileana.

Toiny died of cancer in 1987, but there was a moment in their last years together when Castelli thought his time had come. It's an episode that reveals much about what has fueled both his professional success and his private affairs. Castelli and Toiny were dining in a restaurant one night when he suddenly blacked out. He was laid along a bench. Regaining consciousness, but thinking he was dying, Castelli desperately called out to his wife, over and over again, "Tell me you love me."

With his overpowering need to be loved, Castelli has succeeded handsomely

was heard to describe the gallery as "winding down." Still, Castelli drove to work every day in his little BMW with the UNTITLED vanity license plates (although he increasingly got into scrapes with the car). He still expected an espresso, with two lumps of brown sugar on the side, to be placed in front of him after he arrived.

The "Castelli girls," at least, certainly seemed to be marking time. "There was this mentality for a long time: 'We're just here sitting on our fat paychecks in these cushy jobs,'" says one person who worked with them. The Brundages started taking tennis lessons during gallery hours. Marks, who has been working on a Ph.D. in art history at CUNY for ten years, began logging erratic hours. As the women sat at the long office table, with Castelli at the head, the catalogues most likely to capture their attention were of the mail-order-clothing variety.

The "Castelli girls" and others in his employ seemed to regard their positions as lifetime appointments—Castelli's lifetime. "Leo's will"—and wondering what the last acts of generosity would be in a life of largesse—increasingly became the topic of office conversation when he wasn't around. The sense of entitlement at the gallery, of the reward waiting at the finish line, was almost palpable. But then, in 1994, Bertozzi came with an introduction from a distinguished Italian art historian and critic. She also came trailing a reputation as an *arrampicatrice*, or climber.

Friction between her and Susan Brundage developed immediately. A tug of war raged for months, with Bertozzi making demands of the staff and Brundage countermanding the orders, but the real fight was over Castelli himself. The mad grappling between Susan and Barbara, with Leo serenely in the middle, reached a farcical level the day Brundage essentially locked her boss in a closet. Barred by Bertozzi from bringing Castelli into a discussion with a visitor, Brundage waited until Bertozzi briefly left the gallery, ushered Castelli and the visitor into the small room just off the gallery's front desk, warned the staff not to tell Bertozzi that Castelli was in the room, and then slipped inside with the others and closed the door. Bertozzi, who is nothing if not relentless, indeed launched a search for the missing Castelli upon returning, discovered the ruse, and turned irate.

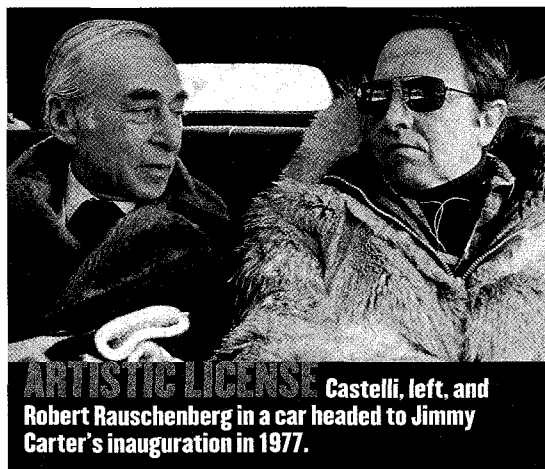
In the year after Bertozzi's arrival, Ileana Sonnabend looked on with dismay as the friend she had known since she was a teenager became difficult to reach. Every year for the pre- (continued on page 45)

BELIEVES THAT HE IS LONELY. IT JUST LOOKS N'T HAVE ALL HIS FRIENDS AROUND HIM."

New England. "We thought it was wonderful," she says. "What was not so terrific was that in some hotels they didn't want us because we were Jewish."

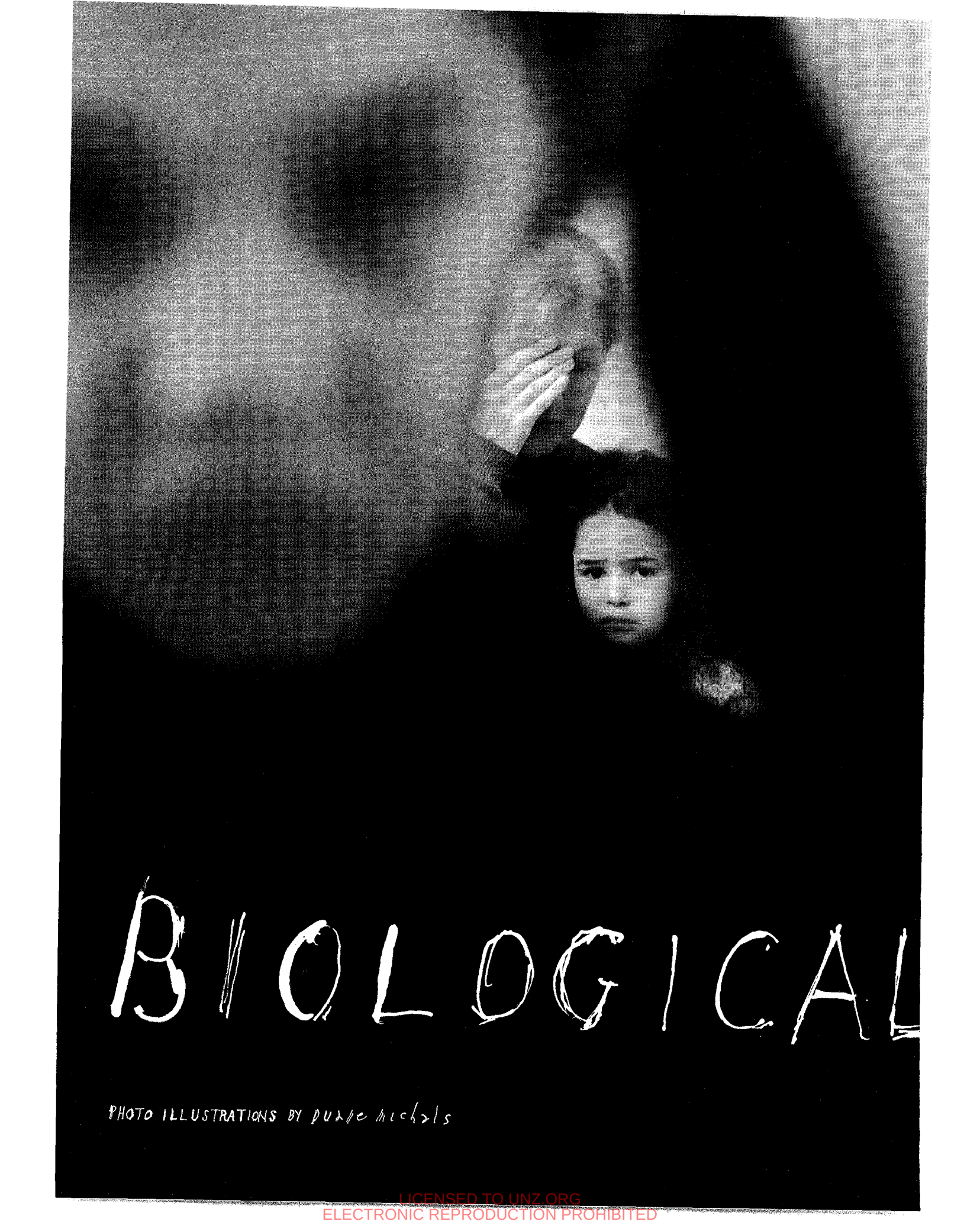
Castelli spent nearly a decade in the Italian knitwear trade but never lost his cultured, aristocratic mien or his affection for artists. He remained an enthusiastic but peripheral player in the art scene centered on the Cedar Tavern in the early fifties, acquiring a small collection that included work by artists and friends such as Jackson Pollock and Alberto Giacometti. The East 77th Street townhouse, which Ileana's father had purchased for the family, became an art-world crossroads. After a while, it seemed only logical to clear out some rooms, hang a few paintings, and invite lots of people over to take a look. People like Ronald Lauder, who lived across the street and got his start as a collector at the townhouse gallery.

Castelli hadn't abandoned his habit of becoming infatuated with other women when he turned from spying to the *shmatte* trade, and he certainly didn't upon entering the art business full-time. Ileana says she tolerated her husband's affairs, and even tried to befriend the women. "I can't say that I didn't mind, but I put up with it because I really liked Leo and wanted to remain friends," she says. But one day Castelli took a new lover, Antoinette Fraissex du Bost. Toiny wouldn't settle for girlfriend status. "My marriage ended in 1959," Ileana says. "I wasn't too happy about it, but Leo had got to know this French girl who was ravishing. She was very pretty. And she was strong." Ileana moved to Paris, embarked on her own career as a gallery owner, and remarried, to Michael Sonnabend, an art-world friend she had met in New York. Toiny got



in winning the affection of both the art world and the women he has known. In business, while the competition clawed after money, Castelli—armed with a daunting, mini-MOMA lineup of artists—elegantly brokered deals that did as much to bolster the industry's goodwill toward him as they did to shore up his bank account. He has always been a ladies' man, as Sonnabend describes him, but not a womanizer—not a predatory wolf so much as a lamb with an agenda. Even in his eighties, when Castelli entertained women not even half his age, it seemed less lechery than a feat of indefatigability. "An important thing to remember about Leo," says Aronson, "is that he has always been basically a very passive person."

In the years since Toiny's death, the female constant in Castelli's life, aside from Ileana's devoted companionship, was the trio of the Brundage sisters and Marks. Susan Brundage seemed to regard the eighties art boom as Castelli's last hurrah; at the beginning of this decade, she



BIOLOGICAL

PHOTO ILLUSTRATIONS BY DUANE MICHAELS

SHOULD A 4-YEAR-OLD GIRL BE TAKEN FROM THE MOM WHO RAISED HER BECAUSE HER BIOLOGICAL PARENTS—WHOSE TEN KIDS ALL WENT INTO FOSTER CARE—FINALLY GOT THEIR ACT TOGETHER?

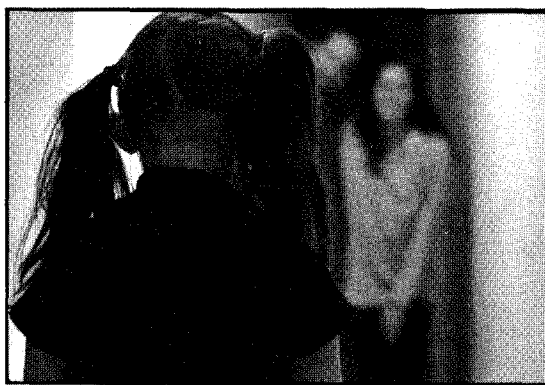
B Y P E T E R H E L L M A N

MARYBETH LARSEN sits in an armchair in her Upper West Side living room on a Friday afternoon, watching the napping, mocha-skinned 4-year-old girl who calls her Mommy. If only it were that simple. She has raised Selena from birth, as she has raised the child's 6-year-old sister, Christiane, whom Larsen formally adopted in 1993. But her efforts to adopt Selena have so far been blocked.

Where Selena is concerned, Larsen—single, white, and 50 years old—remains a foster-care provider—a “temp,” in the eyes of the city. When Selena wakes up, Larsen must tell her it's time to go for a weekend visit with

her biological parents, “Mommy Gloria” and “Daddy James.” She won't want to go, nor does Larsen want to deliver her, but the choice isn't theirs.

■ For nearly two years, Larsen has been locked in a battle with Gloria



Pierce, 47, and James Smith, 36, over who will raise Selena. Like Christiane, Selena tested positive for cocaine at birth. Both girls were placed by Lutheran Social Services of Metropolitan New York with

WAR FARE

(The names of the foster mother, the children, and the biological parents have been changed to protect their privacy.)

"Mommy, I really don't want to go."

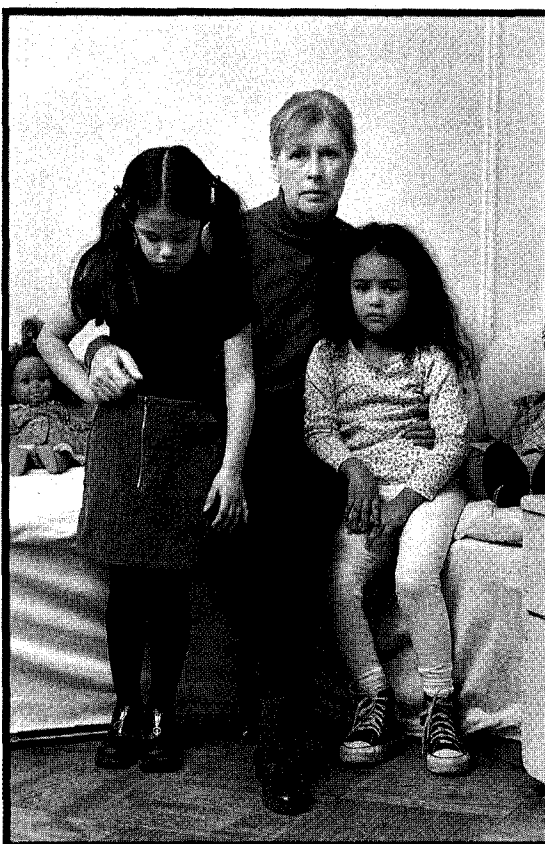
Larsen directly from the hospital.

But their subsequent treatment by the city's child-welfare system could not have been more different. Christiane was two years old when she was adopted by Larsen without opposition from Pierce and Smith. At the same time, Lutheran asked Larsen also to be the foster mother of the newborn Selena. But on the way to adopting Selena, Larsen was thwarted in a series of bureaucratic lapses.

By law, the adoption process can begin once parents have failed to plan for the return of a child for one year. Yet at age 2½, Selena remained in foster-care limbo—despite two requests from Lutheran Social Services to clear the way for adoption and the city's pro forma approval of those requests.

By the time the Child Welfare Administration woke up to Selena's case, the unexpected had happened—with consequences that were either uplifting or crushingly painful, depending upon your point of view: After a seemingly one-way descent into drug addiction, homelessness, and welfare dependency, and after producing a total of ten children (four of them together) without raising any of them, Pierce and Smith had begun to remake their lives. Pierce kicked a twenty-year drug habit and, though still on welfare, is now enrolled in college courses. Smith got a part-time janitorial job that became full-time; now he's been promoted to supervisor. Though not married, the couple began living together. And then they decided to bring their children home—the two, at any rate, who'd not yet been adopted (and thus placed beyond their legal reach). Last summer, 5-year-old Horace, who'd been living with Smith's sister, was returned to the couple on a trial basis.

That left Selena.



of birth. Nevertheless, the new law makes an aggressive move from federal foster-care policy in effect since 1980, which required states to work toward the goal of "family reunification" even when biological parents demonstrated no such desire. "Even when the bio-parents have abused or neglected a child, the system says that they should have a first and a second and a twenty-fifth chance to get it right," says Elizabeth Bartholet, a Harvard Law School professor and expert on adoption.

New York is one of the few states already technically in compliance with many of the new guidelines in the Adoption and Safe Families Act. Stung by cases like that of 6-year-old Elisa Izquierdo, tortured and killed by her mother despite the purported scrutiny of city caseworkers, Administration for Children's Services commissioner Nicholas Scoppetta has been quick to pull at-risk children from their parents. And he has increased the rate of adoptions at ACS—which replaced the seriously dysfunctional CWA in 1996. The average time

spent in foster care is still two and a half years, but in 1997, adoptions rose to 4,009 from 2,310 in the previous year, an increase of 73 percent. Indeed, Larsen's attorney, Mary Jane Sclafani, says the CWA tacitly approved a plan backing Larsen's adoption of Selena, which Lutheran Social Services failed to act upon despite its own repeated petitioning for the girl to be freed for adoption.

So why is ACS now fighting the adoption? Scoppetta, who has reviewed the case, refused several requests from *New York* for an interview. Depending on whom you talk to, Larsen is either a doting mother fighting for her child or a mere "contract service" provider to the city who's far overstepped her bounds. And Pierce and Smith are either a couple who, having overcome a daunting history of addiction, deserve to bring their daughter into the fold of her biological family, or latecomers to the parenting game who have lost the right, morally if not legally, to mess up a 4-year-old's life. As for the oft-maligned ACS, either it's done its job correctly, by preparing the way for a family's reunion, or Selena is just the latest kid to have fallen through the bureaucratic cracks, with heartbreaking consequences for virtually everyone involved.

SELENA'S CASE IS THE SORT THAT COMPELLED President Clinton in November to sign into law the Adoption and Safe Families Act of 1997, with which the states must now comply in order to qualify for federal funds. The law aims to speed up the adoption of kids stalled in long-term foster care. It also gets tough with biological parents who don't cut it: Hearings to determine permanent placement must now begin no later than twelve months after a child enters foster care, a reduction from the former eighteen-month limit. States must also move to terminate parental rights when a child has been in foster care for 15 of the previous 22 months.

The reduced foster-care time frames don't even approach a 1997 recommendation by the American Academy of Child & Adolescent Psychiatry. Citing "current knowledge of child development," it calls for adoption finalization within four months

ON A FRIDAY AFTERNOON LAST FALL, LARSEN, WHO'D BEEN WATCHING the napping child as if she were on a sickbed vigil, sang Selena awake. Before hearing that she was to go for a visit with Pierce and Smith, she got a treat, a vanilla-ice-cream cup. As she was about to take the first bite, Larsen said, "My love, Gloria and James want you to spend the weekend with them. What do you think?"

As if the words were the snap of a mousetrap, Selena dropped her spoon and dashed to Larsen. After a spasm of coughing, she

laid her head on Larsen's lap and grew still.

"Mommy, I really don't want to go."

"I know that."

"It's too long, Mommy."

"Only two nights this time. Do you want to take a special animal with you?"

No answer.

"How about I pack you some Play-doh and sparkles?"

No answer.

"Do you want to take Pooh Bear?"

"Daddy James says Pooh Bear is too heavy."

NEW YORK FOSTER-CARE LAW IS CONSIDERED TO BE CHILD-FRIENDLY. The Family Court Act, for example, gives foster parents like Larsen the right to testify in custody fights. It also addresses the "best interest" of a contested child. But there's a catch: Until termination of the parental rights—"TPR"—by a court, which clears the way for adoption, a child's best interest is presumed to reside with the biological family.

Hence ACS's fight for Selena's separation from Larsen, despite a slew of psychiatric recommendations against the move. In the eyes of the city, according to someone with intimate knowledge of the case, Larsen, by her stubbornness in not placidly giving up Selena, has become "the devil incarnate."

"By taking in a foster child, she became an employee of the agency," this person insists. "She broke the rules, she went too far. The only thing she wants to do is win."

Until recently, the war in family court has gone against Larsen. Last April, Manhattan Family Court Judge Mary Bednar rejected a request by Larsen and the Legal Aid Society, Selena's guardian, to clear the way for adoption by ordering a hearing to terminate the parental rights of Pierce and Smith. Instead, Judge Bednar ordered a third yearlong extension of her foster placement.

But clinical opinion, if not the law, has favored Larsen in assessing Selena's emotional best interest. Of five psychological evaluations of the child, commissioned by ACS, Lutheran, Legal Aid, and Judge Bednar, none argued that Selena be returned to her biological parents. At the hearing last spring, Dr. Randolph Schutz, Lutheran's medical director, told the court: "Although I initially recommended return of custody to Selena's biological parents, the contrast in her demeanor and behavior during the different sessions was quite striking to me . . . [she] manifested a degree of spontaneity, playfulness, and verbalness completely lacking in our first encounter [with the biological parents]. In addition . . . she spontaneously sought out Ms. Larsen's active intervention for support, when uncomfortable, several times. She did not do so at all, despite clear signs of discomfort on several occasions, with her biological parents."

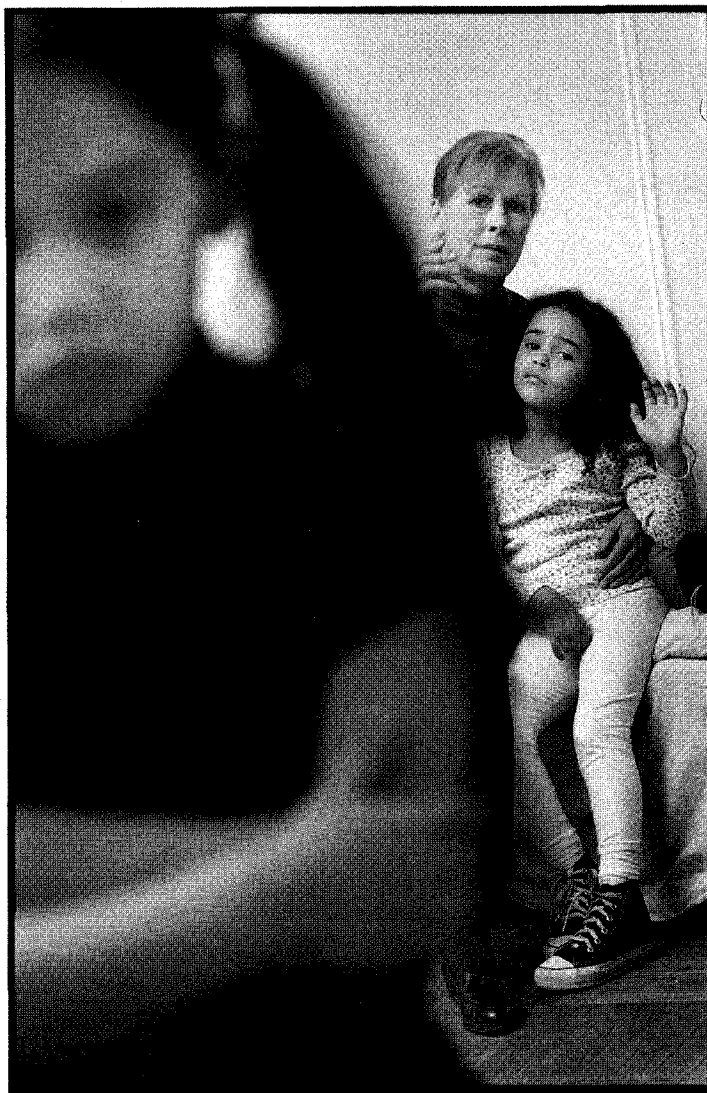
While Dr. Schutz paid tribute to Pierce and Smith's efforts to rehabilitate themselves and to bond with Selena—even acknowledging their place "as important caretakers in her life"—he advised that "custody be retained" by her foster mother.

Judge Bednar, in her decision extending Selena's foster-care arrangement another year, virtually dismissed Dr. Schutz's recommendation, writing that "he was unable to reach a definitive conclusion as to what disposition would best serve the child's interests."

IN APRIL 1995, WHEN SELENA WAS 20 MONTHS OLD, LUTHERAN filed its first formal request for a "goal change"—from family reunification to adoption—with the Child Welfare Administration. Lutheran filed a second request the following February. According to Sclafani, CWA never sent Lutheran written approval of the goal change, though none was needed for Lutheran to proceed as long as CWA didn't object to the plan within 45 days.

"What's depressing here is that Lutheran could have changed the goal on its own," says Penny Ferrer, a former city adoptions director. "They didn't do what they were supposed to do."

In fact, a year later, in April 1996, caseworkers from Lutheran and what was by now the ACS decided that the goal for Selena would remain family reunification—a particularly odd term, since she had never lived a day with her biological parents. However, Gloria Pierce had been visiting Selena and Christiane regularly from the beginning of their placement with Larsen. By the spring of 1996, and after several failures, Pierce had finally stuck with a drug program and had been drug-free for at least eighteen months. For his part, Smith was working, and the couple had begun living together and creating a household in which they could raise children.



"I know that. Do you want to take Pooh Bear?"

In Family Court last fall, Andrea Peyser, Lutheran's attorney, argued that Lutheran's earlier requests for TPR should be ignored because the rehabilitated biological parents were now "fit," and "the risk to children placed in their care has been eliminated," according to the summation she submitted to Judge Bednar. And by this time, Lutheran, at the city's urging, was trying to jump-start a relationship between Selena and her biological parents. Supervised visits began, first at the agency, then off-premises.

After the first visit, according to Larsen, Selena awoke at night screaming, "Mommy, where are you? I need you, Mommy, I need you." She also started wetting her bed and sleepwalking.

"As soon as Selena and I are outside after the visit," Larsen wrote in November 1996, "she grabs me and says, 'You are my mama, not Gloria.' Then she said, 'Gloria said you are not my mama.' I asked her, 'Did you cry?' She said, 'No, it made me very sad.'"

Selena's nursery-school teacher wrote that, prior to visits with her biological parents, a typically "delightful, bubbly child" became "quiet, withdrawn, at lost ends, clingy." Her dance teacher recorded a similar reaction after a visit. Normally "amazingly agile on her two little legs," Selena sat immobile in the middle of the studio floor. Asked to move to the side so that children who were dancing would not step on her, according to the teacher, Selena didn't respond and had to be carried off.

SELENA IS THE NAME GIVEN HER BY Gloria Pierce. Defying foster-care regulations, Larsen gave her a second name: Vanessa, or just Nessa. Not long ago, Selena-Vanessa, perhaps unhappy with the push-pull of her two names, gave herself a third: Hummingbird.

Ironically, Larsen hadn't planned to adopt another child after Christiane. "I had my child and that's all I ever really wanted," she says. "I didn't think about it in the plural. I was an only child. It's a big decision to raise two kids on your own. No grandparents, uncles, aunts—just your friends. But then I thought about this child going to a strange foster home. It seemed good that they would have each other."

As a drug-poisoned infant, Selena had been a "pukey, difficult baby who spent fifteen hours a day on Marybeth's chest," according to a friend of Larsen's.

But by Selena's first birthday, Larsen assumed her adoption was meant to be. And not only because she wanted it. Who would dare separate sisters who were so close?

Larsen doesn't dispute the idea that Pierce is trying hard to be a gentle and caring mother as she tries to make up for the lost time with Selena. Smith, who took several attempts to complete a parenting course ordered by the city, appears to be a sterner figure, based on Selena's reactions to him. Larsen recalls a conversation last February, in Lutheran's waiting room, where Selena was about to have a visit with Horace, then still in foster care: "Horace tells us about his cat scratching him, to which Mr. Smith replies, 'Yes, and what did Daddy do? He beat him good, didn't he? He beat him with the belt.' Horace proudly replied, 'Yes, Daddy beat him with a belt.'"

Smith refused to be interviewed for this article (as did Pierce), saying he didn't want to take any chance of reversing "all the work I've been doing to get my daughter back."

The harder Larsen worked to hold on to Selena, the more Lutheran Family Services and the ACS seemed to lose patience with her. After a hearing last September, Bednar ordered Larsen, who is European-born, to turn in her passport, ostensibly to prevent her fleeing the country with Selena. Subsequently, a Lutheran caseworker left a telephone message with Larsen ordering Selena to begin three-day weekends with her biological parents—starting *that* afternoon. She was to be delivered directly to her



nursery school on Monday morning without seeing Larsen. It seemed like an abrupt, even brutal, transition for a child who'd never been away from Larsen or her sister for even one night, and who was already emotionally fragile from day visits.

"You don't send a child that age to her *grandma's* for three nights," says Carol Sanger, a family-law specialist at Columbia University Law School. A source with knowledge of the case says that the enforced long weekends were "a bit mechanical," but insists that ACS ordered them. The real target, says the source, was Larsen.

BEFORE COMING TO THE U.S., MARYBETH LARSEN TRAINED AS A ballet dancer. "Back then, tall dancers weren't wanted," she says. But a six-feet-two-inch blonde was welcome in the chorus lines of Las Vegas, and Larsen arrived there in 1970 with a high-kicking contract in hand from the Dunes Hotel. She married a set designer, and after a few years they moved to California. Larsen waited tables, acted, and sewed costumes (she makes some of the clothes for the two girls). Her husband was bisexual—a fact she didn't discover until he got AIDS. He died in 1986. Settled by then in New York, Larsen trained to be a masseuse. "I wanted a career with flexible hours," she says, "because I was looking ahead to being a parent."

She first wrote to a Catholic adoption agency but got no response. "My single status, checkered life, was not appropriate," she says. Next, she attended a meeting of gay would-be parents, figuring that they were at a similar disadvantage. There, she met someone who had adopted through Lutheran Social Services. When Lutheran told her about Christiane, the girl seemed like a safe bet; her biological parents had shown no interest in any of their children. Larsen's bet paid off. Parental rights were terminated when Christiane was 18 months old, and Larsen adopted her six months later without any expression of interest from Pierce or Smith.

Christiane and Selena sleep in bunk beds in a toy-filled room that looks out onto the elevated tracks of the Broadway IRT. They depend on each other. When Selena began to cry upon hearing she had to go for a weekend visit with Pierce and Smith,

Larsen's behalf at a hearing to review the case. "But there's an even more powerful trend that children not be separated from their psychological parents."

"One of the greatest stresses on a child that one could imagine is being taken from your mother," insists Dr. Ferholt, who is serving as psychiatric consultant to Selena's counsel. Wouldn't the death of a mother be worse? "No," Ferholt told *New York*. "When a mom dies, the people left behind would help the child with her grief and keep her memory alive. But when a child is removed from a healthy mother, they have to deal with a sense of betrayal." He said that if Selena is taken away from Marybeth Larsen, she may be expected to show "severe separation reaction, profound sadness, intense rage, confusion to the point of disorganized thinking, severe inhibitions, and inability to form trusting relationships."

Moreover, Harvard's Bartholet points to a cautionary statistic: One third of foster children returned to parents are removed again due to abuse and neglect.

Mediation could possibly result in a deal between the foster mom and the biological parents. But so far, that hasn't happened. James Smith, in particular, is said to be against it.

In December, Larsen won a rare, if indirect, victory in Bednar's courtroom. Upon a motion by the Legal Aid Society, the judge agreed to hear additional testimony about Selena's emotional state. On the morning of that hearing, Selena's therapist at the Karen Horney Clinic testified that she should not be removed from Larsen's care. After reading the report, Judge

*Daddy James says Pooh Bear is too heavy.*¹¹

Christiane said, "Don't worry, Vanessa, I'll go with you." Back home after these visits, Selena often climbs up into her sister's bed and snuggles with her. Christiane, unsure of her sister's fate, is also now in therapy.

"She often plays out with dolls the protective and strong sister who then winds up not being there for her sister in a sad and helpless way," wrote her therapist at New Alternatives for Children.

DESPITE THEIR STRUGGLE, LARSEN AND PIERCE ARE CORDIAL, IF A little competitive. Selena, for example, went off for a recent visit wearing a new pair of "darling high-top shoes," says a friend of Larsen's. When the child was returned at the end of the day, she was wearing a new pair of low-top shoes. "Gloria had told Selena the other pair of shoes was too big," says the friend.

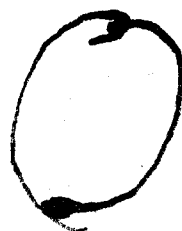
The end of Selena's visits are as hard on Pierce as the beginnings are on Larsen. "Tell Christiane all about the nice presents you got and the things we did," Pierce urged Selena during a "turnover" to Larsen at an uptown McDonald's after Christmas. Disappearing into Larsen's arms, Selena didn't respond. "I love you," Pierce called out.

Pierce and Smith have appeared in court 40 times in order to have Selena turned over to them. "They have held themselves up to the standard of the law; they are good, fit parents," says a source who can confirm those appearances. "I only hope that they don't fold from all the pressure they're under."

IN DIVORCE CUSTODY CASES, A CHILD'S "BEST INTEREST" IS THE automatic standard for placement. But in foster care, the parental right to get a child back comes first. In that sense, the child is essentially her parents' property. That thinking may be changing, however. "It's true that embedded in our culture is a strong trend to keep children from being separated from their bio-parents," says Dr. Julian Ferholt, a child psychiatrist and clinical associate professor at the Yale Child Study Center, who testified on

Bednar allowed Selena's weekend visit with her biological parents to be canceled for the first time since the routine had begun in September. But the judge rejected a new request by Larsen to hold a termination hearing. Without TPR, Larsen has no hope of keeping Selena.

If Judge Bednar orders Selena's delivery to her biological parents, Larsen plans to ask for a stay from the appellate court. "Sometimes you have to get to the appellate level before the best interests of the child are actually addressed," says her lawyer, Mary Jane Sclafani. She points to a recent appellate decision in the case of a 5-year-old daughter of a recovering drug addict. Though the girl had been in foster care since the age of 3 months, a Queens Family Court judge ordered her return to the biological mother once she'd gotten off drugs. Last month, the appeals panel overturned that decision, ordering a new hearing to be held before a different family-court judge. In that case, however, a finding of permanent neglect was on file against the biological mother. No such finding exists in Selena's case. So the threshold of Selena's "best interest" has yet to be reached. It may never be.



IN A LATE-AUTUMN AFTERNOON, FIFTEEN OR SO small children, including Christiane and Selena, dash about the High Meadow in Central Park, a lovely, isolated spot reached by steps from West 106th Street. Parents and baby-sitters gab around a picnic table. It could be a birthday party. Just before light fails, all gather for a group photo. In the center is Larsen, holding Selena. The only odd note is a homemade banner carried by one of the children. Written in a child's wobbly hand, it says NO, NO, NO. It's the boy's response to what this party could, in retrospect, turn out to be: a good-bye to Selena from her circle of friends.

BEST BETS

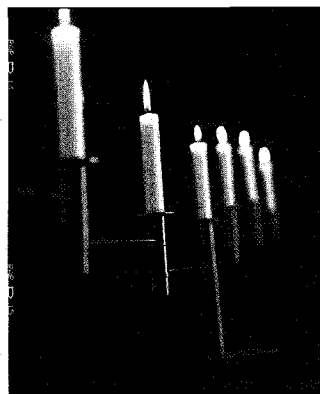
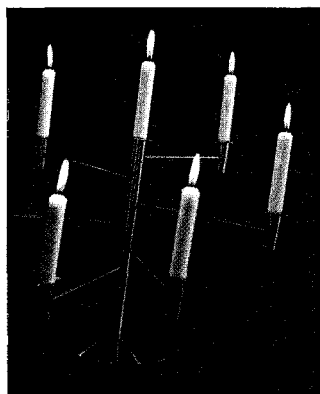
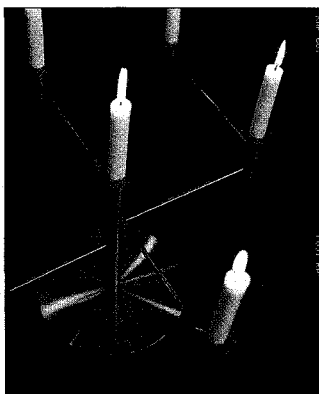
The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

BY CORKY POLLAN

Climbing the Charts . . . and Walls

The newest addition to the horde of CD holders around is one that's barely there. It's the super-low-profile Zero-G CD Management System, which virtually disappears when filled with discs. Here's how it works: Just snap one of the system's clips on the back spine of the CD's jewel case and, thanks to ferromagnetics, the CD sticks firmly to the magnetic strip. The Zero-G can sit on a desk or be mounted on a wall and holds twelve discs (\$45).

AMALGAMATED HOME/9 Christopher Street/255-4160



All Ends Burning

Zurich designer Ruedi Külling's brushed-chromed-steel Modu-light is as much puzzle as candleholder. Six interchangeable arms or modules stack onto a round base. The arms can be

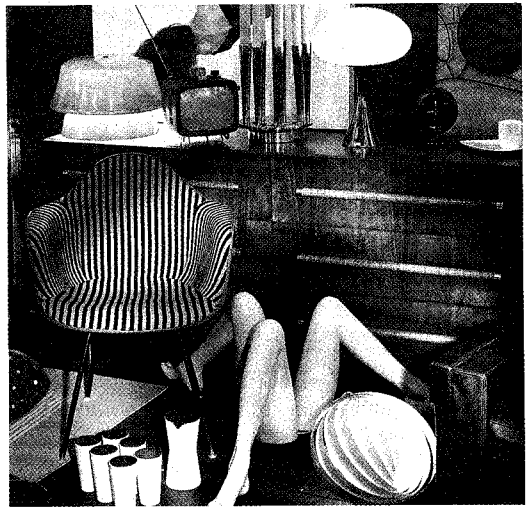
arranged to radiate outward like spokes on a wheel, linked end-to-end, or arrayed in a dozen other configurations (\$350).

THE MOMA DESIGN STORE/44 West 53rd Street/767-1050

Hot Seats

Though it's far too cluttered to do what its name directs, at Have a Seat, chairs and sofas *are* everywhere. Gio Ponti chrome dining seats, Knoll red-wire Bertoiias, an original Borsani Tecno chaise longue, Eames sofas, and Scandinavian loungers abound. Partners Peter Szypula and Tony DiCiaccio have traveled the usual route from being collectors of artifacts from the fifties and sixties to selling at antiques shows to opening a shop, and they have a soft spot for Italian lighting, signed vintage posters, Venini glass, Memphis prototypes, and all things quirky, like a cast-iron "legs" table base (from \$150 for a pop sixties floor lamp to \$500 for an Eames chair to \$3,200 for a Robsjohn-Gibbings storage unit).

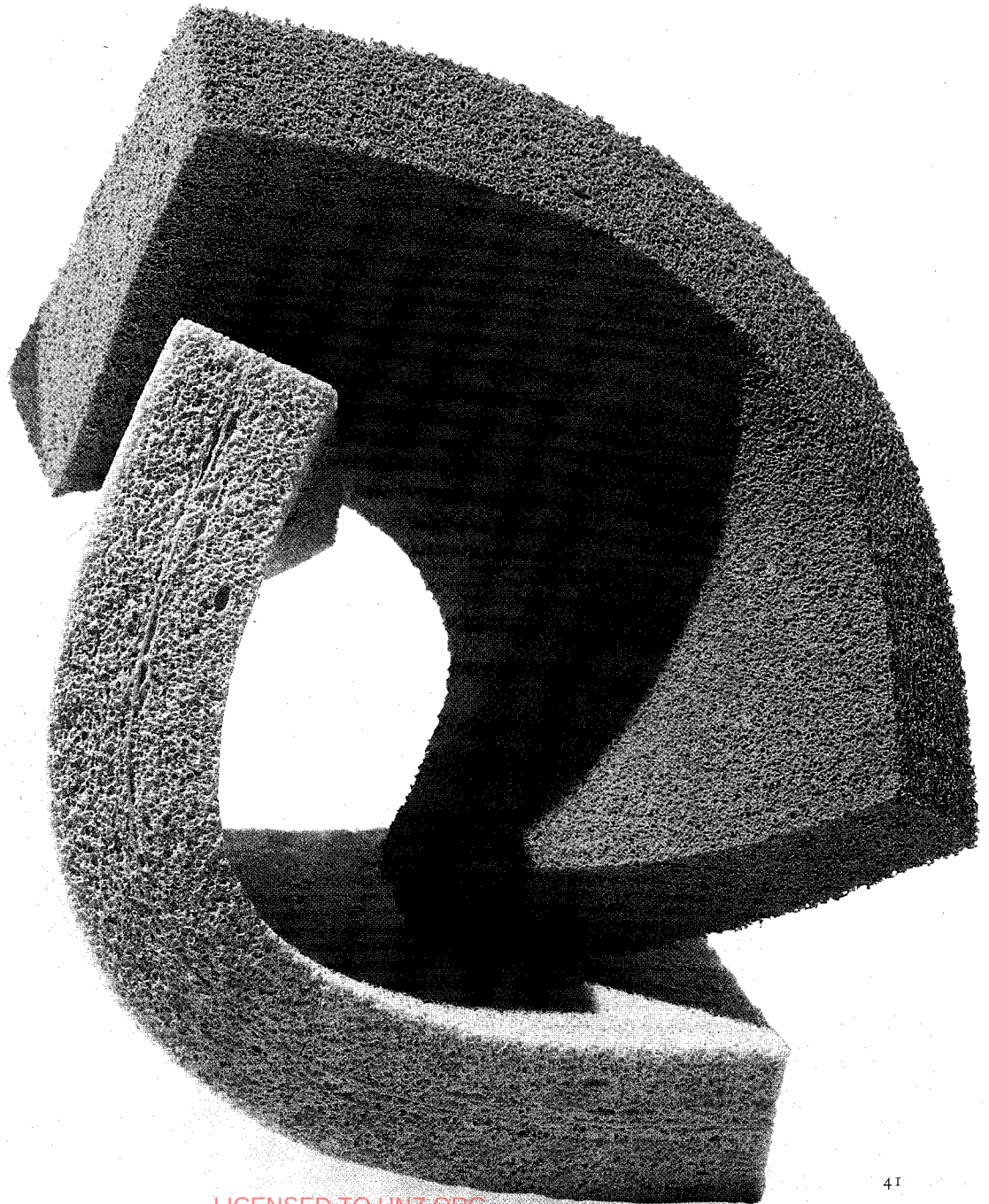
HAVE A SEAT/37 Clinton Street/353-9550



Dry Cleaning

The Gonzo Corporation calls its new product the Wonder Sponge, and it's not a misnomer. When our clean-freak colleagues put it to the test, the sponge proved a slayer of soot: Think Venetian blinds, computer screens, air conditioners, and radiator covers. And since it wipes clean without water, it can tackle oil paintings, wallpaper, and books, and can instantly prepare surfaces for painting—no waiting for them to dry (\$4.99).

GRACIOUS HOME/1220
Third Avenue, at 70th
Street/517-6300



Brush With Greatness

We scour the city: *Deals on whirlpool bathtubs, Blissful exfoliation, and even a polishing for your pearly whites.*

THE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY OF NEW York is an invaluable source for everyone from full-fledged botanists to those who just want to save their one houseplant. In addition to having classes, community-service programs (including a greenhouse on Rikers Island), and a great research library, the society runs a shop full of books, plants, and seeds, along with other garden essentials. And it's putting books on sale: *The English Flower Garden*, was \$35, now \$24.50; *Colour in the Flower Garden*, was \$22.95, now \$16.05; library copy of the *Reader's Digest Complete Book of the Garden*, was \$9.95, now \$2. *Horticultural Society of New York*, 128 W. 58th St. (757-0915); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.-Fri. 11-5:30, Sat. till 5; 1/26-1/31.

Winter Whites

IT SEEMS THAT LASERS WILL EVENTUALLY DO just about everything. Now there's even a laser dental drill, which is less painful—and certainly more appealing—for filling cavities. (No anesthetic!) To tempt the uninitiated, Dr. Alexander Duka is offering a free whitening treatment (usually \$450) with a cleaning and X-rays (\$135) or a filling (\$150-\$225). *Dental Arts Manhattan*, 136 Fourth Ave., at 13th St. (777-7727); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.-Fri. 9:30-7, Sat. till 3; 1/19-2/28.

Top-End Transfers

"ONE WOMAN CAME IN WITH THIS GREAT Dolce & Gabbana dress, which she only wore once, and said that she sees all the same people socially so she couldn't possibly wear it again," relates Alessandro Mitrotti. Thanks to women like this and other designer connections, Transfer International brims with Gucci, Prada, Gaultier, and other high-end labels. At its winter sale: Helmut Lang dress, retail \$1,000, here \$500, now \$250; Chanel handbag, retail \$900, here \$250, now

\$125; Comme des Garçons men's jackets and suits, retail \$700-\$2,400, here \$250-\$700, now \$125-\$350. *Transfer International*, 594 Broadway, bet. Houston and Prince Sts. (941-5472); A.E., checks; daily noon-8; 1/19-1/31.

Blissful Beauty

NOT SURPRISINGLY, BLISS SPA'S CATALOGUE IS chock-full of some of the best beauty products on the market. Remède, Decleor, Comptoir Sud Pacifique, Molton Brown, J.F. Lazartigue, and Guinot are only some of the brands that fill its catalogue and are being offered at 15 percent off regular prices. To get a catalogue or place an order, call 888-243-8825 or fax 343-7907; A.E., M.C., V.; daily 9-9; through 2/28.

Saint Paul

WHEN PAUL STUART FIRST ANNOUNCED ITS outlet sale, we didn't realize just how discounted the clothing would be. Velvet skirts, were \$207, now \$20; pea-coat-style suits with skirts, were \$423, now \$100; cashmere short-sleeve sweaters, were \$277, now \$20; men's Shetland-wool blazers, were \$337, now \$75; striped ties, were \$59.50, now \$5. *Roosevelt Hotel*, 45 E. 45th St.; A.E., M.C., V., checks; Mon.-Wed. 11-6; 1/26-1/28.

Seminole Discoveries

SEMINOLE FURNITURE shops—a showroom usually reserved for decorators—is having a floor-sample sale. Off-white queen sleep sofa, retail \$2,586, here \$1,095; hand-decorated pine armoire, retail \$3,784, here \$1,350. *Seminole Furniture Shops*, 44 E. 32nd St., third floor (683-

6464); A.E., M.C., V., checks; Mon.-Fri. 9-6, Sun. 10-4; 1/19-1/30.

Jet Sets

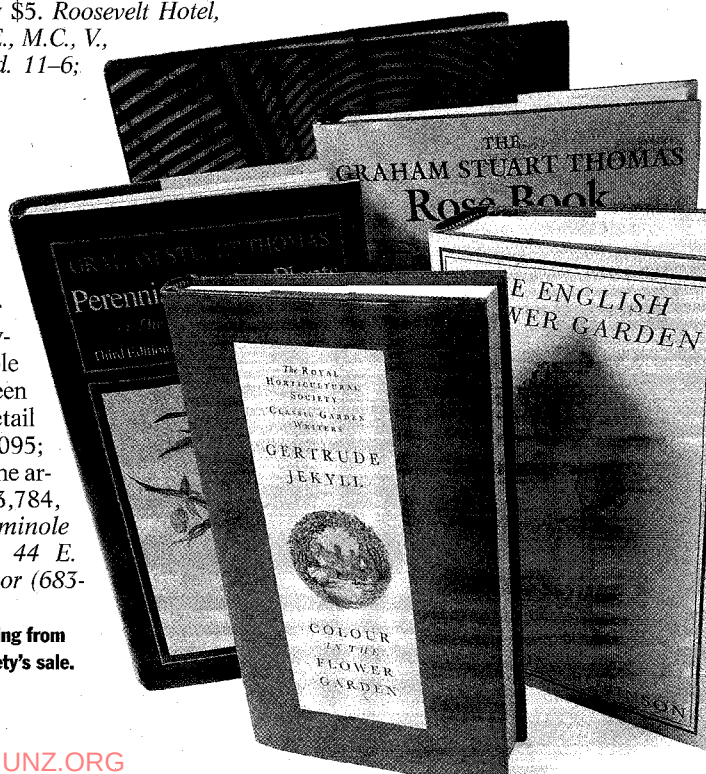
ALL BATHS INTERNATIONAL HAS TUBS AND the like at prices worth the trip to Yonkers. Sale includes: Kohler cast-iron Maestro whirlpool tub, retail \$3,402, here \$1,600; Americh acrylic Madison whirlpool tub, retail \$1,895, here \$1,145; Grohe chrome deck tub faucet with hand shower, retail \$741, here \$407. *All Baths International*, 163 Saw Mill River Road, Yonkers (call 914-969-2777 for directions); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.-Fri. 9-5, Sat. 9:30-3:30; 1/19-2/21.

Fixe Lunch

EAST RIVER CAFE IS SERVING UP A THREE-course \$8.98 weekday prix-fixe lunch that's both tasty (items like grilled Atlantic salmon, angel's-hair pasta tossed with tomatoes, and a grilled-chicken sandwich) and inexpensive—you save at least 60 percent off the usual menu prices. *East River Cafe*, 1111 First Ave., near 61st St. (980-3144); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.-Fri. noon-3; 1/19-3/31.

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Ondine Cohane, *New York Magazine*, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.

Green books: A sampling from the Horticultural Society's sale.



Life Is a Dreamboat

Women can't resist the hungry young hero of 'Live Flesh,' Almodóvar's most enjoyable film since 'Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown.'

VICTOR PLAZA (LIBERTO RABAL), A prostitute's son born in a Madrid bus—and on the very day in 1970 that Franco cracked down on personal liberties in Spain—gets in serious trouble as a young man, goes to prison, and emerges while still in his twenties, eager to claim his personal freedom in a newly energized country. Franco is dead, and the reborn Victor—the hero of Pedro Almodóvar's *Live Flesh*—has a galvanizing effect on everyone he meets. A lover with dark eyes and a small goatee, Victor is neither evil nor violent, but he's an inexperienced, hungry young man, and things go out of control when he's around (Rabal has rough edges that his predecessor in such roles, the handsomer, more skilled but more predictable Antonio Banderas, did not have). *Live Flesh*, the best movie from Almodóvar since that Iberian screwball classic *Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown*, turns into a happy joke about passion as destiny, eros as the dominating force in life. Apart from eros, of course, there isn't much life in Almodóvar—the world of work and family hardly exists. But this Spanish bad-boy writer-director does the comedy of sexual passion better than anyone else. The entire history of Spanish repression and guilt seems to gather inside the heads of his men and women; they are naturally explosive in ways that Americans, with their lesser sense of sin, their hygienic attitude toward sex, could never be.

The story, which has been freely adapted from a Ruth Rendell novel, teases symmetry into an Almodóvarian pretzel. Eager to become the world's greatest lover, Victor sleeps with the wives of the two Madrid policemen who put him in jail—first Clara (the great Angela Molina, of the tragic mask), who is much adored by her murderously obsessive husband, Sancho (Pepe Sancho), who loves a woman by trying to dominate her and, if necessary, kill her. Clara cheats on her husband in order to survive him, in both body and soul. Taking Victor in hand, she teaches him some of the more essential points of lovemaking, and under Clara's tutelage, he becomes a saner and gentler fellow—a better man, in every sense. You might say he is healed by sex. *Live Flesh*, which begins and ends on Christmas, is about salvation; Almodóvar is eros's last true worshiper.

Bored with Clara, Victor pursues the exquisite Elena (Francesca Neri), the woman who lured him into trouble some years earlier. It was at Elena's house that the 20-year-old Victor accidentally shot Sancho's partner, a



promising young police detective named David (Javier Bardem). After the shooting, Elena, the daughter of the Italian consul, a rich girl dabbling in drugs, was so guilty over her own role in the affair that she married David, who had taken a bullet in the spine and was confined to a wheelchair. He's a dynamite wheelchair basketball player and a thoroughly virile man in every sense but the literal one. So the adulterous joining of Victor and Elena is charged with the many varieties of desire, guilt, and ambivalence. It's a scene worth waiting for—certainly the most sensual of Almodóvar's heterosexual love scenes.

Almodóvar's electric, brightly colored hyperbolic style has always teetered on the edge of camp and pornography. When he's going well, he achieves a delirious freedom of tone; when not so well, he horses his way into silliness. In *Live Flesh*, Almodóvar has stabilized his manner somewhat. The movie is not as startling and fantastic as *Law of Desire* or *Matador*, but it doesn't settle into commonplace realism either. For Almodóvar, sexual passion is part of the cruel joke of Spanish guilt and fatalism. Sex is a matter of life and death that drives people into absurd situations; Almodóvar's most tragic scenes slide into farce (and vice-versa). These men and women seem not to possess "psychology" but only desire; that's all the psychology Almodóvar needs. It's a view of character that dissolves social reality. Would an elegant woman like Elena, the daughter of a foreign diplo-

Hostage to love: Elena (Francesca Neri) and Victor (Liberto Rabal) in *Live Flesh*.

THEATER JOHN SIMON

Erotic Asphyxiation

*'Goose-Pimples' is a maddening—if not quite madcap—sexual farce;
'Benita Canova (Gnostic Eroticism)' will simply bore you to death.*

MIKE LEIGH, BETTER KNOWN AS A FILM DIRECTOR, wrote a number of plays, including the 1981 award-winning **Goose-Pimples**. It is now presented by the enterprising New Group and its director, Scott Elliott, who previously gave us Leigh's *Ecstasy*. I have never been a Leigh fan, even if his socialist realism spiked with bile garners widespread adherence—though whether for artistic or political reasons remains moot.

In his films—and, I suspect, his plays as well—Leigh uses improvisation extensively, the cast making up the dialogue from his outline. This, to me, is a disheartening forfeiture of authorship, though it may be applied Marxism; how many times must it be stressed that literary creation and the mimetic gift are separate and, in my view, unequal talents?

Actors become enamored of their own words and don't know where to stop. But it is not all ego; it is also marking time until the next idea materializes, whose tardiness requires a good deal of stretching and repeating of the previous one. And when the long-awaited idea finally comes, it gets gratefully nursed like a drink by a penniless toper unable to pay for a refill. In theory, Leigh edits and shapes the material, but can we trust the judgment of one so dependent on others?

Be that as it may, *Goose-Pimples* feels achingly stunted and more than a little incredible. It seems that the smart-ass, womanizing car salesman Vernon shares a London flat with the pretty croupier Jackie, a ditsy blonde, platonically. This evening he has invited, while Jackie is at work, dinner guests: his colleague Irving and his wife Frankie, with whom Vernon is having a secret affair. His cooking misfires and the trio goes out to eat; meanwhile, Jackie comes back with a club customer, Muhammad, for a few nightcaps. She takes this Saudi for a wealthy sheik; he takes her for a whore, and the tacky flat for a brothel. Improbably, Muhammad speaks hardly a word of English, except when the plot requires otherwise. He is in fact a modest purveyor of sheep and goats to pilgrims to Mecca, and certainly behaves goatishly when he thinks he is getting on with the two girls (Frankie and her men having returned) and sheepishly when the women don't respond and the other men butt in. He mistakes Vernon for an officious bartender, Irving for an interfering fellow john; meanwhile, he gets more soused and the situation more fraught.

I am suspicious of a play that depends on the advanced cloddishness of its characters, and whose biggest coup is the unexpected and very realistic barf of one of them. There may be valid social comment here on lower-class British xenophobia, and the set design, direction, and acting are capable enough, if rather exaggerated. Adam Alexi-Malle is funny and touching as Muhammad, and Caroline Seymour is superb as Jackie:

**Good for
the gander:
Caroline
Seymour and
Adam Alexi-
Malle in *Goose-
Pimples*.**



idiotically gullible and gorgeously irresistible. Incidentally, the hyphen in *Goose-Pimples* is a solecism, but we'll never know whether it was written by Leigh or improvised by his cast.

THE SIGNATURE THEATRE COMPANY CONTINUES ITS EXPLORATION of the byways of Arthur Miller with **A Double-Bill**, another unwarranted hyphenation. The first item, *I Can't Remember Anything* (1987), concerns the cutesily named Leo and Leonora, two elderly people conjoined only by their general isolation and shared love for the late Frederick, whom Leonora was married to and Leo idolized. Leonora keeps dropping in on Leo and boring him; he takes care of her donations to charity and maintains some contact with the outside world through her mundane chitchat. But his patience is crumbling.

This is a real enough situation, involving believable characters, that shows off Miller at his soundest: working without grandiose aspirations in the medium of common clay. The mixture of interdependence and irritation is well caught: Leo, the unregenerate leftist, is, though burned out, still an intellectual; Leonora, her charms faded, is now only a habit and a nuisance. She cannot remember, and he doesn't want to, and yet . . .

It is small-scale theater, but not to be despised, to which a letter and recording sent by Leonora's musician son from his Sri Lankan refuge add a bit of idiosyncratic color. Joseph Chaikin has managed to direct it adequately but cast it against the text's age indications: Leo, supposed to be 53, is played by Joseph Wiseman, 79; Leonora, meant to be 65, by Rebecca Schull, who seems younger. No matter: Wiseman, a grand, old-style actor, is fun to watch. His tone is tauntingly acidic, his expression world-weary but capable of mischievous reigniting; his hands keep taking off on a little dance of impatience and deprecation. Unfortunately, Miss Schull lacks the appeal of Geraldine Fitzgerald, who created the role, and cannot match Wiseman in savor and savvy.

The other one-actor, *The Last Yankee* (1993), is more portentous and pretentious. Two men meet in the waiting room of a state mental hospital. The older, John Frick (60), is a smugly prosperous self-made tycoon; the younger (48) is a lowly carpenter, albeit one who has done fine, even artistic, work around town. He is Leroy Hamilton, lineal descendant of Alexander Hamilton, and not in the least stuck-up about it; he is the decent, unassuming last Yankee of the title. Both men's wives are patients. Patricia Hamilton, of moodily Swedish descent, has been in and out of the hospital; pathetic Karen Frick is in for the first time. The scene switches from the men waiting to see their wives to the wives gathering resolve to face their husbands; in a final scene, all take part.

The point, I guess, is that in this Millerian New England there are crass but successful upstarts like Frick, who barely tolerates his neglected wife's taking up tap-dancing, as well as humble scions of the true aristocrats, such as Hamilton. He is resented by his wife, who feels *déclassé* because of her husband's unambitious upward immobility, which includes his taking unchic banjo lessons. The women must band together to achieve the self-assertiveness that might help their marriages. Alas, it is all Sociology 1 crossed with Psychology 1, sprinkled with the facile feminism that reinforces male liberal complacency.

Regrettably, neither Peter Maloney nor Kevin Conroy captures the New England tang, or acts persuasively otherwise. Sha-

mi Chaikin, an actress who made it solely on her brother's coattails, plays Karen Frick as a Jewish comedienne. Kate Myre, at least, gets Patricia nearly right. There is also the silent part of a blank, bedridden woman meant to convey the depth of depression, whom Chaikin allows to rise from her bed in the end and walk away—the wrongheaded opposite of what the stage directions call for. Now, if he could only have brought together the banjo-playing Leroy and tap-dancing Karen for an encore, *that* would have been something.

RICHARD FOREMAN HAS BEEN RUNNING HIS Ontological-Hysteric Theatre for years, though lately it is content to go by the more modest moniker of Ontological. If I had to choose which epithet to drop, I would have picked the other one, hysteria being much more the specialty of the house. The group's latest offering is **Benita Canova (Gnostic Eroticism)**, supposedly based on the paintings of Balthus—no more in evidence than Gnostic Eroticism, whatever that might be.

We get scenes from an unlikely brothel featuring alleged schoolgirls, all of whom look to have repeated every grade at least once. Three of them get to speak Foreman's nonsense, under Foreman's weird direction, in Foreman's tacky décor. Three others merely mill around, laughing, screaming, or milling. The heroine wears a yellow Jewish star, though there is no mention of a time or place that would justify it. The others have it in for her, for unclear reasons. The madam is a transvestite, played by the sometime playwright David Greenspan, who makes as little sense as the girls do. The only customer seems to be a gorilla, but even he gets to enjoy Benita's favors only when he dies.

Benita's chief rival speaks with an affected accent that sounds like a hillbilly's idea of Mrs. Astor's 400. There is also the character called The Sly One, who doesn't seem particularly sly, but is distinctly overweight. There are numerous illiterate references to a "modus operandus," which made me want to shout "di! di!," but I bit my tongue. The dialogue crackles, or at least cracks, as when Benita announces "My mirror has a big crack in it," and proceeds to moon us. But not really: In Gnostic Eroticism you don't get to see flesh, except Mr. Greenspan's unimpressive genitals. But back to the dialogue, which is profoundly metaphysical, as in, "Of course we are losing touch with reality—that's our one point of contact with reality."

The downtown audience, suckers for Gnostic Eroticism, grooved on this; slumming uptown types seemed baffled but intent. I, for one, was happy to leave the Ontological Theatre, muttering to myself "On to the logical," though even that is in shortening supply. ■

Lasswell continued from page 33

vious dozen or so, Sonnabend had thrown a big birthday party for Castelli in Venice, and she planned one for his turning 88. But she was unable to contact Castelli and Bertozzi: "I never could find out if they were really going to come to the party or not." Sonnabend went ahead and reserved at Harry's Bar and, in case the weather was nice and they could sit outside, at Dolce. Friends flew in from America. The guest of honor still couldn't be reached. "I was stupidly but characteristically worried about Leo's safety, because I didn't know where he was and what he was doing, and I couldn't reach him. So I thought something had happened," Sonnabend says, adding, after a pause, "and it did." The day before the party, Sonnabend canceled it. The next time she saw the couple, they were husband and wife.

The sniping that had begun during Bertozzi and Castelli's courtship mounted after their marriage, but it wasn't until the putsch last summer that the art world began really boiling with speculation about the bride's motives. Angela Westwater, whose gallery with Gian Enzo Sperone (Sperone Westwater, in SoHo) has shared several artists with Castelli's over two decades, admits that she's concerned about recent developments. "It's a shame, for someone of such dignity, who has had such an esteemed career and enjoyed so much respect and affection, that it's come to be a more cloudy situation," she says. "One that's not completely sanguine."

But Charles Cowles, whose gallery occupies the fifth floor at 420 West Broadway, praises Bertozzi's influence on Castelli both personally and professionally: "She's trying to put his affairs in order. They weren't in order—he neglected his affairs. . . . I think Barbara's been wonderful for Leo. There are always two sides to everything, but I don't like all this vicious gossip that's going around."

One observer who's no fan of Bertozzi's doesn't have much use for the gossip about her, either. "All these sludges in Leo's life are upset," he says, "because Barbara outdid them all."

In the end, Steven Aronson may offer the most perceptive view. "I really think she's good for him," he says. "He would have been a drooping old man. Even though he has plenty of friends and he's famous, he'd be alone. And he can't stand to be alone. She's keeping him in the world. She's been the instrument for his getting some fun out of these dead-of-night years."

When this reporter visited the gallery recently—and Bertozzi rattled on despite herself as publicists fluttered nearby—the most famous gallery owner in the world slipped away while no one was watching, drifting over to the office couch.

And then Leo Castelli took a nap. ■

ART MARK STEVENS

The Quiet American

Long taken for granted, always out of step with the times, the painter Arthur Dove gets his due with a Whitney retrospective.

Arthur Dove's
That Red One
(1944).

CULTURE, IN AMERICA, HAS BECOME A SQUEAKY wheel looking for grease. Or so it often seems when the subject is an artist of subtle temperament. **Arthur Dove** (1880–1946), whose retrospective opened last week at the Whitney Museum of American Art, is a characteristic example: He is simply too quiet for contemporary taste. Typically grouped with the artists who gathered around the great photographer and impresario Alfred Stieglitz—among them Georgia O'Keeffe, Marsden Hartley, and John Marin—he is invariably presented as a pioneering American modernist. But he seems more mentioned than admired. Collectors rarely clamor for his work as they do for flashy O'Keeffes. His paintings, many of them mut-

concentrates mainly upon the oil paintings. (The landmark Dove exhibit of 1975, organized by the curator Barbara Haskell, included drawings and watercolors, some of which can now be seen at the Tibor de Nagy Gallery.) Influenced as a young artist by French Impressionism, Dove, who also worked in his twenties as a commercial illustrator, made one of the most astonishing leaps in American art—transforming himself in 1910 into a painter of near abstractions. From that point, he spent the rest of his life probing for the hidden pulse behind appearances. He was particularly attracted to thinkers who looked beneath the surface of the modern world—to Freud, for example, and to the French philosopher Henri Bergson. In Dove, even a stone wall seems to have a secret life.

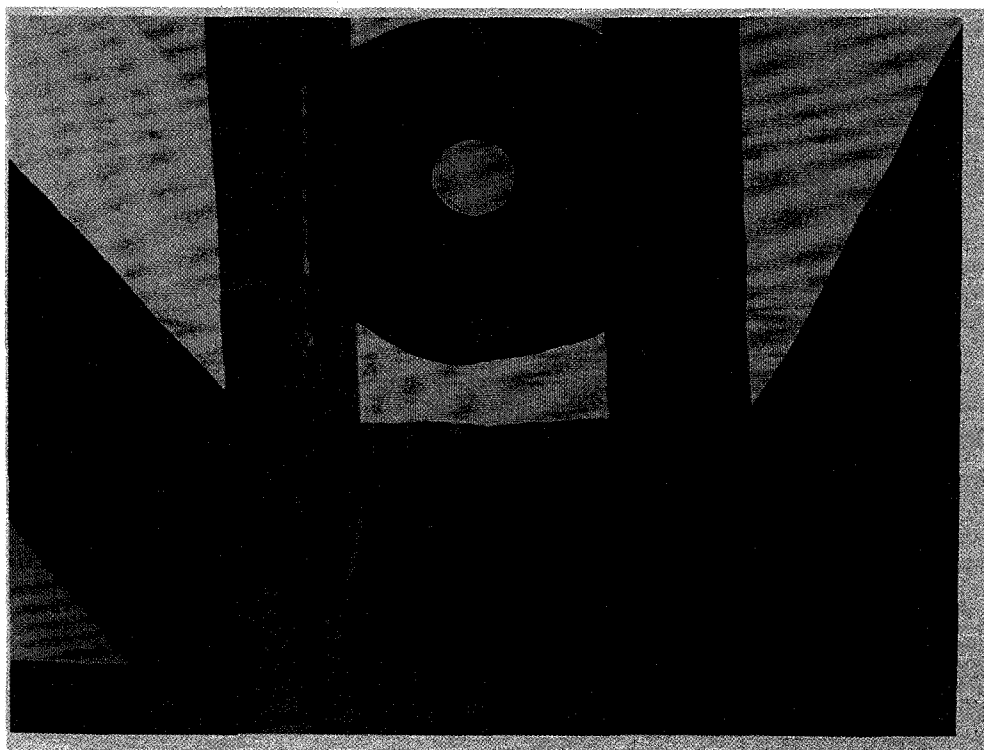
Like his contemporaries in the Stieglitz circle, Dove was recoiling from the increasing materialism of his society. Inspired by the new European ideas about art—especially the vanguard's drive toward an ever greater degree of abstraction—he hoped to renew the American sublime, creating a rhapsodic vision of the landscape that stood as a rebuke to smokestack America. He suffered for these views. His father, a manufacturer of bricks, cut him off because he chose to be an artist. For most of his life, he had to scabble for money. Unable to support himself as a painter, he sometimes tried to eke out a living as a farmer in Connecticut and near his hometown of Geneva, New York. And more than most visionaries, he always retained the grounded sense of a farmer—which I admire, if only because too much high-flown feeling makes me think I'm being edged into a church.

Dove is a lyric poet, yet his work is filled with knotty tension. While the larger composition of one of his pictures may be bold, dramatic, and stark—with a line that moves swiftly

across the surface—the actual paint may appear by contrast slow-moving and substantial; his brushwork is often strangely palpable, like growing grass. He does something similar in his treatment of the luminous. The light of revelation is never naked. It seems to emerge clothed in shade from some darkened place. (And may, one imagines, melt back into the shadows.) Dove is a crepuscular artist, an artist of the gloaming, with a melancholy feeling for somber tonalities. Because there is something intractable about nature that does not yield entirely to his desire, the harmonies in his painting

ed in color, are not ingratiating. Even his name sounds gray, peaceful, dull, and oppressively worthy, like something you must learn for a class.

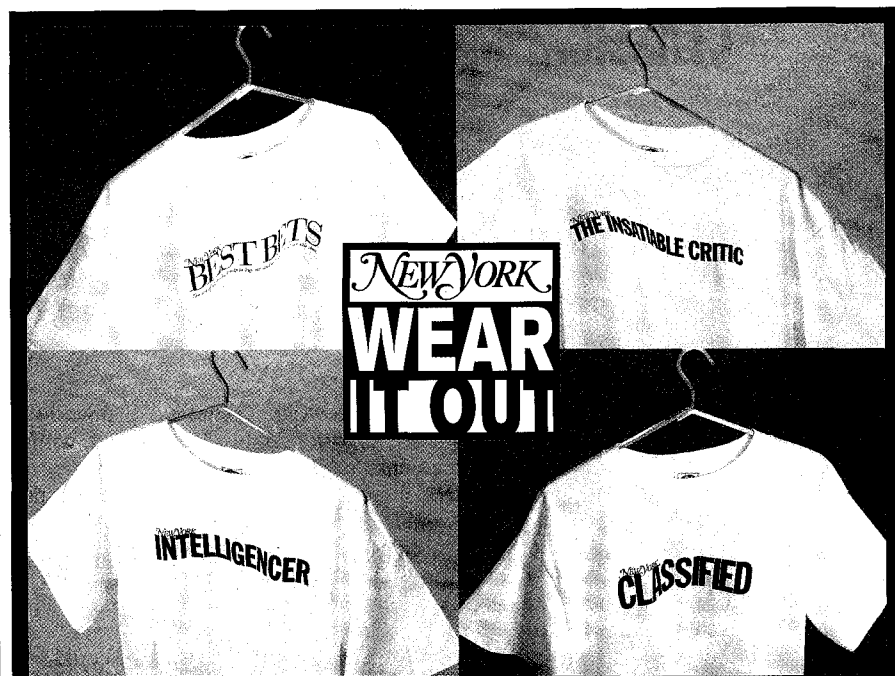
Yet Dove is an important figure in American culture—and not only because he was a pioneer. The current show, which was organized by the Phillips Collection in Washington and the Addison Gallery of American Art in Andover, Massachusetts, presents an artist more shaded in feeling than many of his American contemporaries. The curatorial team of Debra Bricker Balken, Elizabeth Hutton Turner, and William C. Agee



do not appear too easily won. As a result, his pictures repay long looking in a way that the work of his contemporaries does not. Toward the end of his life, he grew less interested in this kind of tension, making images that are smoother and more purely abstract. Although these works anticipate Abstract Expressionism, they also give up some of the tang of nature. The curators have included a good selection of them.

Dove is often called provincial, because his use of the European idea of abstraction seems more borrowed than invented—more applied than deeply understood. Compared with Picasso, Matisse, or Mondrian, he is a brilliant tinkerer, amateur, and illustrator of moody sentiments. (Almost every painter is, compared with those guys.) Even so, the condescension directed at his work, which has its origins in the forties and fifties, is misplaced. Artists and critics in those years could not “see” an artist like Dove with any clarity because they were absorbed in another American modernism—Abstract Expressionism—that aspired to international stature. The earlier Americans were thought embarrassing in the best company. They were not wanted as “fathers.” Consequently, such critics could not recognize the beautiful vein of simplicity that once flowed through American culture and is now almost entirely lost—that plainsong (or plains song) you can find in the music of, say, Copland. Dove did what many of the best American artists and writers would do in the days when “culture” lay across an ocean and the public shunned serious art: He made any awkwardness seem like homespun honesty.

THE ENGLISH PAINTER **Rodrigo Moynihan** (1910–1990), whose show at the Robert Miller Gallery closes at the end of this week, abjures a flashy palette or a showy display of feeling. He loves dusty grays and muted umbers and the aura of a faded fresco. He seems immersed in the life of the studio, staying close to the brushes and the paint no matter what his subject might be. Many of his still lifes and figurative pictures appear brilliantly poised between the sketchy and the finished, the spontaneous and the studied. (In the truly elegant, there must be something casual.) But Moynihan is far from being a mere dandy or aesthete. And he is not showily humble. When he paints a shelf hanging in space, upon which he depicts a few jars and bits of studio debris, he also establishes a metaphysical plane. And when he renders a mirror, he opens a fresh window to the figure: Something luminous and unexpected charges the reflected image. Moynihan’s paintings take time, ripening slowly in the mind’s eye. A rare virtue in our period.



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CLASSICAL MUSIC PETER G. DAVIS

Strauss Relief

Is Kiri Te Kanawa's performance in Strauss's lovely 'Capriccio' her last at the Met? If so, she'll be leaving on a high note.

RICHARD STRAUSS'S LAST STAGE WORK, *Capriccio*, has always been considered a connoisseur's delicacy, and as such unsuitable for mass consumption by Metropolitan Opera audiences. I never thought I would see this intimate one-act conversation piece at the Met, but here it is, and I suppose three reasons explain such an unexpected addition to the repertory: Kiri Te Kanawa's attraction to the role of Countess Madeleine, the availability of a preexisting production, and English supertitles—full text comprehension is essential to savor this two-and-a-half-hour debate on which is the more potent medium of artistic communication, words or music.

That may sound like an unpromising topic for an opera, but Strauss knew what he was doing—the old composer (78 at the time of the premiere in 1942) was too much of a practical theater man to deal in abstractions or produce a talky treatise on aesthetics. The sophisticated libretto, by Strauss and conductor Clemens Krauss, presents six vivid personalities motivated by considerably more than verbal one-upmanship. The impetuous poet, Olivier, and the dreamily romantic composer, Flamand, are in hot pursuit of the beautiful Madeleine, while her blasé brother has designs on Olivier's ex-mistress, Clairon, a leading actress at the Comédie Française and a protégée of the flamboyant theater director La Roche. They all gather in the Countess's salon to argue their positions, and as the plot thickens in this eighteenth-century chat room, we gradually realize that the

Flamand-Olivier rivalry stands as a metaphor for opera itself, with Madeleine as both muse and victor's prize.

How astonishing, but how typical, that Strauss would address such a precious subject at a time when the world of German culture as he knew it was hurtling toward destruction. But perhaps, at the end of a long life, he may be pardoned for indulging in such an escapist diversion, especially since the mystical union of words and music had always been central to his creative thinking. In any case, he could never have composed *Capriccio* except when he did. Only by the forties was he ready to make a definitive statement on the matter, when his text-setting technique was at its most refined and the autumnal lyricism of his late style in full flower. Seamless in construction and endlessly inventive, the score reaches a gorgeous conclusion as Madeleine, still undecided and "burning between two flames," once again sings the radiant sonnet by her two admirers, a creation that now no longer belongs to either poet or composer, but to her and to us.

For its presentation of the opera, the Met has borrowed an elegant rococo salon interior designed by the late Mauro Pagano and already seen in many opera houses, most recently in Chicago. There the characters were in period costumes, but at the Met the action has been moved up to the twenties—an inspiration of director John Cox, who first tried it out at the Glyndebourne Festival twenty years ago. While the conceit does not completely sabotage the opera, I fail to see how *Capriccio* presented as a Noël Coward comedy of manners gains in

relevance and immediacy for a contemporary audience. On the contrary, the libretto's references to Goldoni, Gluck, Couperin, and other eighteenth-century figures—not to mention Strauss's delicious musical pastiches—become jarring anachronisms, and the whole ambience of the piece suddenly seems absurdly misjudged. Arbitrarily bringing down the curtain for an intermission in the middle of the opera doesn't help, either.

Of course, Kiri Te Kanawa looks sensational in her twenties outfits (specially designed for her by Peter J. Hall—Martin Battersby dressed the rest of the cast), so the smart but dislocated look of the show will probably disturb only purists. It's rumored that this production marks the soprano's local farewell, but divas have been known to change their minds and Met audiences seem reluctant to let her go. As her voice ages, Te Kanawa, like many placid singers, becomes a more lively stage (continued on page 68)

The thinking fan's Strauss: Te Kanawa in the Met's "Capriccio."



DANCE TOBI TOBIAS

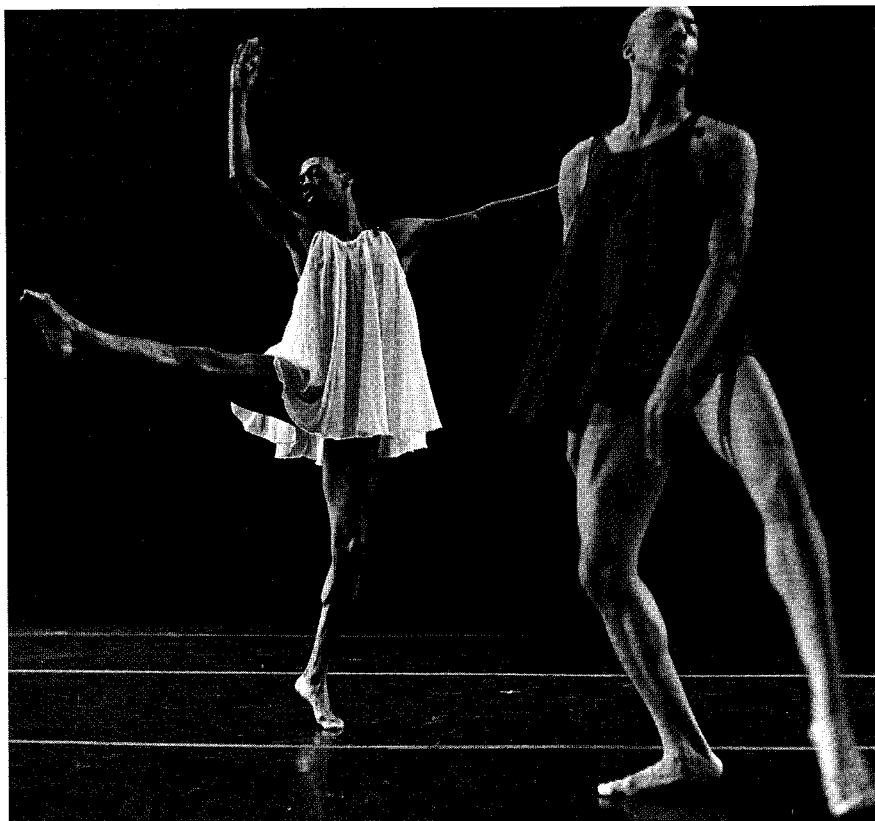
New Kids on the Block

The choreographer Kraig Patterson finally does a program all his own, and it's a winner; consumer-oriented culture from Kevin O'Day.

BEST KNOWN FOR HIS SLY, GOOD-HUMORED dancing with Mark Morris, **Kraig Patterson** has also been choreographing here and there, from the big-time (Mikhail Baryshnikov's White Oak Dance Project) to the preprofessional (Barnard College Dance Department). Though he has a clear talent for making dances, he's been unusually—even maddeningly—diffident about self-promotion. Finally, though, he assembled a small group of distinctive performers to present a full program of his compositions at the Pace Downtown Theater. While much might usefully have been pared from the proceedings—whole dances, unnecessary elaborations on material that states its case completely long before it vanishes from view—the concert proved that Patterson can create dances that are not merely serviceable but intriguing.

He has what looks like an instinctive knowledge of how to keep his stage picture stimulating. The couplings and clusterings of his figures and their relative positions in the space—these configurations constantly shifting, of course—are both offbeat and harmonious. His asymmetries make the kind of gratifying sense that symmetry makes in classical art. Patterson also knows how to limit his vocabulary in a given dance or section of one so that the movements he does use are telling. True, he sometimes over-restricts himself to the point that you worry his warehouse of steps and phrases is understocked. On the other hand, he can, like Morris and Paul Taylor, transform mimelike gesture (the prose of choreography) into dancing (its poetry), and this feat lends his work provocative subtexts. In general, he leaves room in his dances for the spectator's imagination along with plenty of hints to stimulate it. Best of all, his choreography speaks unabashedly from and to basic human emotions. Since a plurality of the new dances enjoying success these days are arid or mechanical circuses, Patterson's commitment to feeling is especially welcome. To do all this while remaining both weird and endearing is no mean feat.

Roy G. Biv and the school of fish, come up for air (set to a Bach violin partita) is a romp in which peculiar though lyrical flailing expresses a euphoria bordering on sheer silliness. My mate, who obviously attended a more thorough grade school than I, informs me that the name in the title is a mnemonic device for the colors of the rainbow. This explains the assorted bright hues of the sheer tunics that hang from or veil the dancers' black undies. The *school* refers first to Barnard, for whose athletic young lovelies the dance was made, and then—with just the right mix of affection and humor—to the waftings and visions of schools of modern dance



that are now tinged-with-nostalgia history, to their charismatic leaders (Isadora Duncan, Ruth St. Denis, Doris Humphrey) and their ecstatic followers.

Patterson's recent *What a Beauty!*, made for White Oak, is another successful—and more emotionally and technically complex—dance for a small crowd. People in an approximation of street dress (in other words, us) meet on the run and couple up for fleeting moments. As with many a contemporary relationship, no one seems to expect the connections to last. Then pace and mood calm down and the scene becomes more communal, potential partners sizing each other up, as in the clubs. Wistful moments occur, in which the figures seem to yearn for old-fashioned commitment—the stuff of romance—or simply reach out in loneliness for a companionship that forever eludes them, just as they avoid unwanted embraces. The yearning-and-rejection business is prevented from becoming maudlin by a canny timing worthy of slapstick comedy. The dance as a whole tells us two things: first, that we all share a dissatisfaction with the attainable; second, that joy seized in passing is not to be despised. How many new dances have we seen lately that tell us anything at all?

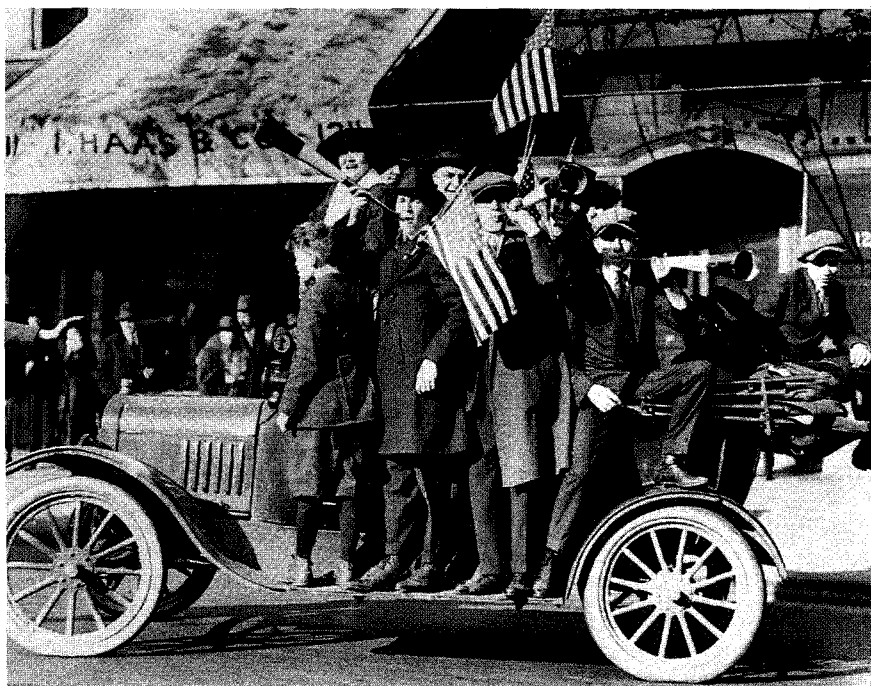
(continued on page 68)

**Kraig Patterson
and Terry Hollis
in Patterson's
Roy G. Biv.**

TELEVISION JOHN LEONARD

Not Easy Being Green

A powerful mini-series on PBS follows Ireland's refugees from the Great Famine to America, from labor camps to the rarefied seats of power.



PERHAPS YOU'VE FORGOTTEN WHAT THE GREAT Famine was all about, besides a fungus that came by cargo hold to England from America, and by breeze from England across the Irish Sea to County Mayo, where in 1845 it blackened potato crops. **The Irish in America: Long Journey Home** (Monday, Tuesday, and

Wednesday, January 26, 27, and 28; 9 P.M. on various times; Channel 13) will remind you that it was about white people, the Irish, being treated by other white people, the English, as if they were black people in some African, Indian, or Caribbean outback of Empire—that is, sermonized unto starvation. Let them eat peat! A million died. Another million and a half emigrated, just in time to bleed on both sides of the American Civil War; to fill up the hospitals, founding homes, and jails of Boston; to perish of yellow fever in New Orleans; to build by brute labor the Erie Canal, the railroads, the Brooklyn Bridge, and Butte, Montana; to upwardly mobilize themselves in prizefighting and vaudeville, trade unions and the Democratic Party, ward politics and saloon culture, organized religion and organized crime. My own father sang tenor, drank rye, and died young. I used to sing “Danny Boy” for free drinks in Third Avenue bars on St. Patrick’s Day, back when I was young and thick.

The Peabody, Writers’ Guild, DuPont-Columbia, and Emmy-award-winning Thomas Lennon (*The Battle Over Citizen Kane*) produced these remarkable six

hours, narrated by Michael Murphy. It is also available on home video from Disney, with a companion volume, from Hyperion, of photographs and essays by Terry Golway, Maeve Binchy, Jimmy Breslin, Pete Hamill, and Frank and Malachy McCourt, and a CD soundtrack including mostly lugubrious music by Elvis Costello, Sinead O’Connor, Van Morrison, and the Chieftains. For Monday night’s famine segment alone, the mini-series would be worth it—for the “potato people” and their pigs, cattle, and kids all in the same stone shambles, bear-baiting and raucous wakes, the boats not big enough to fish rough seas, the evictions, the workhouses, and the “disappeared,” whose unmarked graves still litter a keening countryside. The segment on Butte, with its Anaconda mine, would be worth it, too—what Salt Lake City would have looked like if the Irish instead of the Mormons had built it. And the mini-history of the self-emancipating Irish servant girl and her sisters in nursing and teaching. Nor are race relations neglected. The Irish had to climb over somebody’s back to get to the head of the line at the trough.

But *The Irish in America* is supposed to be a triumphant tale, to take us from steerage to suburbia, from tenements, stables, slaughterhouses, coal pits, and factory fires up through Tammany Hall to Al Smith; from bare-knuckled John L. Sullivan to Eugene O’Neill and a Nobel Prize; from James Curley in prison to John Kennedy in the Oval Office (“a Protestant from Harvard!” says Peggy Noonan with a mordant grin). Why, then, does it still sound like a long day’s journey into night? Because the story of the Irish diaspora is the story of lost community, of nostalgia rather than redemption. Much will be made along the way of Know-Nothings vs. Molly Maguires, of Andrew Jackson and Father Coughlin, the “grog house” and a “ferocious communal will,” Murphy tells us. But memories of the Old Sod are “so distant, they were no longer about a place but about a longing.”

Much, necessarily, will also be omitted: Guns and money for the I.R.A. Jackie Gleason, Grace Kelly, and Bishop Sheen. The McCarthys (Mary and Joe), Dorothy Day and Dennis Day. William Kennedy, the Faulkner of Albany, and John Gregory Dunne, the bicoastal laureate of class animus and bloody grudge, both show up as talking heads, albeit briefly, while Mary Gordon and Maureen Howard don’t, and the Danny O’Neill and Studs Lonigan novels of James T. Farrell, the Chicago Trot, aren’t even referenced.

This is not mere nitpicking. I grew up wanting to read Yeats at the University of Chicago just like Danny O’Neill. Maureen Howard has done for the Irish of Bridgeport, Connecticut, (continued on page 52)

Wheels of fortune: New Irish immigrants on parade, in *The Irish in America: Long Journey Home*.

RESTAURANTS HAL RUBENSTEIN

High Standard

The chef and staff at jazzy 27 Standard are showing some real chops; the Caribbean fare at Cabana beats anything you'll eat on the islands.

YOU'RE WASTING MY TIME. IT'S ALL ABOUT beer! A really good beer!" chants the XXL-sweatshirted Brooklyn hitter in classic *Car 54, Where are You?* dialect. He flings his hands high and wide, gesturing to the earth-tone vastness of **27 Standard** as Exhibit A. "You said we were coming to a jazz club," he says to his shapely girlfriend, sitting next to him in a red jersey dress Mariah Carey might have thought a bit snug. "But I don't hear no live music. I don't see no drinking. No real drinking. I don't trust a place that don't know beer."

He then summons the waitress with an effusive wave, requesting a deliberately obscure brew with an eye-narrowed I-know-the-Final Jeopardy!-answer grin. But before he can register delight at the bar's inability to produce it, the young woman one-ups him by suggesting Hacker-Pschorr Weisse, a bracing German wheat beer that she recommends drinking with a squeeze of lemon. "Lemon? Yeah, right!" the hops connoisseur replies with a head bob and a snigger. "Bring it on." She swiftly returns with an elegant glassful of gold pilsner, ridged by a yellow wedge. Flicking away the citrus and hoisting the glass in a theatrical arc, he chugs half the beer. The verdict is swift and surprisingly demure. "Here. Try it," he says to his friends. "It's okay . . . but forget the lemon crap."

For a restaurant open only a month, 27 Standard exhibits unusual confidence. It also constitutes—along with Balthazar, Milos, Redeye Grill, and the now-opening-in-stages multi-million-dollar pan-Asian food court called Obeca-Li—undeniable evidence that the high-raftered, soccer-field-size grand café that defined dining out in the eighties has returned. Happily, Standard arrives with welcome modifications. In the daytime, the balconied space is softened by lots of natural light. At night, when the colors of its Tuscan-warehouse décor are more apparent, ambient lighting from frosted lamps enhances the pairing of amber, teal, and Georgia-clay red with dark cherrywood. And despite what the hitter thinks, there *is* music. Ella, Louis, McCoy, and Miles can be heard overhead, but that's just a teaser: Downstairs, there's a full-on jazz club—as large as the restaurant itself—with an impressive soundproofed ceiling.

In the front of the room, instead of the usual holding pen, generously upholstered sofas designate an ample lounge. There are no this-is-all-we-have-right-now "tushy view" tables for two slammed up against the bar. And, unlike in "the good old days," when finding a path through the dining area recalled Alice stuck in the maze of hedges trying to escape the Red Queen, even the horizontally challenged will have no trouble navigating the space.

Even more comforting is that the staff is a bunch of smooth sailors. The beverage-wise waitress is not alone.

Somebody actually trained these guys. And well. Standard offers a mean, tangy margarita, and while too many bartenders are getting away with Cosmopolitans that should be bottled by Ocean Spray, the one here evokes the lip-smacking "mwah!" that marks an Algonquin Round Table-worthy martini. At the table, the staff is aware, charming, and focused. Chef Michael Smith, who understudied at the Hudson River Club and the Rainbow Room, should be pleased that his menu is being presented with such respect and enthusiasm.

Having always found the fare of the Hudson River Club to aptly reflect the witless complexity of the conversations overheard there at lunch—and still not able to recall one meal at the Rainbow Room that was more memorable than the Fred-and-Ginger atmosphere—I must say that Smith's sous-chef credentials did not have me in a spin. But out of his own kitchen, Smith produces some of that old magic called love. A seemingly weightless yet richly rewarding crab cake is almost animated by

**Raising the bar:
Bartenders at
27 Standard
know their
brews and their
Cosmopolitans.**



ginger. Wonderful fingerling potatoes soak up a bright sherry vinaigrette that has slipped through barbed arugula and soft Parmesan. Crème fraîche turns the muskiness of chestnut soup into luxury. A dense balsamic glaze and briny pancetta play a can't-lose tug-of-war with the subtle, gamy quail. A truly succulent chicken breast—no mean feat—emerges from the warm cloak of sage sauce. There is duck-leg confit, dark, smoky, dense, and luscious; sensuous shards of braised lamb shank oozing delicious pan juices with each bite; tuna, thick and black and rubied as steak, crusted in Middle Eastern spices. Virtually every vegetable accompaniment—fennel and figs with the tuna, sweet lentils and saffroned onion alongside the lamb, red cabbage and acorn squash, red chard and root vegetables under the rabbit—either equaled or surpassed the plate's main attraction.

To bring dinner to a satisfying coda, especially for those who get puppy-dog eyes at the mention of tapioca pudding, Standard has one with coconut that pushes all the childhood buttons. The blackberry cobbler will please an even larger assemblage. The lemon semifreddo is better than you think it's going to be. But the molten chocolate cake overpowers the sweetly subtle cherry ice cream with which it's served—the latter would be better off on its own.

All in all, it's a fine start. What Smith has to do now is get his not-peppery-enough tender Angus sirloin to match the scarfable onion-and-watercress relish that comes with it; the salmon not to defer to the fine mix of salify, mushroom, and leeks; the champagne glaze on the oysters to be creamy enough to head off the oniony perfume of leeks; the shrimp's coriander crust to be gutsy enough to deserve the beet vinaigrette. While he's at it, he might also want to cut the salt content of the white-bean soup in half and toss out the dull sea scallops with the curried apples, almonds, and basmati rice. If he manages all this, those jamming in the downstairs room will be hard pressed to match all that jazz happening on street level.

It's rare for a restaurant, especially one as ambitious as 27 Standard, to develop such a sense of rhythm so early in its run. The hard part now, as any musician will attest, is making it all feel fresh and improvised while constantly reaching for a lock on that tempo, never overreaching, never falling behind. "Cool. This place is cool," says the prince of Flatbush to the waitress as he exits with his Mariah wannabe and entourage. "Thanks for the tip about the beer. Almost as good a choice as mine." She smiles at him and winks at us. Because he'll never know. It's even better with the lemon.

27 Standard, 116 East 27th Street

(447-7733). Lunch, Monday through Friday noon to 2:30; Dinner, Monday through Thursday 6 to 10 P.M., Friday and Saturday 6 to 10:30 P.M. Appetizers, \$6.50–\$12; entrées, \$16–\$27. All major credit cards.

LEMON YELLOW, LIME GREEN, ORANGE, RED, blue, purple. Is there a little-known law that decrees that every Caribbean restaurant must be decorated using only the colors of the Gay Liberation flag? It's not like it's an homage or anything. Yeah, yeah, I know, the islands are just so colorful—the sky is so blue, the hibiscus so red, the sunsets so . . . you get the idea. Perhaps the vivid hues are supposed to make up for the blandness of what gets served. Caribbean food is rarely amazing, even on the islands (except for the yummy \$85 lobster salads on St. Barts). Most of it is overcooked and underseasoned, with menus offering fewer options than a roadside Git-n-Go.

I was recently in Jamaica and don't remember eating anything as good as even the worst dish at **Cabana** (although it should be noted that the place cheats a bit by co-opting several recipes more native to Central and South America than the usual Carnival Cruise stops). The coconut shrimp really are crackling and tasty, the sevice refreshing, the bacalaitos clean and crisp with no filler but cod, and the vegetable fritters surprisingly good when dipped in the chipotle-pepper sauce.

The jerk shrimp may be dull, and the "hot! hot! hot!" jerk chicken wings only sometimes deserving of the exclamation points, but the jerk pork kicks the roof of my mouth, the sauce for the mariscadas is rich in tomato and garlic, the ropa vieja just needs a splash hot sauce, the picadillo is an inviting variant to hamburger, and the fruit batidos are the real thing.

The problem with Cabana is not the selective authenticity of the food but the selective attentiveness of its staff. Oh, there are plenty of personnel on the floor. But only one waiter, a brash, fast-talking young Latino, seems to have any awareness that this really is a service business. When he leaves the floor, everything grinds to a halt like a blender stuck on a pineapple rind. My missing waitress couldn't make it over because "He kept spinning me and wouldn't let me go, 'cause he loves the music." "He", of course, was the hotshot waiter. Hey, loco, one thing at a time. You need help here. Teach the novice how to be a partner at Cabana first. Then take her out to hear the music.

Cabana, 1022 Third Avenue, near 61st Street (980-5678). Lunch and dinner, Sunday through Thursday noon to midnight, Friday and Saturday noon to 1 A.M. Appetizers, \$4–\$11; entrées, \$11–\$24. All major credit cards.

Leonard continued from page 50

what Joyce did for the Irish of Dublin, and in *Natural History* upped the ante by adding P. T. Barnum, Walt Kelly, Remington rifles, and Sikorsky aircraft plus the usual convent schools, a Catholic left, and Walter Benjamin's arcades. Nobody has ever written more knowingly about the American Irish than Mary Gordon, who suggested in *The Other Side* that unhappiness is somehow bred into our bones, a kind of sickle-cell anemia; that we like the idea of something better than the thing itself; that we prefer standing for something to being someone; that we're a culture of "flops."

And if you are going to sit John Gregory Dunne down in front of a camera to talk about the servant class in the big houses of the absentee landlords on the great estates of nineteenth-century Ireland, couldn't you at least ask him about *Harp*, his own scary memoir of growing up diasporic in Hartford and trying to even the score at Princeton; about his animus for Wasps and his contempt for his own posturing in that resentment; of the passage from immigrant to outcast to assimilated to deracinated; of the Dunne disdain for an Irish comedy of the small mind, the mean spirit, the secret vice, and the exposed vanity—shamrock Schadenfreude?

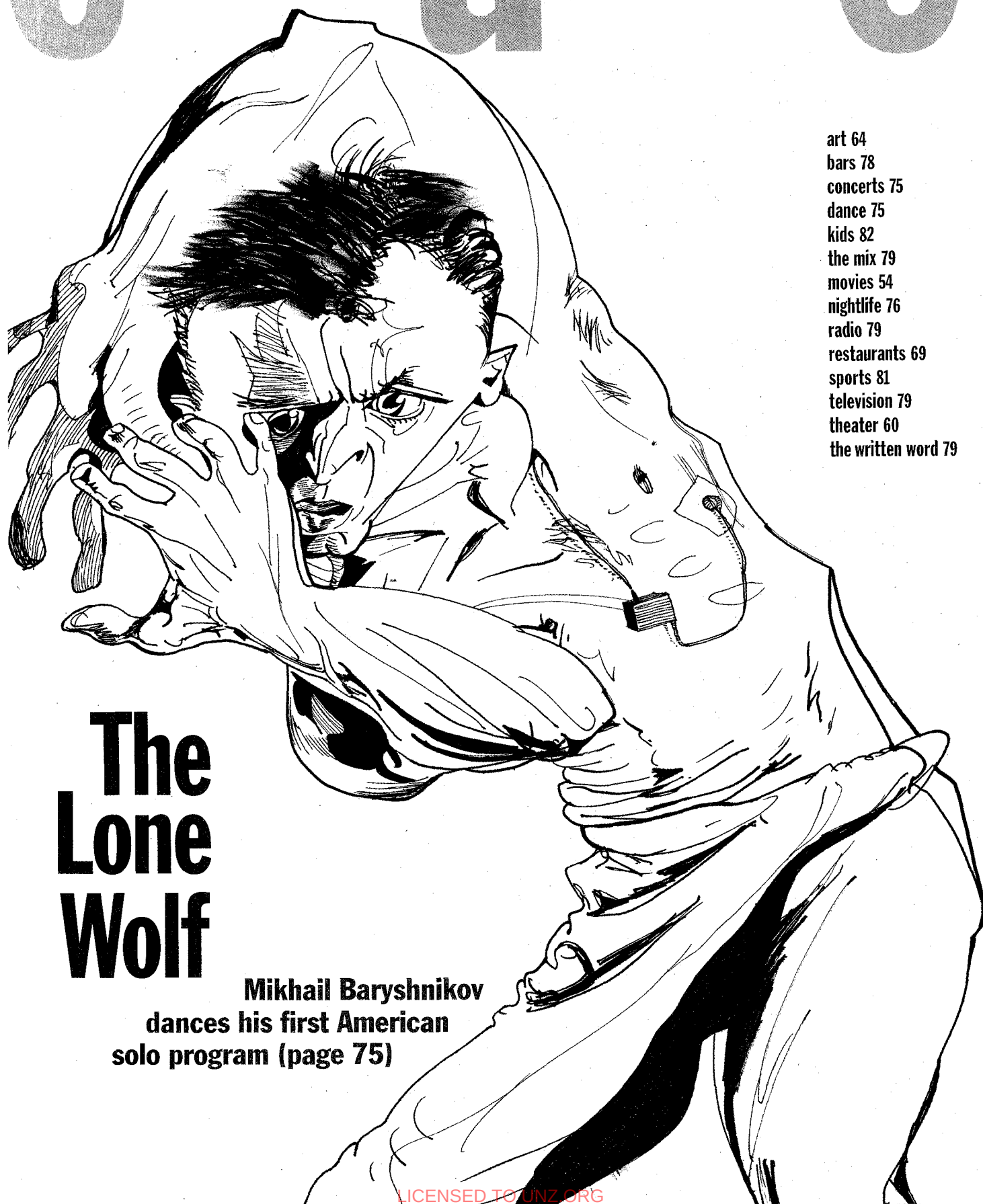
And if you're going to talk to William Kennedy about Eugene O'Neill, why not also ask him about the Erie Canal—especially since you will be devoting so much time to the building of it and Kennedy wrote a novel on the subject, more or less? In the underrated *Quinn's Book* (1988), he imagines a young Irish-American newspaper reporter come back from a Civil War to a class war, to labor riots and the forced relocation of lullaby-singing poor white Irish from Dutch-Nativist Albany in boxcars, like Indians or Jews; to the lynching of a conductor on the Underground Railroad over the tomb of a half-breed outcast; to a rich man murdered by an owl and fire and flood and demented pigs; to a dream of a revolutionary alliance of the have-not Irish and have-not blacks, an army of "paddy-niggers"; and to a treasure buried in the bottom of a birdcage—an ancient magical Celtic disk, a divine riddle, a bloody coin. The journalist will become a warrior, dreaming over his disk "a savage dream of a new order: faces as old as the dead Celts, forces in the shape of a severed head and a severed tongue . . ."

The Irish in America is so good I want it to explain everything, including how come, after O'Neill disappeared into a bottle and Kennedy into a bullet, the Irish dream of social justice ended up with Peggy Noonan in a Reagan White House, with Pat Buchanan instead of the Berrigans.

Culture

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York

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The Lone Wolf

Mikhail Baryshnikov
dances his first American
solo program (page 75)

movies

Swept From the Sea... Ross McElwee... Spice World

New Films

Afterglow—Two marriages hit the skids, and, seeking comfort, the unhappy spouses unknowingly swap partners. With Nick Nolte, Julie Christie, Lara Flynn Boyle, and Jonny Lee Miller. (1 hr. 53 mins.; R) Angelika Film Center; Regency.

Alien Resurrection—Sigourney Weaver is back in the gunk again as Ripley, the indefatigable fighter against the dastardly Other. Dead 200 years, Ripley is reconstructed by scientists from her DNA, and when she is full-grown, the alien she was carrying inside her when she died in the last movie (remember?) is also ready for life. There is some visual excitement early on—steamy corridors in a black spaceship, an exciting underwater sequence. But a franchise becomes a franchise because it delivers certain staple pleasures or shocks, and payoff time comes soon enough in the usual form of dripping, fanged, death's-head creatures with iron teeth ripping through bodies. Welcome to the movies of the late nineties: rage without purpose, threat without meaning, horror without relief. (Denby; 12/1/97) (1 hr. 48 mins.; R) Criterion Center.

An American Werewolf in Paris—Julie Delpy is a French werewolf whose efforts to stop a more sinister breed are assisted by an American on vacation. With Tom Everett Scott. (2 hrs. 11 mins.; R) Chelsea; Embassy 2-3.

★**Amistad**—Steven Spielberg has made a stiff but powerful film about an actual revolt aboard a slave ship in 1839 and the constitutional struggle that followed in its wake. The best thing in the movie is very violent indeed, though it's not the revolt itself, which appears right at

(Djimon Hounsou) finally speaks (through a translator) and recounts the entire tale. As Cinque speaks, we see it at last—the voyage, the excruciating transit in the cargo hold known in accounts of the slave trade as “the middle passage.” The filmmakers’ point of view is that the *Amistad* incident was a central way station between the imperfectly executed Declaration of Independence and the inevitable Civil War. Many of the players are conscious of the significance of the moment. The opportunistic, cunning President Martin Van Buren (Nigel Hawthorne), afraid of losing the South in the coming election, wants the Africans returned as property to Queen Isabella of Spain. The abolitionists, both white (Stellan Skarsgård) and black (Morgan Freeman), see the *Amistad* affair as Armageddon in the New World—the trial of Christian faith, of humanity’s right to be saved. Just when *Amistad* is about to perish from nobility, Anthony Hopkins, as John Quincy Adams, saves the day. There are, I suppose, less sensational ways of

Opening Gangster's Paradise

Hong Kong hipster and director Wong Kar-Wai returns with ‘Fallen Angels,’ a typically fantastical film about a bit man who’d like to retire—if it weren’t for the alluring females (like former Miss Hong Kong Michele Reis, left) who tempt him back for one more mission. Starts Wednesday, January 21, at Film Forum. (See “Museums, Societies, Etc.” for more info.)



the beginning of *Amistad*. The Africans slaughter most of the crew, ordering the two Spanish survivors to take them back to Africa. But the Spaniards trick them and steer the *Amistad* north, and the ship is finally intercepted off the coast of Connecticut by the American Navy. Put on trial for murder and piracy, the Africans are defended by abolitionists, who hire a real-estate lawyer, Roger Baldwin (Matthew McConaughey), to try the case. The question arises: Were they born as slaves—on a plantation, say, in the West Indies—or as free men in Africa? Silent until then, Cinque

doing this material, but Spielberg’s way is astonishing, and the shock for us lies both in the images themselves and in the realization that we have never really seen this primal American story. By contrast, the comparable passages in *Roots* are no more than genteel. (Denby; 12/15/97) (2 hrs. 30 mins.; R) Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Coronet; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square.

★**Arguing the World**—There are still plenty of intellectuals in New York, but “the New York intellectuals” as a compact group with common passions and a great magazine at their disposal—*The Partisan Review*—have all but vanished, leaving behind a disputatious roomful of books, memoirs, fallings-out, and reconciliations, as well as many studies of the group, not the least of which is this superb documentary. This film, written and directed by Jonathan Dorman, a public-TV veteran, is firm yet nuanced, accurate yet never pedantic. Dorman has woven together the life and work of four representative members of the species—Irving Kristol, Daniel Bell, Nathan Glazer, and the late Irving Howe—all of whom came from poor Jewish-immigrant backgrounds in New York and attended, in the thirties and early forties, City College, where they partook in endless debates over socialism, capitalism, democracy, and tyranny. Dorman follows the

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

complex ideological pilgrimage of each with proper regard for detail and variation, and he lets us hear the men speak at some length. (Denby; 1/19/98) (1 hr. 47 mins.; NR) Film Forum.

★**As Good As It Gets**—In James L. Brooks’s new picture, Helen Hunt plays Carol, a straight-talking single mother obsessed with the care of her severely asthmatic young son. Carol has neglected herself, and she falls into the one thing in the world that she needs least—a relationship with a matchlessly rude writer, Melvin (Jack Nicholson), who suffers from obsessive-compulsive disorder. Ferociously intelligent but mad as a hatter, Melvin needs two bars of soap to wash his hands and hates to be touched or even spoken to. Melvin torments his neighbor in Manhattan—a gay artist (Greg Kinnear)—but the movie, as we can tell early on, is a Scrooge story. The question is not when Melvin will melt but how. Brooks avoids commonplace sentiment by cultivating his idiosyncratic sense of character and a series of unstable moods. He lets the scenes play at length, giving each of the actors plenty of time to develop a mood. A superbly written and acted tearjerker. (Denby; 12/22–29/97) (2 hrs. 13 mins.; PG-13) Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Gemini; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; Kingsway; Main Street Cinemas; MovieWorld; The Movies at Bayside.

★**Boogie Nights**—A good but not great movie—a movie conceived realistically, without falsifying glamour, but without great insight or excitement either. The movie stretches from 1977 to 1984—the disco-and-cocaine period of bell-bottom L.A.—and covers the varying fortunes of a small group of porn actors, filmmakers, and hangers-on gathered under the wing of Jack Horner (Burt Reynolds). Horner takes one look at Eddie Adams (Mark Wahlberg) and decides that Eddie has got the stuff. Wahlberg may have something in his pants, but there’s no gleam in his eye. What Wahlberg does best is convey Eddie’s desperation. His Eddie wants success and money, but he doesn’t desire anyone; he wants other people to desire him. In Wahlberg’s scenes with Julianne Moore—who plays Amber Waves, a female porn star—Moore does most of the work. The movie has its giddy moments, but in the end it is peculiarly depressing. Anderson reports on the porn industry, but he doesn’t satisfy our curiosity about this pleasure-driven but pleasureless, fascinating but wan way of life. (Denby; 10/20/97) (2 hrs. 37 mins.; R) Village East; Eastside Playhouse.

★**The Boxer**—Another forceful, honestly made drama about Belfast, fanaticism, explosions, and the blue-gray light of desperate hope. Like *In the Name of the Father*, this picture was written by Terry George and directed and co-written by Jim Sheridan, and it’s about an IRA man, Danny Flynn (Daniel Day-Lewis), who comes out of prison after fourteen years and no longer feels ha-

Photograph from Film Forum.

tred for anyone. Danny wants to get back into the ring, where he was once a promising Irish fighter. He likes the discipline of training, and after so many years of numbing self-suppression, he actually needs to feel the pain of being hit. The movie's acts of violence and betrayal may be familiar, but the filmmakers' obvious contempt for people given over to fanaticism is enormously welcome—a call for the most elementary kind of sanity. Even in the smallest roles, the acting is exceptionally strong. As long as such English and Irish power-houses as Emily Watson, Brian Cox, Gerald McSorley, and Ken Stott are ready to make these movies, they will continue to be made. (Denby; 1/12/98) (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *Waverly; Chelsea; Beekman; 84th Street; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Bayside.*

Deconstructing Harry—There are some excruciatingly funny moments in Woody Allen's new movie, but scandalously entertaining as parts of it are, the picture still left me in the foulest of foul moods. Ostensibly, it's about a selfish writer, Harry Block (Woody Allen), who travels to his alma mater in order to accept an honorary degree. Harry is at an impasse in both his creative and his personal life, and as he tries to get someone to accompany him on his trip, various women show up and tear into him—he has cheated on them, he has used their experiences with him in his novels and stories, he's a shit, a twerp, a betrayer, and so on. Woody Allen stages the fictional version of various marital events, drawn from Harry's books, and then he shows us the people that the fictions are based on—often very different from the originals. The movie is meant to be a Philip Roth-like comic demonstration of the existentially ambiguous relations between art and life, and much of it is very free in form. Since Harry is self-serving, dishonest, and weak, the literal-minded may also be induced to see the picture as Woody Allen's mea culpa. But "mea gloria" might be a more proper description. Yes, we accept that he has built, over the years, a comic persona onscreen, and we hardly expect that figure to look like Alec Baldwin. Still, it's getting a little creepy to watch a short, pale 61-year-old man kissing (in one movie) Elisabeth Shue, Judy Davis, Hazelle Goodman, Amy Irving, Kirstie Alley, etc., etc. (Denby; 12/22–29/97) (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; Sutton; UA East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Pavilion Theatre.*

Don't Look Back—D. A. Pennebaker's classic on Bob Dylan. (1 hr. 36 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

The Dress—See Denby, page 43. (1 hr. 34 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Fallen—Denzel Washington stars as a detective who puts away a demonic serial killer only to find that somehow, the killer is on the loose. (2 hrs.; R) *Murray Hill Cinemas; Coronet; Gemini; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Nova; Movieworld.*

Fallen Angels—Wong Kar-Wai's latest frantic fantasy, about a hitman who's ready to wind things down and the two women who keep him in the game. (1 hr. 36 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Firestorm—A smoke-jumper fights a forest fire and a convicted murderer posing as a fellow firefighter. With Howie Long, William Forsythe, and Suzy Amis. (1 hr. 29 mins.; R) *Waverly; Chelsea; Criterion Center; 86th Street East; First & 62nd St. Cinema; 84th Street; Pavilion Theatre; Movieworld.*

The Full Monty—Robert Carlyle stars as Gaz, an out-of-work steelworker in Sheffield, England, who rounds up his unemployed friends and persuades them to put together a male strip troupe. Directed by Peter Cattaneo. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Sutton.*

Full Speed—A young writer becomes successful and uses his friend's life story for his follow-up project. Directed by Gaël Morel. (1 hr. 26 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

The Gingerbread Man—Kenneth Branagh plays a Savannah attorney (a drawing Famke Janssen plays his ex-wife) who gets involved with a trashy waitress (Embeth Davidtz) and her crazy old man (Robert Duvall). Story by John Grisham; directed by Robert Altman. (1 hr. 55 mins.; R) *Opens Friday.*

★ **Good Will Hunting**—What if an extraordinary mind was put into the body of an orphaned, abused South Boston blue-collar worker, a boy contemptuous of career and status, a boy with a violent

KENNETH BRANAGH EMBETH DAVIDTZ ROBERT DOWNEY JR. DARYL HANNAH TOM BERINGER AND ROBERT DUVAL

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streak—even a bit of a thug? Mopping up at M.I.T., Will Hunting (Matt Damon) casually solves problems left on the blackboards, problems intended to stump the best mathematical minds in America. The formidable Professor Lambeau (Stellan Skarsgård), recognizing Will's uncanny talent, takes the boy under his wing, keeping him out of jail by agreeing to get him into therapy. The boy wants to be left alone. There isn't a dead scene in it anywhere. In the end, however, the script takes a disastrous turn toward conventionality. What I will always remember is an edge of temper. The film persuades us that genius is of incalculable worth but utter hell to live with. (Denby; 12/8/97) (2 hrs. 5 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Chelsea West; New York Twin; Lincoln Square; Pavilion Theatre; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas.*

Half Baked—A band of guys who smoke too much dope sell stolen medical marijuana to get a buddy out of jail. Starring comedian David Chappelle, who co-wrote the script. (About 1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Criterion Center; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Nova; Kingsway.*

Hard Rain—Morgan Freeman and Christian Slater do battle over \$3 million while riding Ski-doo's in a flooding midwestern town. With Minnie Driver and Randy Quaid. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; First & 62nd St. Cinema; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Centre Sunnyside; MovieWorld; Plaza.*

Home Alone 3—Young Alex D. Linz steps into Macaulay Culkin's shoes. (1 hr. 50 mins; PG) *Gemini.*

The Ice Storm—It's the early seventies and two families are falling apart. The husband and father (Kevin Kline) in one of these families, the Hoods, is having a tepid affair with Janey Carver, the wife and mother (Sigourney Weaver) in the other. At the same time, Hood's 14-year-old daughter, Wendy (Christina Ricci), who likes to expose herself, is fooling around with Janey's two sons (Elijah Wood and Adam Hann-Byrd). Paul Hood, Ben's 16-year-old son, is the narrator. Paul's bemused face and hapless attempts to bed a prep-

school girl are, in the performance by Tobey Maguire, about the movie's liveliest elements. These people are just pathetic; they behave badly, and they don't even get any fun out of it. Director Ang Lee's touch is very delicate, and the movie's perfection of bleakness offers a refined pleasure (of a sort). But the material doesn't quite play. If, at one end of the spectrum, *The Ice Storm* is like Mazursky without the laughs, at the other it's like Bergman without the anguished brilliance. (Denby; 10/6/97) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema.*

Jackie Brown—Quentin Tarantino has written some scandalously funny lines for Samuel L. Jackson, who plays one Ordell Robbie, an egotistical L.A. gun seller. Ordell keeps a number of people in his employ, including a libidinous white surfer girl (Bridget Fonda); a mangy ex-con (Robert De Niro); and a stewardess, Jackie Brown (Pam Grier), who carries cash for Ordell back and forth between Los Angeles and Mexico. The movie is about Jackie's attempt to break free of Ordell and fleece him of his money. The picture is actually an elongated and ambitious B movie—a dogged homage to the kind of atmospheric minor crime picture that Tarantino, having grown up in a video store, enjoys more than he does prestige movies. He has built the movie around Pam Grier, the strapping, bodice-spilling star of early-seventies black exploitation movies, yet she's a limited performer, and she can't really bloom in the realistic, matter-of-fact framework that Tarantino has constructed for her. Most of the time, Tarantino pairs her with another B-movie actor, the somber, stone-faced Robert Forster. When Forster acts with Grier we realize what Tarantino is getting at. These two actors, sitting across a table in some dim bar, don't open anything up; they're not particularly expressive. Perhaps Tarantino is saying that this is what people in the crime world are really like—sly, mean, and limited. The plot is enormously complicated and never speeds up. At the climax, in fact, it slows down: Tarantino shows us the same

sequence of events three times consecutively, each time from the point of view of a different character. After the formal bravura of *Pulp Fiction*, it's as if he were saying, "Look, no tricks; everything is exactly as it seems." So it may turn out that Quentin Tarantino is not, after all, the American Godard, not a mall-rat pop genius eager to transform pulp into formally demanding art. He really likes pulp for its stiff, repetitive, bullheaded qualities. He likes it so much, he's made his own sober version of it. (Denby; 1/5/98) (2 hrs. 34 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Crown Gotham; 86th Street; 84th Street; Metro Cinema; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Bayside.*

Kundun—Unlike the fatuous, conventional *Seven Years in Tibet*, this movie has been made with love. It has an assured beauty and an exquisite formality that honor the subject. And yet, lovely as it is, *Kundun* is of very little dramatic interest—it's an extremely beautiful, boring movie. A boy grows into a gracious and modest young man, a man not always sure that he's up to the role of leader; but still, he has no great spiritual crisis, no awful time of testing, and everyone in Lhasa gathers around and tutors and protects him. It may seem odd to Westerners that Tibetans recognize this teenager as Buddha's representative and, at the same time, instruct and correct him as if he were an ordinary young man, but it's part of the meaning of the film. Spiritual grace is something given; the boy matures into the near-divinity that was there inside him from the beginning. Approaching an alien tradition, Scorsese is entirely respectful, and the respectfulness dulls out the movie. But what, I wonder, can any director do with the subject of Buddhism and the Chinese invasion of Tibet? This nonviolent, religious country gets assaulted by a totalitarian dictatorship eager to extirpate religion. A slimy, patronizing Chairman Mao tells the Dalai Lama that "religion is poison" and proceeds to destroy a good part of Tibet's heritage and culture. Except in a few of the Dalai Lama's dreams, Scorsese won't show the torment and death brought on by the Chinese. "They have taken away our silence," one of the monks observes, in reproof of the insistent Communist people's-chorus music suddenly blaring everywhere in Tibet. It is the most aggressive remark made by any of the Tibetans. Not many of us are likely to respond the way we are clearly meant to respond—with deep satisfaction that the Tibetans maintained their dignity and emerged as the spiritual victors in their struggle with the Chinese. The elements of hope in this movie look rather wishful, even wan. I can't escape the feeling that Buddhism is an impossible subject for the movies. After all, great movie characters are men of overbearing will—Charles Foster Kane, or Vito and Michael Corleone, or Scorsese's Jake La Motta—not characters who renounce will. (Denby; 1/5/98) (1 hr. 53 mins.; PG) *Chelsea; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Guild 50th Street; Lincoln Square.*

The Leopard—Luchino Visconti's 1963 epic of an aristocratic Sicilian family's slow death. With Burt Lancaster. (About 3 hrs.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

Live Flesh—See Denby, page 43. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Ma Vie en Rose—The incredibly appealing story of a little boy who thinks he's a little girl and the emotional upheavals this stubborn belief creates among his family and neighbors. Winner of a 1996 César award. (1 hr. 28 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Mouse Hunt—Nathan Lane and Lee Evans inherit a mansion and square off against a mouse. (1 hr. 37 mins.; PG) *Chelsea; Criterion Center; Gemini; 84th Street; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Bayside.*

Mr. Magoo—Leslie Nielsen is the nearsighted millionaire. With Kelly Lynch. (1 hr. 25 mins.; PG) *Village East; Embassy 2-3.*

Oscar & Lucinda—Two gamblers—one a man of God and the other an uncommonly independent Australian woman—find that love is the hardest risk to take. Starring Ralph Fiennes and Cate Blanchett. Directed by Gillian Armstrong. Based on the book by Peter Carey. (2 hrs. 11 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; 72nd St. East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Postman—Kevin Costner brings a post-apocalyptic America together by jump-starting the postal service. (2 hrs. 50 mins.; R) *19th Street East; Ziegfeld.*

Retrospective Charlotte Observer

Southerners contend with a mess of stereotypes, a lot of them unfair: They're slow, they're too laid-back, and they're not especially scholarly (though they are occasionally wise). Documentary filmmaker and native North Carolinian Ross McElwee (the subject of "Man With a Movie Camera," starting January 24 at the American Museum of the Moving Image) likes to poke around at these notions, fleshing out the neighborly environments that give rise to them. McElwee makes autobiographical films, taking a camera (but no crew) everywhere, fitting himself in among his found characters. For 25 years, he has explored subjects like parenthood, TV news, and his hometown of Charlotte, but he's best known for the 1986 road movie, *Sherman's March*—which begins as a documentary on the Union general's Civil War path but quickly evolves into McElwee's quest for a new girlfriend. In the film (which took five years to complete), family and friends introduce McElwee to lady after southern lady, all of whom share their eccentricities with his seemingly ever-present

lens. ("Most of life I don't film," he insists.) McElwee's introspective onscreen persona, he explains, "is kind of a metaphor for self-consciousness and our obsession with media." Now installed as a film professor at Harvard and married with two children, the director is working on a film about North Carolina's Tobacco Road. Family figures into this one, too: His great-grandfather invented Bull Durham. The film, though, will not be the meandering, bachelor-era project *Sherman's March* was. His time is precious, McElwee says, and "filmmaking is more difficult now—because I often have a 3-year-old in my arms instead of a camera." **PATRICIA FALVO**



Ross McElwee with a date (and her daughter), while filming *Sherman's March*.

Scream 2—The sequel to last year's famously clever *Scream*. Starring Neve Campbell and Courteney Cox. (2 hrs. 2 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; 84th Street.*

★**Shall We Dance?**—Ballroom dancing, we learn, is a secret passion in Japan. The hero, Shohei Suhiyama (Koji Yakusho), a fortyish accountant, with a wife and daughter tucked away in a suburban house, sneaks off to a dancing school as if indulging a hidden vice. There he meets the other guilty men, all of whom, overcoming hideous shyness, stumble through beginner's agonies in the waltz, tango, and rumba. The teachers, accomplished woman dancers, do what they can with this recalcitrant material, and Shohei falls in love with one of them, Mai (Tamiyo Kusakari), a tall, lovely girl who has her own guilty secret. At times, the movie (written and directed by Masayuki Suo) comes close to embarrassment: For us, all this exquisite Japanese tact seems so nuttily beside the point. Yet it's hard not to be touched when the men speak of their pleasure in movement, and when Shohei, though not a natural, dons a beautiful tux and achieves a proud competency in a ballroom competition. (Denby; 7/28/97) (1 hr. 57 mins.; PG) *Screening Room.*

Shivers—Residents of a high-rise apartment building contract a venereal disease that causes them to get gruesomely violent with one another in David Cronenberg's 1975 horror film. This was the most financially successful film ever funded by the Canadian government. (1 hr. 27 mins.; R) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

Spice World—The U.K.'s Spice Girls tool around London. (1 hr. 30 mins.; PG) *Opens Friday.*

Star Kid—A beleaguered boy befriends a space hero and together they fight aliens and the problems of adolescence. (1 hr. 41 mins.; PG) *Criterion Center; 86th Street East.*

★**The Sweet Hereafter**—Atom Egoyan's film is a rarity. Adapted from Russell Banks's 1991 novel devoted to the aftermath of a devastating school-bus accident, the film appears to be a kind of detective story. A big-city lawyer, Mitchell Stephens (Ian Holm), enters a snowy, forlorn town in British Columbia after fourteen children have died and travels about interviewing the parents and survivors, desperate to enlist everyone, including the teenage survivor, Nicole (Sarah Polley), in a grievance suit. As Stephens investigates, we see what led up to the accident—the family life of the town, with its fissures and its secrets, including adultery and a suggestion of incest—and eventually we see the accident itself. The film cuts backward and forward in time, and we expect that Stephens will uncover some amazing circumstance that will explain everything. We experience the accident through the eyes of Billy (Bruce Greenwood), who is driving behind the bus and is the father of two of the children. Billy sees; he's the hero of the movie, an unillusioned man, rejecting avenging lawyers and bad-luck omens in favor of the most bitter reality. His adulterous scenes with Alberta Watson (the mother in David O. Russell's *Spanking the Monkey*) have an acrid intimacy. The actors are all excellent in a plain style that avoids irony, pose, perversity. By the end of the movie, everything comes together—the answer to the detective inquiry is all that is most difficult to face in life. If there were many movies as reality-bound as this one, I think I would go mad. That this one exists, however, is almost a blessing. (Denby; 11/24/97) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Swept From the Sea—Rachel Weisz and Vincent Perez are star-crossed lovers in this screen adaptation of Joseph Conrad's short story *Amy Foster*. (1 hr. 54 mins.; PG-13) *Opens Friday.*

★**Titanic**—Writer-director James Cameron has pulled it off. This fabulously expensive watery epic is actually a very good movie. *Titanic* begins with a treasure hunter, Brock Lovett (Bill Paxton), who is ob-

Festival Bloc Party

Despite a repressive twenties climate that forced a few memorably grumpy natives to flee to Hollywood (Peter Lorre, Bela Lugosi), Hungary's film industry held on to create dramatic triumphs (including 1947's 'Somewhere in Europe,' starring Arthur Somlay, pictured), until it was buoyed by the 1956 uprising. In "A History of Hungarian Cinema," the Film Society of Lincoln Center presents a comprehensive look at this country's screen artistry, starting Friday, January 23. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.)

essed with the sunken hulk. Lovett's submersible robot enters one of the deluxe staterooms to retrieve not the famous diamond he was looking for but only a drawing of a naked young woman wearing the stone. It turns out that the woman, Rose, is still alive; she's an articulate 100-year-old beauty (Gloria Stuart) who joins Lovett at his ship and then holds him and his crew of techno-ruffians in thrall with her story of what happened. Back in 1912, the 17-year-old Rose DeWitt Bukater (Kate Winslet) boards the ship in utter misery. Rose is accompanied by her awful fiancé, Cal Hockley (Billy Zane), a domineering steel baron from Pittsburgh, and her snobbish mother (Frances Fisher). Onboard, Rose meets her soul mate, Jack Dawson (Leonardo DiCaprio). A gambler, Jack has the wit to see that Rose's unhappiness hides a bold, deeply romantic and sexual nature. Except for the crude, good-hearted Denver millionairess Molly Brown (Kathy Bates), the wealthy are unspeakably rude or just frightened and starchy. Jack, the interloper, takes Rose down to steerage, where the real people are having themselves a fine time drinking and dancing up a storm. This sort of cheesy stuff is redeemed only by the romantic charge between Winslet and DiCaprio. The sinking is lovely—detailed, agonizingly slow at first and then rushed and panicky and grandly gruesome at the end. As Jack and Rose hang at the railing, people lose their grip and go crashing down the deck or fall from the heights into the water. After the ship goes under, Cameron has his finest, cruellest moment—the survivors left in the vast expanse of freezing water wailing in confusion. As for Rose, she is delivered into an active and brilliant life. The ship may be ponderous, but Cameron's conception stays light in the water. (Denby; 12/22–29/97) (3 hrs. 17 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Astor Plaza; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Olympia Theatre; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; MovieWorld; Plaza; The Movies at Bayside.*

Tomorrow Never Dies—The first hour or so is laced with the usual satisfying sexual innuendo and insolent humor. Pierce Brosnan, of course, will never possess Sean Connery's aura of menace—Brosnan is Bond lite ("Bond... Jim Bond")—but Jonathan Pryce is self-amused and amusing as a Rupert Murdoch-like media entrepreneur who foments a war between Britain and China. There is a fine BMW 750iL that can be driven by remote control (i.e., from the backseat), but much of the action—explosions, more explosions, men firing at one another with machine guns—is just as boring as the action in ten other big movies of the past year. You won't miss a thing should you leave well before the end. If more can't be found in Bond than this, I wouldn't object, in principle, to that tuxedo'd being hung up in the closet for good. (Denby; 1/12/98) (2 hrs.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Show-*



place; Chelsea West; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Olympia Theatre; Pavilion Theatre; MovieWorld.

★**Wag the Dog**—Barry Levinson's political and media satire goes as fast as the wind, and that's a relief because the idea behind the movie is thin. Very thin—and at times offensively glib. So if Levinson had directed with a heavy hand, or paused for more than an instant's reflection, he would have killed the nasty fun. It's less than two weeks before an election, and the president, seeking another term, is accused of molesting a teenage girl just outside the Oval Office. That the allegation may be false is not the point; the *Washington Post* is about to run the story. What to do? The president's operative Winifred Ames (Anne Heche) calls in a Dick Morris-like Mr. Fixit, Conrad Brean (Robert De Niro), and Brean, together with a big-deal Hollywood producer, Stanley Motss (Dustin Hoffman), distracts the press and the public. They whip up a nonexistent war with mighty Albania, complete with sinister Albanian terrorists crossing the Canadian border carrying a nuke in a suitcase. Now, satire doesn't have to be responsible, but it does have to be internally coherent, and this idea, however funny, is so extremely opportunistic—and at times so crassly conceived—that it falls into a variety of contradictions of its own making. (The script was written by David Mamet, who claims never to have read the novel—*American Hero*, by Larry Beinhart—that an earlier version of the screenplay was based on.) I have to say that *Wag the Dog* is accomplished and at times viciously funny. Levinson, shooting very fast and cheaply, creates a likable, low-key world of rogues and scoundrels working together to gull the public; we enjoy their company, we enjoy the pretense that political and media life is like this—fast, wise-cracking, devastatingly effective. The picture conveys an irresistible pleasure in fakery for its own sake, and that's its charm. (Denby; 1/19/98) (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; MovieWorld.*

★**Welcome to Sarajevo**—This film, which follows the adventures of some Western journalists during the siege of Sarajevo in 1992, is a noble try, but it's a thing of shreds and patches—a mix of documentary footage, acted-out scenes based on true stories, and a general atmosphere of suffering, bravado, and endurance. Written by Frank Cottrell Boyce and directed by Michael Winterbottom (both Brits), it doesn't really work as a movie—there are too many powerful fragments, too many scenes only half developed—but I'm still very glad I saw it. Woody Harrelson is the prime peacock here, a flippant, often drunk, but secretly brave and caring star reporter. Woody and his colleagues—female as well as male—find it hard to leave Sarajevo. Many months go by, and they are still hunkering down at night in the dark hotel, drinking and making mock passes at one another. They have become attached to the city as a cause as well as addicted to their own courage in covering it; they combine daring and egotism in ways that aren't easy to judge. The documentary scenes of massacre and destruction are a lot more powerful on the big screen than they ever were on TV, where they could easily be ignored. In the movie, the journalists covering the story appear to know that, particularly the British TV reporter played by Michael Henderson (based on ITN's Michael Nicholson), a man who wanders through

the ravaged city in a bleak, unappeasable rage. Henderson centers his anxieties on some children in an orphanage, covering their story again and again, and when relief help shows up (in the unconvincing presence of Marisa Tomei), he tries to sneak one 9-year-old girl out as his adopted daughter. In general, the shifts back and forth between documentary and acted scenes aren't very successful. Some of us may find it hard to put up with actors striking resolute poses right after scenes of people lying on the street with their legs blown off. Inevitably, the "up-beat" story of a reporter taking a girl out of hell and relocating her to a sunny, idyllic garden in England strikes us as a sentimentalization of what the documentary camera, in the rest of the movie, can't help seeing—the fabric of life ripped, torn, and almost obliterated. (Denby; 12/1/97) (1 hr. 41 mins.; R) *Village East; 62nd and Broadway.*

★**The Wings of the Dove**—The movie differs from Henry James's novel in a hundred particulars, but the great point is that it works on its own terms, which is all one can ask. At the center, there are two young people who love each other but need money. Kate Croy (Helena Bonham Carter), clever, beautiful, and distinguished, lives in London with her wealthy aunt (Charlotte Rampling), who is determined to marry her off to a rich man and who does what she can to break up Kate's relationship with the charming but penurious young journalist Merton Densher (Linus Roache). We are drawn to Bonham Carter's intelligence, even though her Kate is not brave enough to live with Densher in poverty. Kate plays for the largest stakes; she wants her handsome young man and she wants to be rich too. By degrees, and without his quite understanding it, Densher gets pulled into a conspiracy that Kate engineers. For there is another young person in their social circle, the fabulously wealthy American heiress Millie Theale (Alison Elliott), who is sweet, generous, and wasting away from some nameless disease. Millie needs a lover; she needs to live. Kate, who genuinely likes her, wants Millie to be happy and to know love—with Densher, who would then inherit the money, after Millie's death, that would allow Kate to marry him. Kate's motives are mixed, both selfless and selfish, benevolent and sinister, and she corrupts Densher with her provocative ambivalence. Because he's such a splendid fellow, Densher's puzzlement as Kate pushes him into Millie's arms is painful; his anger and sexual aggression as he realizes how he is being used become the dramatic high point of the movie. The complicating factor—Henry James always has a complicating factor—is that Densher falls for Millie; or rather, he falls for her desire to experience everything she can before dying. The filmmakers have aggressively bumped the period ahead from 1902 to 1910; the characters take the subway, smoke cigarettes furiously and attend a gallery exhibit of Klimt's decadent nudes. We get the point: Kate Croy and Merton Densher are modern personalities, rebels against the constrictions of their time. Rebellion is certainly not something that Henry James had in mind, but it's a minor vulgarization. (Denby; 11/10/97) (1 hr. 43 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; 59th Street East.*

The Winter Guest—Emma Thompson is a long-grieving widowed photographer who spends a long cold day moving past the tragedy—with help from her aging mother (played by Thompson's real-life mother, Phyllida Law). Directed by Alan Rickman. (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *Paris Theatre.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Afterglow; Good Will Hunting; Oscar & Lucinda; The Sweet Hereafter; The Wings of the Dove.*

Art Greenway Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *L.A. Confidential; Hard Rain.*

Cinema Village 12th St—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Conin; The Leopard; Shivers.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Arguing the World; Don't Look Back; Fallen Angels.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Full Speed; The Ice Storm; Ma Vie en Rose.*

Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *Chasing Amy; Cop Land; Mrs. Brown; Shall We Dance?; She's So Lovely.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *As Good As It Gets; Boogie Nights; Deconstructing Harry; Jackie Brown; Mr. Magoo; The Rocky Horror Picture Show; Welcome to Sarajevo.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Amistad; Scream 2; Titanic; Tomorrow Never Dies; Wag the Dog.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *The Boxer; Firestorm.*

14th-41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Amistad; As Good As It Gets; Deconstructing Harry; Jackie Brown; The Postman; Wag the Dog.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Scream 2; Titanic; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *An American Werewolf in Paris; The Boxer; Firestorm; Kundun; Mouse Hunt; Scream 2; Titanic.*

Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *Good Will Hunting; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *As Good As It Gets; Fallen; Jackie Brown; Wag the Dog.*

42nd-60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *The Wings of the Dove.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Titanic.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Kundun; Wag the Dog.*

Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Amistad; Fallen.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Alien Resurrection; As Good As It Gets; Deconstructing Harry; Firestorm; Half Baked; Mouse Hunt; Star Kid; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Jackie Brown.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Boogie Nights.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Jackie Brown.*

Embassy 2-3—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *An American Werewolf in Paris; Mr. Magoo.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Kundun.*

Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (688-3800) *The Winter Guest.*

State—1540 Broadway (391-2900) *Amistad; Good Will Hunting; Scream 2; Wag the Dog.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Deconstructing Harry; The Full Monty.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Bean; Eve's Bayou; I Know What You Did Last Summer; In & Out; One Night Stand; Starship Troopers.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *Anastasia; The Postman.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Oscar & Lucinda.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *Half Baked; Jackie Brown.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *L.A. Confidential; Firestorm; Star Kid.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *The Boxer.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *Firestorm; Half Baked; Hard Rain; Titanic; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *As Good As It Gets; Fallen; Home Alone 3; Mouse Hunt.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *L.A. Confidential; Good Will Hunting.*

Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (828-9738) *Amistad; As Good As It Gets; Fallen; Titanic; Tomorrow Never Dies; Wag the Dog.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Deconstructing Harry.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Welcome to Sarajevo.*

84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *The Boxer; Firestorm; Hard Rain; Jackie Brown; Mouse Hunt; Scream 2; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Deconstructing Harry; The Dress; Live Flesh; Ma Vie en Rose; Oscar & Lucinda; The Sweet Hereafter.*

Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *L.A. Confidential; Amistad; As Good As It Gets; Fallen; Good Will Hunting; Half Baked; Kundun; Titanic; Wag the Dog.* IMAX: *Across the Sea of Time; L5—First City in Space; Into the Deep; Four Million House Guests; Titanic; Nutcracker.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *As Good As It Gets; Jackie Brown.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Fallen; Half Baked; Hard Rain; Titanic.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Fallen; Half Baked; Hard Rain.*

Olympia Theatre—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Titanic; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Afterglow.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

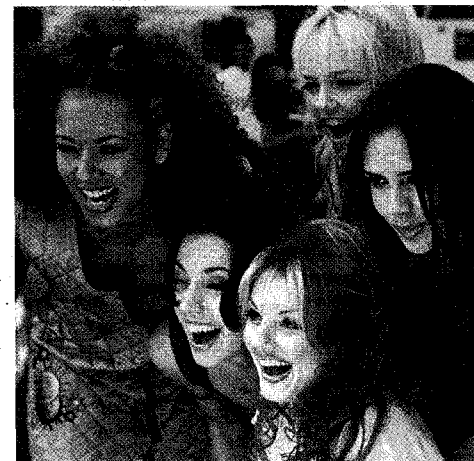
Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *An American Werewolf in Paris; Amistad; As Good As It Gets; Firestorm; Flubber; Good Will Hunting; Home Alone 3; Jackie Brown; Mouse Hunt; Mr. Magoo; Scream 2; Titanic; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161st St. (588-8800) *An American Werewolf in Paris; Fallen; Flubber; Half Baked; Hard Rain; Jackie Brown; Mouse Hunt; Scream 2; Star Kid; Titanic; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *An American Werewolf in*

Opening Get 'Em While They're Hot

Until Britain's Spice Girls disband and write bitchy tell-alls about one another, Spice World will have to suffice as the behind-the-scenes glimpse into the lives of the jingoistic fivesome. The movie, which has America's own Meat Loaf happily driving the Spice Bus all over London, opens Friday, January 23.



Photograph by Alex Bailey/Five Girls Ltd.

Paris; Amistad; Fallen; Firestorm; Flubber; Good Will Hunting; Half Baked; Hard Rain; Jackie Brown; Mouse Hunt; Scream 2; Star Kid; Titanic; Tomorrow Never Dies.

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *As Good As It Gets*; *The Boxer*; *Good Will Hunting*; *Kundun*; *Mouse Hunt*; *Scream 2*; *Titanic*; *Wag the Dog*.

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Fallen*; *Hard Rain*; *Titanic*.

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Amistad*; *As Good As It Gets*; *Deconstructing Harry*; *Good Will Hunting*; *Wag the Dog*.

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Fallen*; *Firestorm*; *Half Baked*; *Hard Rain*; *Tomorrow Never Dies*.

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Amistad*; *Fallen*; *Half Baked*; *Hard Rain*.

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Half Baked*; *Hard Rain*; *Titanic*.

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *An American Werewolf in Paris*; *Amistad*; *Fallen*; *Firestorm*; *Hard Rain*; *Scream 2*; *Tomorrow Never Dies*.

Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *As Good As It Gets*; *The Boxer*; *Half Baked*; *Titanic*; *Wag the Dog*.

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Firestorm*; *Half Baked*; *Hard Rain*; *Tomorrow Never Dies*.

Pavilion Theatre—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *The Boxer*; *Deconstructing Harry*; *Firestorm*; *Good Will Hunting*; *Jackie Brown*; *Mouse Hunt*; *Titanic*; *Tomorrow Never Dies*; *Wag the Dog*.

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Fallen*; *Firestorm*; *Half Baked*; *Hard Rain*; *Tomorrow Never Dies*.

The Movies at Sheephead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy. off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *As Good As It Gets*; *The Boxer*; *Fallen*; *Firestorm*; *Home Alone 3*; *Kundun*; *Mouse Hunt*; *Scream 2*; *Titanic*; *Tomorrow Never Dies*; *Wag the Dog*.

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *As Good As It Gets*; *Fallen*; *Firestorm*; *Half Baked*; *Titanic*; *Tomorrow Never Dies*.

Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bay-side (428-4040) *Fallen*; *Good Will Hunting*; *Kundun*; *Scream 2*; *Star Kid*; *Tomorrow Never Dies*; *Wag the Dog*.

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (361-6869) *Good Will Hunting*; *Hard Rain*; *Titanic*; *Wag the Dog*.

Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *As Good As It Gets*; *Fallen*; *Firestorm*; *Half Baked*; *Jackie Brown*; *Mouse Hunt*.

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Amistad*; *Deconstructing Harry*; *Kundun*; *Titanic*; *Wag the Dog*.

Continental—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Fallen*; *Jackie Brown*; *Mouse Hunt*; *Tomorrow Never Dies*.

Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Hard Rain*; *Scream 2*; *Star Kid*; *Tomorrow Never Dies*.

Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *An American Werewolf in Paris*; *Fallen*; *Firestorm*; *Half Baked*; *Home Alone 3*; *Jackie Brown*; *Mouse Hunt*; *Titanic*; *Wag the Dog*.

Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Hard Rain*; *Scream 2*; *Star Kid*; *Titanic*; *Wag the Dog*.

Forest Hills—107-16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *The Boxer*; *Firestorm*.

Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Road, at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *The Boxer*; *Good Will Hunting*; *Kundun*;



Opening Love Pirates

In 'Swept From the Sea,' Rachel Weisz (above, with screen squeeze Vincent Perez) is a beautiful British loner (villagers think she may be a witch) trapped working as a maid until a well-muscled man marries her and takes her away from all that. The film—based on a story by Joseph Conrad—starts Friday, January 23.

Titanic; *Tomorrow Never Dies*; *Wag the Dog*.

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Fallen*; *Firestorm*; *Half Baked*; *Titanic*.

Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (263-4828) *As Good As It Gets*; *Good Will Hunting*; *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*; *Titanic*; *Wag the Dog*.

Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Closed for Renovations*.

Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *As Good As It Gets*; *Fallen*; *Firestorm*; *Hard Rain*; *Titanic*; *Tomorrow Never Dies*; *Wag the Dog*.

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Deconstructing Harry*; *The Wings of the Dove*.

Plaza—103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Hard Rain*; *Titanic*.

The Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *As Good As It Gets*; *The Boxer*; *Jackie Brown*; *Mouse Hunt*; *Titanic*.

Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (459-8944) *As Good As It Gets*.

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *As Good As It Gets*; *Deconstructing Harry*; *Firestorm*; *Good Will Hunting*; *Hard Rain*; *Mouse Hunt*; *Star Kid*; *Titanic*; *Tomorrow Never Dies*; *Wag the Dog*.

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Fallen*; *Good Will Hunting*; *Mouse Hunt*; *Titanic*; *Tomorrow Never Dies*; *Wag the Dog*.

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *An American Werewolf in Paris*; *Amistad*; *As Good As It Gets*; *The Boxer*; *Fallen*; *Firestorm*; *Flubber*; *Good Will Hunting*; *Half Baked*; *Hard Rain*; *Kundun*; *Scream 2*; *Titanic*; *Tomorrow Never Dies*; *Wag the Dog*.

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"Ross McElwee: Man With a Movie Camera." 1/24: *Backyard* (1984) and *Sherman's March* (1986). 1/25: *Time Indefinite* (1993) and *Six O'Clock News* (1996). 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077);

\$12-\$15 nonmembers; \$8-\$10 members; \$4 ages 5-18.

Anthology Film Archives—1/22 and 1/29: *La Rencontre* (1996). 1/23-1/25: *Foreign Land* (1995). 1/24: *Gravity & Grace* (1996). 1/24-1/25: *La Grande Illusion* (1937). 1/27: *Colonel Redl* (1985). "Tribute to Shirley Clarke." 1/23: *Portrait of Jason* (1967). 1/24: Various shorts. 1/25: *Ornette: Made in America* (1986). "Tribute to Taylor Mead." 1/24: *Secret Life of Hermando Cortez* (1968). 1/25: *Price of the Party* (1973) and *Taylor Mead* (1997). 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5110); \$7.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"A New Day in Taiwan: Four Films by Edward Yang." 1/24: *A Confucian Confusion* (1997). 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000, ext. 230); \$6; \$4 for members, students, and senior citizens.

Congregation Emanu-El—"Israelis & Palestinians: Troubled Neighbors." 1/20: *Hamsin* (1983). Free admission. Leon Lowenstein Auditorium, Goldsmith Religious School Building, 10 East 66th St. (744-1400).

Different Light—1/25: *Peyton Place* (1957). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Donnell Media Center—"Featuring: The Social Problem Film." 1/21: *The Docks of New York* (1928). 1/28: *Pinky* (1949). 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

Film Forum—"Paul Robeson." 1/20: *Body and Soul* (1924) and *Borderline* (1930). Also 1/20: "Remembering Robeson." 1/21-1/22: *King Solomon's Mines* (1937) and *Jericho* (1937). 1/23-1/24: *Song of Freedom* (1936) and *Sanders of the River* (1935). 1/25 and 1/27: *Showboat* (1936) and *Big Fella* (1937). "William Haines." 1/25-1/26: *Way Out West* (1930) and *Tell It to the Marines* (1926). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); \$8.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—"The Walter Reade Theater"—"New York Jewish Film Festival." 1/20: *Odessa Steps* (1997). 1/20: *From Hell to Hell* (1990) and *Simon Judit/Judith Simon* (1916). 1/21: *In Our Own Hands* (1948). 1/21: *Chants of Sand and Stars* (1997). 1/21-1/22: *Mendel* (1997). 1/22: *Hollywoodism* (1998) and *None Shall Escape* (1944). 1/23: *Tavaszi Zapor* (1932), *The Long Twilight* (1997), and *The Round-Up* (1965). 1/23-1/24: *A Hungarian Fairytale* (1987). 1/24: *Gyuri* (1977), *Semmelweis* (1939), and *When Joseph Returns* (1975). 1/25: *Golden Man* (1918), *Apa* (1966), and *Marie* (1932). 1/26: *People of the Mountain* (1942) and *Man Under the Bridge* (1936). "A History of Hungarian Cinema." 1/23-2/26: Various films. Call 875-5601 for info. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); \$8.50.

French Institute—1/20: *Nelly et Monsieur Arnaud* (1996). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); \$7, \$10 double feature.

Japan Society—"Literature to Film." 1/23: *The Tale of Genji* (1951). 1/24: *The Idiot* (1951) and *Two People Talking* (1995). 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015); \$7.50.

Museum of Modern Art—"Frances Marion and Her Circle." 1/21: *Too Wise Wives* (1921) and *Male and Female* (1919). 1/22: *The Cheat* (1915), *Tillie Wakes Up* (1917), *Down to Earth* (1917), and *His Picture in the Papers* (1916). 1/24: *Lightnin'* (1925), *Wild and Woolly* (1917), and *American Aristocracy* (1916). 1/25: *Stella Maria* (1918), *The Toll of the Sea* (1922), and *The Love Light* (1921). 1/26: *Blood and Sand* (1922). 1/27: *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* (1921) and *The Ten Commandments* (1923). "The Art of the Hubleys." 1/23-1/25: Various shorts. "New Documentaries." 1/22-1/23: *In the Name of the Emperor: The Rape of Nanjing* (1995). "Gaumont Presents." 1/20: Two chapters from Jean-Luc Godard's *Histoires du cinéma: la monnaie de l'Absolu* (1997) and *le contrôle de l'Univers* (1997). "Eisenstein Centennial." 1/23: *Stachka* (1924). "Playwrights on Film." 1/26: *Born Yesterday* (1950), followed by a talk with John Guare. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9400); free with \$9.50 admission.

Museum of Television & Radio—"TV Movies." Month of Jan.: *Hustling* (1975). 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6600); \$6.

Screening Room—Sunday brunch: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). 54 Varick St., below Canal St. (334-2100); \$8 (\$5 for Sunday brunch patrons).

YWCA Cine-Club—"A Celebration of Japanese Cinema." 1/23-1/25: *Dear Summer Sister* (1972). 610 Lexington Ave., at 53rd St. (735-9717); \$5 members, \$6 nonmembers.

theater

Phaedra in Delirium at CSC... Ricky Jay

Broadway

Previews and Openings

The Capeman—Paul Simon's painstakingly crafted and vigorously ballyhooed new musical finally arrives. The score—a mix of salsa, rock, doo-wop, and gospel tunes—features more than 30 songs; the story, based on one of the most sensational double murders in New York history, is one of redemption, following Salvador Agron, the perp, for more than 30 years of his uncommon life, as he metamorphoses from gang tough to jailhouse poet. Book by Nobel Prize-winning poet Derek Walcott, direction and choreography by Mark Morris, and star turns by Ruben Blades and Marc Anthony. \$50–\$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. In previews for a 1/29 opening. *Marquis Theater, 211 W. 45th St.* (307-4100).

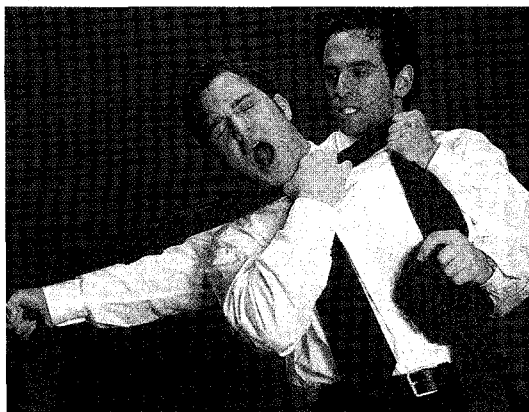
Freak—The mambo energies of John Leguizamo are on thrilling display in this, his newest one-man show about a misspent and unholy adolescence. Horror stories about masturbation, the Fresh Air Fund, and his evil grandmother abound. \$10–\$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 1/20 for a 2/12 opening. *Cort Theatre, 138 W. 48th St.* (239-6200).

Now Playing

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, pre-

Opening Hemlock, Sir?

Almost no one does straight Shakespeare anymore, so an uppity, newfangled version of one of his plays is hardly, in and of itself, an excuse for an evening out. But 'R & J'—Expanded Arts' prop-free, four-man version of 'Romeo and Juliet'—was one of last year's critical standouts, and the all-male conceit does raise compelling questions: Would a rose, by any other name... smell like Brut? Opens January 22 at the John Houseman Studio Theatre.



sumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Deborah Gibson plays the girl; Chuck Wagner plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costumes by Ann Hould-Ward; lyrics by Tim Rice and Howard Ashman; music by Alan Menken. \$22.50–\$70. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St.* (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Bring In 'da Noise, Bring In 'da Funk—George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning history of African Americans as told through tap dancing, poetry, and song. \$20–\$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St.* (239-6200). 2 hrs.

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. \$37.50–\$65. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theatre, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St.* (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of *Chicago* to Broadway, but since *Chicago* is about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Especially when, as here, it pays off. Bebe Neuwirth does a scissors kick or two while maintaining her come-hither brand of snootiness; minimalism prevails. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. If *Chicago* in the twenties was like this, it was more fun than Periclean Athens. Also starring Marilu Henner, Hinton Battle, and Ernie Sabella. (Simon: 12/2/96.) \$20–\$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St.* (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

The Diary of Anne Frank—Natalie Portman, the electrifying teen cutie from *Beautiful Girls*, stars in this newly adapted version of the 1955 play. Also starring Linda Lavin, Harris Yulin, George Hearn, and Austin Pendleton. \$40–\$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 12/4/97. *Music Box Theatre, 239 W. 45th St.* (239-6200).

Forever Tango—Or at least for a couple of hours: This marathon of tango dancing, as interpreted by Luis Bravo, is a testament to the sultry versatility of the Argentine form, not to mention its power to seduce. \$20–\$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Walter Kerr Theater, 218 W. 48th St.* (239-6200).

Grease!—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. \$30–\$67.50. Mon., Tues., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 1 and 6. Closes 1/25. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St.* (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Jackie: An American Life—As ominously titled as it is, this isn't a serious play. It isn't even a straight biography, though Gip Hoppe, the author, manages to cram in historical events both great and small. Instead, it relies on whimsical devices to convey some ideas about the nature of the First Lady's celebrity (the Rat Pack? LBJ? Joe Kennedy?—all puppets) and revels in portraits of the mundane. Margaret Colin stars. \$35–\$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/10/97.

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

Belasco Theater, 111 W. 44th St. (239-6200).

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. Book and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse, music by Frank Wildhorn. \$45–\$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St.* (239-6200).

The King and I—The Rodgers and Hammerstein renaissance continues apace with their famous musical adaptation of the memoir *Anna and the King of Siam*, featuring Kevin Gray, a former phantom from *Phantom*, in the role created by Yul Brynner. Marie Osmond stars as Anna. \$25–\$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St.* (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.

The Last Night of Ballyhoo—This romantic comedy, set in 1939 Adanta on the eve of the premiere of *Gone With the Wind*, is Alfred Uhry's first effort since *Driving Miss Daisy*. The wait clearly paid off; he won the 1997 Tony award for Best Play. \$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 2/27/97. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St.* (307-4100).

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cossetting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsisizing the plot brings tears to the iciest eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) \$15–\$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theatre, 249 W. 45th St.* (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.

The Life—A contemporary street opera set in eighties Times Square. Lillias White and Chuck Cooper just picked up Tony awards for their performances. Music and lyrics by Cy Coleman and Ira Gasman; book by Coleman, Gasman, and David Newman. \$40–\$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 4/26/97. *Ethel Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St.* (239-6200).

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical*. Kiddies will delightfully swallow it whole, unless they are tiny and flappable. But this is the one such show adults will feast on, too, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. Puppetry from East and West is put to superlative use, yet the actors, singers, and dancers are accorded enough humanity to ply their anthropomorphic skills. And Taymor has found ways to transmute the strictly cartoonish bravura of the big-screen *Lion King* onto a stage so that nothing is lost in translation. (Simon: 12/1/97.) \$20–\$80. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened

11/13/97. *New Amsterdam Theater*, 214 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly*, set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon, will next week become one of Broadway's ten longest-running musicals. Music by Claude-Michel Schönberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. \$15-\$75. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater*, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

The Old Neighborhood—Three interconnected one-act plays by David Mamet, starring Peter Riegert, Patti LuPone, Vincent Guastaferrro, Rebecca Pidgeon, and Jack Willis. Directed by Scott Zigler. \$45-\$55. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 11/19/97. *Booth Theatre*, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200).

The Phantom of the Opera—Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, recently edging into sixth place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. \$15-\$75. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater*, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Proposals—It wouldn't be a new Broadway season without a Neil Simon comedy. This one varies from its predecessors, however, in that (a) it's set outdoors, (b) young people make up over half the *dramatis personae*, and (c) Joe Mantello, who is not Gene Saks, directs. \$35-\$60. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/6/97. *Broadhurst Theatre*, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200).

Ragtime—If the buzz from Toronto and L.A. is to be trusted, this musical, adapted from E. L. Doctorow's historical novel by playwright Terrence McNally and the composer-lyricist team of Stephen Flaherty and Lynn Ahrens, will raise goose bumps and maybe even teach us something. The story braids the fates of three fictitious families—one black, one Jewish, one WASP—and an assortment of historical characters ranging from Harry Houdini to Emma Goldman. \$31-\$125. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 1/18/97. *Ford Center for the Performing Arts*, 213 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. \$30-\$67.50. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater*, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.

The Scarlet Pimpernel—You've seen the billboard. Now come see the show. It's got romance, suspense, swashbuckling, and a whole bunch of eighteenth-century stuff; if it succeeds, Broadway could well be on its way to becoming a French Revolution theme park. Pop composer Frank Wildhorn (*Jekyll & Hyde*) did the score. Nan Knighton adapted Baroness Orczy's novel for the stage. Christine Andreas, Terrence Mann, and Douglas Sills star. \$20-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/9/97. *Minskoff Theatre*, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4100).

1776—The book of this 1969 musical, the gifted Peter Stone's masterpiece, is surely one of the best ever. Thrillingly incorporating the potentially divisive issue of slavery, it succeeds in keeping us, despite our knowledge of the outcome, in a state of wonderfully paradoxical suspense. Splendid as was Peter Hunt's original production, this Scott Ellis revival very nearly matches it. It will provide you not only with three hours of choice theatergoing, but also with three very rich hours of life. Music and lyrics by Sherman Edwards. (Simon: 8/25/97.) \$20-\$75. Wed.-Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 1 and 6:30. *Gershwin Theatre*, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100).

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the songbook Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller wrote to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. \$65-\$75. *At the Virginia*



Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)? Uh-huh. 2 hrs. 10 mins.

Street Corner Symphony—The seventies, a decade that increasingly seems better suited to art than to life, comes roaring back in this revue of soul, pop, and disco ditties. Period costume and dances accompany each number. *Get down*. Conceived and staged by Marion J. Caffey. \$47.50-\$70. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/24/97. *Brooks Atkinson Theatre*, 256 W. 47th St. (307-4100).

The Sunshine Boys—This Neil Simon play is a triumph of strategy. (1) It is full of one-liners: easily detachable and portable laughs. (2) The main characters, a retired vaudeville team, now hate each other, hence ever-popular insult comedy. (3) Willie Clark and Al Lewis are also Jewish, so we get audience-tickling Jewish jokes. (4) The background is show business, providing cherished showbiz humor. (5) A play about old croakers will capture Broadway's senescent regulars. (6) Big Apple—vs.—New Jersey jests draw in the trans-Hudsonians. (7) As ex-vaudevillians, Willie and Al generate nostalgia for a vanished world. Add the stage-screen-and-TV-enshrined duo of Jack Klugman (Willie) and Tony Randall (Al), and it's platinum-edged-securities time. This production at the National Actors Theatre revival is rattling good fun. (Simon: 1/5/98.) \$20-\$60. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 12/8/97. *Lyceum Theatre*, 149 W. 45th St. (239-6200).

Titanic—What it lacks in suspense it makes up for in Tony awards (five, in 1997, including Best Musical). Music and lyrics by Maury Yeston; book by Peter Stone. Directed by Richard Jones. \$45-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/23/97. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre*, 205 W. 46th St. (307-4100).

A View From the Bridge—Anthony LaPaglia, last seen on Broadway in *The Rose Tattoo*, stars in Arthur Miller's affecting drama about the passion of betrayal. Directed by Michael Mayer. \$50. Tues.-Sat. at 7:30; Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Through 2/15. *Roundabout Theatre's Stage Right*, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (869-8400).

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Eyes For Consuela—A new play by Sam Shepard, based on Octavio Paz's short story *The Blue Bouquet*. An American traveler, wandering through the Mexican jungle, meets a love-struck bandit who demands an outrageous ransom. Starring David Strathairn; directed by Terry Kinney. \$35. Tues.-Sun. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. In previews for a 2/3 opening. *Manhattan Theatre Club*, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).

Previews Binary Colors

To best appreciate Kathleen Chalfant, one should luxuriate in her candor and contradictions. Since turning 40, the putative age of self-destruction for women of stage and film, she has worked more, not less, and since turning 50, she has had no gaps between

projects at all. Chalfant has a strong, handsome face—the sort that men read as beautiful, women as tough—and the close-cropped hair of a marine. Directors lurch between casting her as men (Clove in *Endgame*, the rabbi and Roy Cohn's doctor in *Angels in America*) and ur-women in frothy dresses (Clytemnestra, Mrs. Alving, and, currently, Phaedra). Onstage, she comes across as both otherworldly and saltily earthbound. Can the actress, 53, account for such uncommon luck and mighty pendulum swings? “I can’t,” she says, offering instead more evidence of her dual nature. “In my last production, I played a woman dying of cancer. She was entirely bald, no makeup, attached to an I.V. pole. She was fiercely acerbic and aggressively non-sexual. Someone, after seeing me, wrote a letter asking if I would be in a play he’d just written—about a passionate older woman who falls in love with her student and kills herself.” She smiles. “I couldn’t see how he got that, but I was deeply flattered.” As it turns out, the fellow’s instincts weren’t so misguided: In *Phaedra in Delirium*, which begins previews at the Classic Stage Company on January 20, Chalfant plays an emphatically sexual creature, and a passionate one too. “The theme of sexuality becomes faintly ridiculous in middle age,” says Chalfant. Then she catches herself. “Or maybe I should say that middle-aged people feel ridiculous as sexual participants. Exploring this is exciting and terrifying. It’s very close to the bone.” The confession is striking: One would have expected more confidence from a person of such radiance and stage strength. She shakes her head, gives a slightly embarrassed grin, and praises her co-star, Peter Jay Fernandez, instead. “It’s wonderful to have someone who doesn’t make you feel like this ancient, cootie-ridden troll,” she says. “He makes me feel beautiful and safe.”

JENNIFER SENIOR

Gun-Shy—Richard Dresser’s new comedy about divorce, bicoastal parenting, and the perils of starting over. \$37.50. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. In previews for a 2/1 opening. *Playwrights Horizons*, 416 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).

Never the Sinner—The sensational story of Leopold and Loeb—two wealthy, well-educated teenagers who in 1924 murdered a young boy on a whim—moves from the American Jewish Theatre, where it played to great acclaim earlier this season, to a home further uptown. \$25-\$45. Mon. at 8, Wed.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3. Reopens 1/24. *John Houseman Theatre*, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).

Phaedra in Delirium—A contemporary perspective on the myth of the woman who falls in love with her stepson. Written by Susan Yankowitz; Kathleen Chalfant, the woman of multiple star-turns from *Angels in America*, plays the title role. \$25-\$33. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 1/20 for a 1/28 opening. *Classic Stage Company*, 136 E. 13th

St. (677-4210).

R & J—A four-man, prop-free version of *Romeo and Juliet* that may stand out among the tragedy's many newfangled interpretations. The show was well reviewed when it played earlier this season at Expanded Arts, and the conceit—that a quartet of private-school boys perform Shakespeare's drama on a lark and actually learn something—has its charms. \$40. Wed.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews for a 1/22 opening. *John Houseman Studio Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St.* (354-2220).

Richard II and Richard III—Are presented in rotating repertory by the always estimable Theater for a New Audience. A company of eighteen actors plays 60 roles; Ron Daniels directs. \$37.50 per *Richard*. Schedule varies. In previews for a 2/15 opening. *Playhouse at St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St.* (279-4200).

Scotland Road—A thriller-mystery by Jeffrey Hatcher about a neglected, underexploited topic: the *Titanic*. A man obsessed with the ship's doomed voyage finds a young woman clinging to an iceberg in the North Atlantic. \$30-\$35. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 1/27 opening. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St.* (333-4052).

Shopping and Fucking—And how these two pursuits intersect in the lives of five young Londoners. The play, by newcomer Mark Ravenhill, was a sensation last year in the West End; it opens here with a homegrown cast. \$35. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 2/2 opening. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St.* (460-5475).

Song at Sunset—A tribute to the playwright Sean O'Casey by the his daughter, Shivaun O'Casey. The one-man show, which proved enormously popular in London, Belfast, and Glasgow, stars Olivier Award winner Niall Buggy. \$30. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. In previews for a 1/22 opening. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St.* (727-2737).

Now Playing

As Bees in Honey Drown—Socialite Alexa Vere de Vere—one part Hepburn, two parts eyeliner, three parts luxury addict—enlists a young author to write a screenplay about her life. Written by Douglas Carter Beane; alertly directed by Mark Brokaw (*How I Learned to Drive*). Starring Bo Foxworth and J. Smith-Cameron. \$47.50. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 7/24/97. *Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St.* (239-6200).

Bashevis—Tales of I.B. Singer—A play based on the short stories of the Nobel Prize-winning author. Starring David Margulies. \$20. Tues. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Through 2/14. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St.* (354-2220).

Black Humor—Lewis Black peddles his brand of shrewd, informed political comedy without, amazingly, invoking Bill Clinton's weakness for Big Macs or Al Gore's resemblance to plywood. \$25-\$27.50. Wed. and Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 8 and 10:30. Through 2/14. *Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St.* (239-6200).

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. \$39-\$49. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St.* (254-4370).

The Broadway Kids Sing Broadway—A musical revue of songs made famous by Broadway kids. Expect tunes from *Annie*,

The Sound of Music, *The Wizard of Oz*, *Oliver!*, and *Bye Bye Birdie*. \$20. Sat. and Sun. at noon. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St.* (354-2220).

Century City—A professional baseball player is accused of sexual assault and hires one of L.A.'s most successful female defense attorneys. Written by Mark Lee; directed by Constance Grappo. \$25. Mon.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8. *WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St.* (206-0523).

Coming Through—A collage of the early immigrant experience, drawn verbatim from the copious materials of the Ellis Island archives. An encore production of American Place Theatre's 1995 success; adapted and directed by Wynn Handman. \$21. Wed. and Thurs. at 2, Fri. and Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Queens Theatre in the Park, Flushing Meadows.* (718-760-0064).

Cyrano de Bergerac—Frank Langella, who has always had a nose for a star-turning truffle, now gets to show it off in this 100th-anniversary production of Edmond Rostand's classic at the Roundabout. In addition to playing the title character, Langella directs and provides the adaptation. \$50. Tues.-Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Through 1/25. *Roundabout's Laura Pels Theatre, 1530 Broadway.* at 45th St. (719-1300).

Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. \$35. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St.* (674-3838).

Forbidden Broadway Strikes Back!—Some titles say it all, and Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way couldn't arrive in town at a more—well, let's be kind and say propitious time. \$40-\$45. Mon., Wed.-Fri. at 8:15, Sat. at 2:30 and 8:15, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30; food and drink available/optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St.* (239-6200).

Godspell—The first all-black production of Stephen Schwartz's 1971 rock opera. \$25. Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 3 and 7:30, Sun. at 3. Opened 2/6. *Victoria Theatre, 235 W. 125th St.* (769-8183).

Goose-Pimples—The New Group inaugurates its fall season with this searing comedy by Mike Leigh, writer and director of the films *Naked*, *Secrets and Lies*, and *Career Girls*. Scott Elliott directs. \$25-\$30. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 3/1. *Intar Theatre, 420 W. 42nd St.* (279-4200).

Encore Cutting It

In 'Ricky Jay & His 52 Assistants,' the actor, prestidigitator, and author of such irresistibly named works as 'Cards as Weapons' and 'Learned Pigs & Fireproof Women' returns to the Second Stage Theatre with his program of curious card tricks and lectures on sleight-of-hand. David Mamet, long fascinated by human gullibility and the power of the scam, directed the show, which played to sold-out audiences in 1994. Performances run through March 29. For now.



Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding*, written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. \$37.50-\$57.50, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Wed. at 2 and 7:30, Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse, 15 Vandam St.* (691-1555).

Gross Indecency: The Three Trials of Oscar Wilde—From letters, biographies, and court transcripts, writer-director Moisés Kaufman has put together an absorbing show about Oscar Wilde's 1895 trial for "gross indecency with male persons." \$20-\$47.50. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 6/5. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane* (307-4100).

How I Learned to Drive—Paula Vogel's play benefits from an original slant: child molestation as an act of consenting partners, with the child as a willing participant. Miss Vogel has written a memory play about a pedophile and his big-breasted niece by marriage, Uncle Peck and Li'l Bit, names a trifle too apt to ring true. The driving lessons Uncle Peck gives Li'l Bit over the years are a slow, careful—even caring—seduction. Mark Brokaw has directed inventively. (Simon: 3/31/97). Now starring Molly Ringwald and Cotter Smith. \$45-\$47.50. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, and Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 3/16/97. *Century Theatre, 111 E. 15 St.* (239-6200).

Howard Crabtree's When Pigs Fly—An irrepressible, technicolor celebration of puns, fabric, and gay life. Its costumer and musical "conceiver," Howard Crabtree, died in June of 1996, just days after completing the revue. \$45. Mon., Wed.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 2 and 5. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St.* (239-6200).

I Can't Remember Anything/The Last Yankee—The Signature Theatre Company continues its Arthur Miller season with these two relatively recent one-acts, both directed by Joseph Chaikin. \$30. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Signature Theatre, 555 W. 42nd St.* (244-7529).

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. \$47.50-\$50. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2:30 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St.* (239-6200).

I'm Still Here... Damn It!—Sandra Bernhard resumes her one-woman show, taking aim at Mariah Carey, supermodels, and other deserving targets. \$35-\$40. Tues.-Sat. at 9. *Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St.* (307-7171).

The Irish... and How They Got That Way—An irreverent, lovingly told Gaelic history by Frank McCourt, author of the Pulitzer Prize-winning *Angela's Ashes*. \$30. Tues.-Sat. at 8:15, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 1/25. *Chelsea Playhouse, 125 W. 22nd St.* (727-2737).

Joseph Gabriel Magic—Magician Joseph Gabriel mixes sleights of hand with large-scale illusions. \$25-\$45. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lamb's Theatre, 130 W. 44th St.* (239-6200).

June Moon—A revival of a revival. Last year, the Drama Dept. brought back this 1929 comedy by Ring Lardner and George S. Kaufman to great acclaim; this winter, the story of the Tin Pan Alley songwriter who falls for a big-city sophisticate comes roaring back, after a bit of tweaking in Princeton, New Jersey, at the McCarter Theatre. Directed by Mark Nelson. \$20-\$45. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 1/15/97. *Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts.* (239-6200).

The Last Session—This is a musical that, strangely, is about AIDS, and, stranger still, is not at all morbid. Music and lyrics by Steve Schachlin, upon whose life the musical is partially based. Book and direction by his partner, Jim Brochu. \$25-\$30. Mon., Tues., Fri., and Sat. at 8; Wed. at 2:30 and 8; Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 10/17/97. *47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St.* (239-6200).

Late Nite Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by a magis-

Photograph by Brigitte Lacombe.

terium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. \$35. Wed.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church Annex, 308 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

The Libertine—Stephen Jeffreys's play, which has thus far been staged only at the Royal Court and Steppenwolf, dramatizes the life of Lord Rochester, a seventeenth-century intellectual and whoring drunkard. (Cheers.) \$12. Wed.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 8. Through 1/25. *Theatre Row Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Mindgames—Marc Salem, a mentalist and former director of research for *Sesame Street*, does a slew of fancy math tricks, stops his own pulse, and predicts the contents of people's wallets. \$40. Wed.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2, 7, and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 11/17/97. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." \$35. Mon. and Thurs.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Pride's Crossing—One of our subtlest playwrights (Tina Howe) and one of our most incisive performers (Cherry Jones) have combined talents to give us this delicate, minor-key memory play, which, by turns, is wistful, sassy, radiant, and melancholy. It rehearses the life of Mabel Tidings Bigelow from 10 to 90 in seemingly random order, the way reality and remembrance play hopscotch with each other. Mabel is a quirky, headstrong, despotic nonagenarian, a New England matriarch whose high point was being the first woman to swim the English Channel the harder way, from England to France. Cherry Jones has to be seen to be believed—if then. Without aid from makeup, she roams fast and free across the decades, embodying all ages and conditions through the sheer power of acting. (Simon: 12/22/97.) \$50. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Through 4/5. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

Revenge in the Mob—The inevitable offspring of interactive comedies *Grandma Sylvia's Funeral* and *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding*. A four-course meal is included, so we'll assume the carnage isn't graphic. \$60. Fri. and Sat. at 8. *Arno Ristorante, 141 W. 38th St. (1-888-MOB-BOYS).*

Ricky Jay & His 52 Assistants—This is a repeat engagement from the actor-prestidigitator, who in 1994 first presented crowds with this strange evening of card tricks. Some you've seen before—like the three-card monte—and some you surely haven't; he makes cards levitate, for example, and cuts them in midair with scissors. David Mamet, long fascinated by the power of the scam and human gullibility, directed. \$55. Wed.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Through 3/29. *Second Stage Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (787-3471).*

The School for Scandal—One of the most famous comedies of manners in the English language, and a great deal catchier than most daytime talk shows. \$18-\$30. Tues., Thurs., Fri., and Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Through 1/25. *Pearl Theatre, 80 Saint Marks Pl. (598-9802).*

Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know—There is a decent amount of merriment to be had from this revue. Inspired—or incited—by a homonymous travel guide, this show by a number of hands pokes fun at every aspect of travel, from the hopeless phone calls for airline reservations to the joys of sandy Uzbekistan, from lost baggage to lost illusions, from Hertz to other hurts and frustrations. Nothing is overlooked, though some things are a mite undercooked. Even the *Cathilian litip geth* a tuneful *thong* tribute. (Simon: 12/15/97.) \$40; optional dinner one hour before curtain. Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7:30 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 10/30/97. *Triad Theatre, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

The Show Goes On—Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt offer a charming retrospective of their work. Not at all a dreary "And then we wrote" ego trip, this



On stage Parricide, the Serial

The Brothers Karamazov, which has so far miraculously escaped Andrew Lloyd Webber's attention, has been broken down into six parts for more sober (and music-free) consideration by the Culture Project and the Lincoln Center Theatre Directors' Lab. Parts one and two of the series run this week at the Salon (432 E. 91st St.). Call 426-5800 for times, tickets, and information.

is a selective overview of the high and low points of their joint career, whose best known peaks were *The Fantasticks*, *110 in the Shade*, and *I Do! I Do!* What we get here is Schmidt, ebullient at the piano, and Jones as the choicest of compères and raconteurs evoking the history of creating Broadway and Off Broadway musicals, as well as writing for nightclubs, cabarets, and movies. Through their personal prism, Schmidt and Jones cover something bigger: the rise and fall of show music in the past four decades. (Simon: 1/12/98). Audience discussions with the duo follow every Thursday-evening performance. \$30-\$35. Wed.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. *Theatre at Saint Peter's Church, Citicorp Center, 54th St. and Lexington Ave. (935-5820).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. \$24.50-\$47.50. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (477-2477).*

10 Naked Men—See title. Written and directed by Ronnie Larsen, the author of *Making Porn*, which just closed after more than 500 performances. \$30-\$35. Tues.-Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. Opened 10/16/97. *Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. (239-6200).*

That's Life!—A musical revue about Jewish family life. \$25. Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2. *Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (838-9090).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.*, then a reception at *Vinnie's, 147 Waverly Pl.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. \$65-\$75. Tues.-Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. (239-6200).

Two Pianos, Four Hands—Ted Dykstra and Richard Greenblatt, a pair of talented pianists who never made it to the recital halls, wax philosophical about pushy parents, arrogant students, and smug concert judges. \$40-\$45. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Promenade Theater, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Visiting Mr. Green—Eli Wallach, who made his Broadway debut more than a half-century ago, stars in this new comedy about a relationship between a young man and an older Jewish widower. \$35-\$45. Written by Jeff Baron. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (505-0700).*



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art

Helen Marden... Clay Figures

Openings

Sanford Smith's sixth annual **OUTSIDER ART FAIR** takes place at the Puck Building January 23–25. Hours are Fri. 12–8, Sat. 11–7, and Sun. 11–6; admission is \$10. Call 977-7170 for information about champagne preview and benefit dinner on January 22.

Galleries Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Herbert Brown—Painted subway posters from the early sixties; through 2/28. Gat, 1100 Madison Ave. (327-0441).

Gustave Courbet—Portraits and landscapes dating from 1860 to 1877; through 1/31. Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (879-6606).

Eric Fischl—Recent sculpture; through 2/28. Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave. (744-2313).

Tony Scherman/José María Sicilia—Encaustic paintings of faces from the artist's Napoleon series/Paintings of flowers on fields of honey-colored wax; through 2/27. Winston Wächter, 39 E. 78th St. (327-2526).

Fulvio Testa—Watercolors of imaginary landscapes; through 2/28. Cadé, 1045 Madison Ave. (743-3670).

Helen Torr/Vivienne Foley—Paintings, watercolors, and charcoal drawings of still-life arrangements and landscapes by this artist (1886–1967) whose husband was the painter Arthur Dove/New porcelain vessels by the London-based ceramist; through 2/21. Graham, 1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767).

John Walker—Recent paintings that draw on the artist's memory of a series of conversations with his father about the elder Walker's experiences during WWI, and incorporate texts from poems of the Great War by Wilfred Owen and David Jones; through 2/7. Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (794-0550).

57th Street Area

Debra Bermingham/George Tooker—Paintings that depict spare compositions of small balls and boxes, antique clocks, mounted butterflies, and other objects symbolizing the passage of time/Egg-tempera paintings of figures in windows. Through 2/7. D C Moore, 724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111).

Richard Diebenkorn—Prints made between 1964 and 1992; through 1/31. Sheehan, 20 W. 57th St. (888-4220).

Arthur Dove/Edwin Dickinson—Works on paper spanning the Modernist's career/Major examples of his Wellfleet landscapes, including paintings of marsh, woods, and paths to the beach. Through 2/7. De Nagy, 724 Fifth Ave. (262-5050).

Mitchell Johnson—Genre and landscape paintings executed onsite in Italy, California, and New Mexico; through 1/28. Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. (664-0907).

Ellen K. Levy—Oil-on-wood paintings of eccentric architectural environments; through 2/7. Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St. (399-5510).

Wes Mills—Small-scale abstract drawings in powdered pigment and graphite; through 2/21.

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat. from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Helman, 20 W. 57th St. (245-2888).

Michel Nedjar—An exhibition pairing the mixed-media paintings of this self-taught artist with works by Expressionists; through 3/14. St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. (245-6734).

Joan Nelson/Rodrigo Moynihan—Recent landscape paintings on paper/Late paintings. Through 1/24. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

John Newsom—Drawings of animals, women, and commonplace objects in allegorical vignettes; through 1/31. McGrath, 20 W. 57th St. (956-3366).

Pablo Picasso—A exhibition of prints focusing on the artist's collaborations with various printmakers; through 3/14. Krugier, 41 E. 57th St. (755-7288).

Suzanne Pines/Nancy Hagin—Paintings that depict scenes from the everyday lives of the Amish/Still-life paintings. Through 1/31. Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (759-2345).

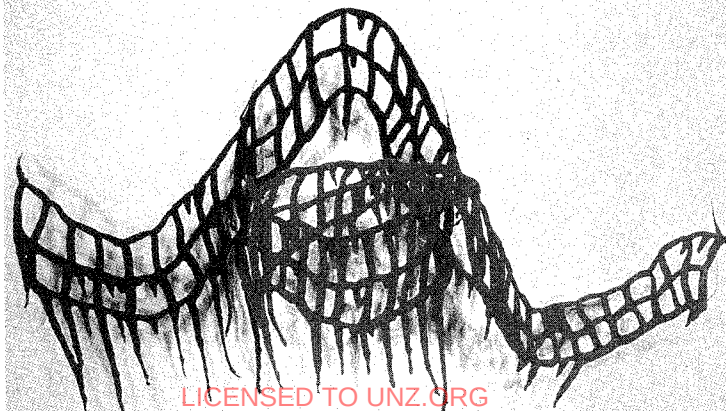
Peter Saul—Early paintings and drawings made between 1960 and 1964 when the artist was living in Europe; through 1/31. Adams, 41 W. 57th St. (644-5666).

Anthony Springer—Paintings of New York City scenes; through 2/9. Findlay, 41 E. 57th St. (486-7660).

Altoon Sultan—Realist paintings of agricultural landscapes; through 1/31. Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (541-4900).

Talent Wired

Modestly scaled and more like sculptures than paintings, Sally Elesby's pigment-covered wire constructions bear an uncanny resemblance to blown-up fragments of large abstract canvases. At Caren Golden Fine Art, 39 Wooster Street; through February 21.



John Van Alstine—Sculptures of found objects and granite; through 2/7. Haime, 41 E. 57th St. (888-3550).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Rita Ackermann—Recent paintings in ballpoint pen, acrylic, and pastel whose images refer to student uprisings of the sixties; through 2/7. Rosen, 130 Prince St. (941-0203).

John Baldessari—Recent paintings from "The Goya Series" that combine photographic images and text on canvas; through 2/14. Sonnabend, 420 W. Broadway (966-6160).

Lex Braes—Abstract paintings from the artist's "Still" series; through 2/14. Rosenberg + Kaufman, 115 Wooster St. (431-4838).

James Brown/Richard Rothman—Selected paintings/Photographs of landscapes in and around New York City. Through 2/7. Sorokko, 430 W. Broadway (941-8888).

Marie José Burki—Recent videos that explore the unbridgeable differences between animals and people; 1/24–3/14. Lehmann Maupin, 39 Greene St. (965-0753).

Squeak Carnwath—New paintings incorporating text and pictographs; through 2/14. Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (219-2863).

Bonnie Collura—Painted wood panels that incorporate ink-on-paper drawings and are illuminated by fluorescent light; through 2/7. Basilio, 26 Wooster St. (966-1831).

Maureen Connor—An installation titled *Love (at first)* Site that converts the gallery's two rooms into three distinct spaces, each with its own mise-en-scène of music, dialogue, and lighting; through 2/7. Marcus, 578 Broadway (226-3200).

Hanne Darboven—An unedited work titled *Stone of Wisdom/Stein der Weisen* 1996 that consists of an installation of 165 framed drawings and 53 books of manuscripts with photographs; through 2/7. Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (431-3685).

David Eckard/Paul Forte—Recent sculpture by both; through 1/31. Foster, 62 Crosby St. (966-9024).

Sally Elesby—Three-dimensional painted structures made from wires covered with acrylic-coated glue; through 2/21. Golden, 39 Wooster St. (274-0080).

Yizhak Elyashiv—Large-scale drypoints that depict random configurations of grains of wheat; through 3/14. Senior, 375 W. Broadway (941-0906).

Mike Fitzpatrick/Maciej Wisniewski—Photography, sculpture, and video incorporating popular cultural images from the Midwest/An installation that consists of a Website and an MTA turnstile that duplicates, in real time, all the movements of a turnstile at the Times Square subway station at 42nd Street and Broadway. Through 2/7. Silverstein, 476 Broadway (226-0640).

Pamela Fraser—New large-scale paintings that depict tiny, multi-colored racing stripes that stop short, go in circles, and comprise an enormous variety of clashing colors; through 2/21. Kaplan, 48 Greene St. (226-6131).

Terri Friedman—New sculptures incorporating water; through 2/7. Fredericks, 504 W. 22nd St. (633-6555).

Elliott Green/Christian Schumann—Large-scale monochromatic paintings that use the image of a

Photograph courtesy of Caren Golden Fine Art.

farm as a symbol of nostalgia/New works on paper that depict the artist's cartoonlike creatures, doodles, and abstract patterns. Through 2/7. Postmasters, 80 Greene St. (941-5711).

Peter Hutchinson—Sculpture and landscape collages of juxtaposed photographs from the artist's "Utopia" series; through 2/7. Solomon, 172 Mercer St. (941-5777).

Cameron Jamie—A video and photographic installation inspired by apartment wrestling; through 2/11. Brownstone, 39 Wooster St. (334-3455).

Alan Johnston—Geometric abstract paintings whose asymmetry is influenced by Japanese art; through 2/7. Tilton, 49 Greene St. (941-1775).

Anselm Kiefer—Five new paintings that measure 9 feet high by 23 feet wide and a series of books; 1/24-2/28. Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. (228-2828).

Gloria Kisch—New sculpture; through 2/7. Donahue, 560 Broadway (226-1111).

Donald Lipski—Book works—sculpture using books as subject matter—made between 1982 and 1997; through 2/14. Gibson, 568 Broadway (925-1192).

Lynn McCarty—Abstract paintings on aluminum panels; through 2/3. Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (966-6676).

Louis Monza—Paintings on the theme of war that were first exhibited at the Artist's Gallery on 13th Street in Manhattan, by the self-taught Italian expatriate; through 2/21. Ross, 568 Broadway (343-2161).

Sana Musasama—Tall, treelike ceramic sculptures that incorporate Egyptian paste beads and other materials; through 2/3. Kelly, 591 Broadway (226-1660).

Paul Pagk—Recent abstract paintings; through 2/7. CRG, 93 Grand St. (966-4360).

Ulrich Rückreim—Stone sculptures that begin as rough stone monoliths and are then cut and/or split and subsequently reassembled; through 2/28. Ace, 275 Hudson St. (255-5599).

Alyson Shotz—Photographs, sculptures, and video that focus on man's relationship to nature; through 2/14. Inglett, 100 Wooster St. (343-0573).

Robert Williams—New paintings; through 1/31. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (274-9300).

Cindy Workman—Structures of wood, Plexiglas, and metal that encase images drawn from printed media; through 1/31. Lennon, Weinberg, 560 Broadway (941-0012).

Jan W. Zakrzewski—Paintings that combine geometric abstraction with lyrical images from the artist's own history; through 2/14. TZ'Art, 28 Wooster St. (966-9069).

Michael Zwack—Paintings depicting landscapes and views of ancient palaces interwoven with Mayan glyphs, Latin texts, and Sanskrit; through 2/7. Kasmin, 74 Grand St. (219-3219).

Chelsea

Pia Andersen—Abstract paintings inspired by South American landscapes; through 2/14. DCA, 525 W. 22nd St. (255-5511).

Polly Apfelbaum and Lynn McCarty—A "conversation exhibit" of a floor installation by the former and abstract paintings by the latter; through 2/1. Art Resources Transfer Inc., 504 W. 22nd St. (691-5956).

Bill Barrette/Jennifer Reeves—Photographs mounted in boxes and manipulated with mirrors, lenses, and light/Paintings that depict abstract markings in faux-naïve landscapes; 1/15-2/10. Stux, 529 W. 20th St. (352-1600).

Robert Brady/Stephen Whittlesey—Recent wood sculptures by both; through 2/28. Elder, 529 W. 20th St. (462-2600).

Marco Breuer—Photographic sketches juxtaposing personal and public images; through 2/21. Anderson, 453 W. 17th St. (463-0970).

Peter Campus—New video installations; through 2/7. Cooper, 534 W. 21st St. (255-1105).

Angela de la Cruz—Monochromatic paintings paired with "parasitic" object-paintings; through 2/7. Weber, 529 W. 20th St. (691-5711).

Charles A. A. Dellschau—Large-scale books that incorporate newspaper clippings, an elaborate symbolic language, and painted images of fantasy flight, by a self-taught artist who died in 1923;

through 2/7. Ricco/Maresca, 529 W. 20th St. (627-4819).

Amy Hauff—An installation that represents the volume of space of the gallery in a structure of double-ply netting over a metal armature; through 2/7. Eller, 529 W. 20th St. (206-6411).

James Hill—Recent found-object assemblages that are painted with tiny dots the color of precious metals and refer to settlements that were formed in the American West during the gold rush; through 1/28. Maynes, 529 W. 20th St. (741-3318).

Bob Knox—Large-scale paintings of rooms; through 1/31. Shainman, 513 W. 20th St. (645-1701).

Yayoi Kusama/Andy Warhol—The artist's sculpture, *A Snake*, from 1974, which has never been exhibited in New York/A sculpture, *Silver Clouds* (1966), that consists of dozens of inflated Mylar cloud forms. Through 1/31. D'Amelio Terras, 525 W. 22nd St. (352-9460).

Francisco Leiro—Painted carved-wood sculptures of distorted human figures; through 2/7. Marlborough Chelsea, 211 W. 19th St. (463-8634).

Glenn Ligon—New works that recontextualize erotic and pornographic images within domestic tableaux; through 1/28. Protetch, 511 W. 22nd St. (633-6999).

Scott Lyall—A sculpture installation; through 1/31. Greene Naftali, 526 W. 26th St. (463-7770).

Helen Marden—Abstract paintings and works on paper; through 2/28. Healy, 530 W. 22nd St. (243-3753).

Ingo Meller—Paintings on unstretched, irregularly shaped canvases in which strokes of color move in

Installation Though clay would seem the perfect medium for figurative sculpture, it has been surprisingly underused. There's still room for originality, in other words. "Born of Clay II: The Ceramic Figure Since 1920" focuses on the diversity of modern and contemporary figurative ceramic sculpture, from Elie Nadelman's curvaceous figurines (right) to Michelle Oka Doner's fetishistic dolls. At Garth Clark Gallery, 24 West 57th Street; through January 31.

two directions; through 2/28. Cheim & Read, 521 W. 23rd St. (242-7727).

Daniel Oates—Hand-carved cartoonlike sculptures of human and animal figures; through 2/14. 303, 525 W. 22nd St. (255-1121).

Helen Sadler—Portraits of girls that depict them in states of rapture; through 2/7. Team, 527 W. 26th St. (279-9219).

Dan Witz—Photographs of the artist's own street works in Williamsburg, Brooklyn; through 2/21. Clementine, 526 W. 26th St. (243-5937).

Richard Woods—Painted photographs of cars and trucks and customized piles of timber and painted carpets; through 2/14. Cristinerose, 529 W. 20th St. (206-0297).

Other

Nigel Hall—Large-scale drawings dating from 1964 to the present by the British sculptor; through 2/21. New York Studio School, 8 W. 8th St. (673-6466).

Nicholas Micros/Kathleen Ruiz—Elegiac sculptures of plaster, wood, and fabric that combine abstract traditional statue forms/A multimedia object-installation. Through 2/7. Trans Hudson, 416 W. 13th St. (242-3232).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Berry-Hill—11 E. 70th St. (744-2300). "From Sacred to Sensual: Italian Paintings, 1400 to 1750," with works by Bellini, Canaletto, Tintoretto, Titian, others; through 3/14.

Feigen—49 E. 68th St. (628-0700). "Patriarchs and Prophets," an exhibit of Old Testament paintings from 1550 to 1800 by major Italian and Dutch artists such as Bassano, Procaccini, Guercino, Preti, Bravo, others; through 2/28.

MMC—221 E. 71st St. (517-0634). "On Location,"

with paintings, drawings and photographs depicting architecture, land- and cityscapes by Cross, Gallego, and Moumin; through 2/14.

Nardin—605 Madison Ave. (486-1888). An exhibit of sculpture, painting, and drawing by contemporary Italian artists Finotti, Casella, Castagna, Guadagnucci, Sironi, others; through 2/28.

Ubu—16 E. 78th St. (794-4444). "Fotomontage: European and Russian Collage, 1920-1950," with more than 30 collages that incorporate original photographs and newspaper and magazine clippings by Blumenfeld, Brzeski, Galadjev, Hofmann, Hugnet, others; through 2/14.

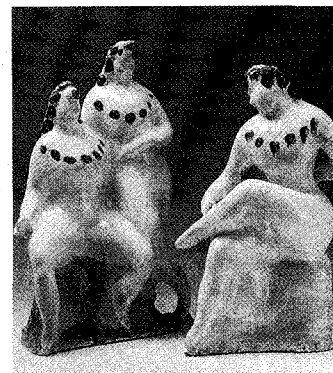
57th Street Area

Clark—24 W. 57th St. (246-2205). "Born of Clay II," consisting of modern and contemporary ceramic figures by Archipenko, Artis, Caro, Doner, Eglin, Fekete, others; through 1/31.

Emmerich—41 E. 57th St. (752-0124). An exhibition focusing on work made by Bennington teachers Caro, Feeley, Noland, and Olitski during the sixties, titled "The Green Mountain Boys"; through 2/28.

Franklin Parrasch—20 W. 57th St. (246-5360). "Points of Origin" examines the teacher-student relationships of Arneson and Nauman, Chihuly and Horn, and others; through 2/21.

Lelong—20 W. 57th St. (315-0470). Photographs exploring the concepts of interiority and exteriority by Casebere, Goldsworthy, Matta-Clark, Mossman, Muniz, and Voita; through 2/8.



Rosenfeld—24 W. 57th St. (247-0082). An exhibit of twentieth-century masterworks by African American artists Alston, Catlett, Delaney, Gilliam, others; 1/22-3/22.

Washburn—20 W. 57th St. (397-6780). An exhibit examining the work of Pollock, Orozco, and Siqueiros; through 2/28.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Apex Art—291 Church St. (431-5270). "Original Scale," with paintings by individuals who establish scale without the certainty of a grid by Ascheim, Conner, del Rivero, Frost, Greenwold, others; through 2/7.

Castelli—420 W. Broadway (431-5160). The last portion of the three-part exhibition "The Artists of the Castelli Gallery, 1957-1997," with works by Barry, Darboven, Dibbets, Grisi, Huebler, Kosuth, Nauman, Scarpitta, Sonnier, Mike & Doug Starn, and Waldman; through 1/31.

Exit Art/The First World—548 Broadway (966-7745). "WILD," an exhibition of the work of Brody, Closson, Cohen, Currie, and others, exploring the boundaries of traditional mediums; through 3/15.

Feature—76 Greene St., second floor (941-7077). Paintings by Ross, models or prototypes by Bome, and drawings by Bransford, Fury 161, Hammond, Hug, Jones, others; through 2/13.

Harris—383 W. Broadway (431-3600). Five one-person exhibitions including painting and sculpture by Celender, Koutroulis, Yalovitz-Blankenship, Troy, others; through 2/7.

Kustera—41 Wooster St. (965-1527). A show of the work of Scherer, Craven, McGlynn, and West dealing with issues of abstraction; through 2/7.

M-13—72 Greene St. (925-3007). "Abstraction," with works by French, Soreff, Neher, Rose, others; 1/22-2/28.

P.P.O.W.—476 Broome St. (941-8642). Sculptures by Elana Herzog, paintings by Marilla Palmer, and collage, clay, and fabric wall pieces by James Esber; through 2/7.

Shapolsky—152 E. 65th St. (452-1094). "Young Artists," the abstract work of up-and-coming painters; 1/22-3/7.

Stefanelli—132 Crosby St. (539-6793). "Glyph Riff," with works on paper by Jolicoeur, Lyon, McMurray, Seward; through 2/15.

Swiss Institute—495 Broadway (925-2035). "Technosophia I: Overpromised," a multimedia exploration into the convergence of artistic practice and new digital technologies with installations by Swiss artists and D.J.'s Schumacher and Clavadetscher; through 3/1.

Thorp—103 Prince St., second floor (431-6880). "Abstracted Presence," paintings by Appel, Bladen, Held, Leroy, Leslie, and Resnick; through 2/28.

Thread Waxing Space—476 Broadway, second floor (966-9520). A main gallery exhibition entitled "Lo-Fi Baroque," with works by Ahwesh, Bartlett, Brezany, Green, Hanson & Sonnenberg, Harrison, others; through 2/14.

TZ/Art—28 Wooster St. (966-9059). The work of four Austrian artists in diverse media presented on a 40-foot wall viewable 24 hours a day from the street; through 2/14.

Chelsea

Alexander and Bonin—132 Tenth Ave. (367-7474). Works by Dittborn, Doherty, Hatoum, Salcedo; through 2/28.

Dorfman Projects—529 W. 20th St. (352-2272). "The Tip of the Iceberg: A Response to New York City's Museums" with works by Alvarer, Bialobroda, Charlesworth, Brooke, others; through 1/31.

Gladstone—515 W. 24th St. (206-9300). "Vertical Time," an exhibition in which five artists share their ideas about personal space to counter the fragmentation of contemporary reality; through 2/21.

Kempner—501 W. 23rd St. (206-6872). A two-part exhibit of prints by Baldessari, Bartlett, Bleckner, Close, Dine, others; through 2/1.

Martz—529 W. 20th St. (206-3686). "Elevator," an exhibition of sculpture and multimedia works that incorporate the languages of the New Age movement, with works by Asdam, Becker, Grosser, Lisgaard, McCorkle, others; through 2/7.

Wessel + O'Connor—242 W. 26th St. (242-8811). "Male," a show curated by Vince Aletti of photographs, paintings, drawings, and prints depicting male subjects by more than 75 historic and contemporary artists, among them Ahearn, Beaton, Haring, Hujar, Mann, Mapplethorpe, Verger; through 2/22.

Other

Hartsook—16 Jones St. (242-4106). "Including Clay," a selection of works employing clay and ceramic history in the service of installation, sculpture, and painting, by Baron, Esber, Katleman, Kustera, Repasi; through 2/7.

Rotunda—33 Clinton St., Brooklyn (718-875-4047). "Reading Between The Lines," an exhibition of artists' books and work about books, with works by Beube, Belichick, Cooperider, Kino, Marcano, others; through 3/7.

Photography

Anne Barnard—Black-and-white photograms; through 2/21. Goldstein, 39 Wooster St. (431-0314).

Harry Benson—A three-decade retrospective of photographs of U.S. presidents and their families, from the Kennedys to the Clintons; through 2/7. Newseum/NY, 580 Madison Ave. (317-6500), Mon.-Sat. 10-5:30.

Boone—745 Fifth Ave. (752-2929). Photographs by Demand, Fletcher, Gaskell, Gordon, Mori, Taylor-Wood, Thater, the Wilsons; through 2/7.

Constantin Brancusi—A collection of vintage photographs that were acquired from friends, lovers, and collectors of the artist, including self-portraits and views of his sculptures in the studio; through 2/7. McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (319-1996).

Marta María Pérez Bravo—Manipulated and fragmented images of the artist's body; through 3/14. Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. (223-1059).

Paul Caponigro—Photographs of prehistoric megaliths, Celtic crosses, and Druid abbeys in remote regions of the British Isles and France; through 2/14. Schmidt-Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. (888-1122).

Caribbean Cultural Center/African Diaspora Institute—408 W. 58th St. (307-7420), Mon.-Fri. 11-6; \$2 suggested admission. "Picturing England: The Photographic Narratives of Vanley Burke." An exhibition of large-scale color photographs of England's Caribbean and Asian communities; through 2/15.

Joan Fontcuberta—Photographs that depict mosquitoes and other flying insects splattered on the windshield of the artist's car; through 2/7. Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. (752-1223).

Jan Groover—Recent photographs of highways under construction in rural France; through 2/23. Borden, 560 Broadway (431-0166).

ICP—1130 Fifth (860-1777), Wed.-Sun. 11-6; \$4, \$2.50. "Images From the Machine Age: Selections From the Daniel Collection." Photographs, drawings, and prints spanning the twenties through the fifties; through 2/22. . . . "Nelly, From Athens to New York—The Work of Elli Seraidari"; through 2/22.

ICP Midtown—1133 Avenue of the Americas, at 43rd St. (860-1777), Tues. 11-8 (6-8 admission by voluntary contribution), Wed.-Sun. 11-6; \$4, \$2 seniors and students. "Weegee's World: Life, Death, and the Human Drama." A retrospective of more than 200 images by the legendary tabloid-news photographer; through 3/8.

Yevgeny Khaldei—Photographs and photocollages dating from 1934 to 1946 by the Russian photographer who is best known for his image of the raising of the Soviet flag over the Reichstag in Berlin in 1945; through 2/21. Schickler, 560 Broadway (431-6363).

Laura Letinsky—Photographs of couples in domestic settings, and still lifes that suggest the presence of couples; through 2/14. McIntyre, 45 Crosby St. (334-9666).

Rose Marasco—Images of nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century domestic items used by women; 1/22-3/7. Morthland, 225 Tenth Ave. (242-7767).

Tanya Marcuse—New photographic emulsion transfers on glass and mylar that depict fragmented torsos; 1/22-2/28. Yoshi, 20 W. 57th St. (265-8876).

Peter Moore—Lesser-known works by this photographer (1932-1993) who is primarily remembered for his images of happenings, performances, Judson Dance Theater, and other manifestations of performance art, including photographs documenting the destruction of New York's Pennsylvania Station, taken between 1963 and 1966, and of his family and close associates; through 2/21. Bound & Unbound, 601 W. 26th St. (463-7348).

Soho Triad—107 Grand St. (965-9500). Photographs from issue ten of *Blind Spot* magazine, by Crewdson, Fontcuberta, Hocks, Misrach, Parr, others; through 2/17.

Ruth Thorne-Thomsen/Robert Frank—Recent pinhole photographs of fabricated classical scenes/A selection of rarely seen prints, ranging from the photographer's earliest work in Paris and New York to his 1960 trip through the South with Jack Kerouac; 1/22-2/21. Miller, 138 Spring St. (226-1220).

Tonkonow—601 W. 26th St. (255-8450). "The Cottingly Fairies and Other Apparitions," with photographs depicting otherworldly phenomena from the nineteenth century to the present by Atget, Becher, Ess, Maul, Michals, Muniz, Van Der Zee, others; through 2/21.

Penelope Umbrico—An installation of four-by-six-inch photographs of abstracted catalogue products; through 2/21. Saul, 560 Broadway (431-0747).

Randy West—Photographs that depict the reflections of light on the walls of the artist's studio; through 2/21. Richardson, 560 Broadway (343-1255).

Christopher Williams—New photographs taken at different points on the globe—among them Brasilia, Dakar, and Rotterdam—and depict encounters between cultures and enterprises; through 2/7. Luhring Augustine, 130 Prince St. (219-9600).

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Expressions in Wood: Masterworks From the Wornick Collection." Turned and shaped wood artworks by 56 artists from the United States, Europe, and Australia, drawn from the collection of Anita and Ron Wornick; 1/27-3/22. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 10-6, Thurs. till 8 (pay as you wish 6-8); \$5, \$2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"Sacred Mountains of the World." Color photographs of revered mountains around the world; 1/26-3/31. . . . "The Nature of Diamonds." An exhibition exploring all aspects of the mineral, from its geological origins to its place in history, art, adornment, and literature, featuring significant gems from around the world; through 4/26. . . . "Drawing Shadows to Stone: Photographing North Pacific Peoples, 1897-1902." A commemoration of the American Museum of Natural History's Jesup North Pacific Expedition of 1897-1902, including approximately 100 archival photographs of scenes from daily life; through 5/31. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.-Thurs. 10-5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10-8:45; \$8 suggested contribution, \$6 students and seniors, \$4.50 children.

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts—"The Sèvres Porcelain Manufactory: Alexandre Brongniart and the Triumph of Art and Innovation, 1800-1847." A survey of the achievements of the Sèvres porcelain manufactory when it was under the direction of the brilliant Alexandre Brongniart, featuring porcelain blanks and finished pieces and 110 working drawings and watercolors that have not been previously exhibited in the United States; through 2/1. 18 W. 86th St. (501-3000), Tues.-Sun. 11-5 (Thurs. to 8); \$2, \$1 seniors and students.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Transforming the Crown: African, Asian, and Caribbean Artists in Britain, 1966-1996." A survey of Black British art that is being held in collaboration with the Franklin H. Williams Caribbean Cultural Center (see photography listings) and the Studio Museum in Harlem; through 3/15. . . . "The Picnic: An Installation by Ernesto Pujol"; through 3/15. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000), Wed. 3-9, Thurs. and Fri. 10-5, Sat. and Sun. 1-6; \$3 suggested donation; \$2 students; \$1 senior citizens, children under 12 free.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"The Furniture of George Hunziger: Invention and Innovation in Nineteenth-Century America." Furniture designed by George Hunziger (1835-1898) from the museum's collection; through 2/15. . . . "Graphic Alert: AIDS Posters From the Collection of Dr. Edward C. Atwater"; through 2/8. . . . "Working in Brooklyn: A Centennial Exhibition." Works by emerging artists who show with Brooklyn-based galleries and alternative spaces; through 1/25. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.-Fri. 10-5, Sat. 11-9, Sun. 11-6; \$4, \$2 students, \$1.50 seniors.

Dahesh Museum—"Rosa Bonheur." The first American retrospective devoted to the nineteenth century's acclaimed animal painter; through 2/21. 601 Fifth Ave., at 49th St. (759-0606), Tues.-Sat. 11-6; free.



Photograph by Steffen Thalemann

Dia Center for the Arts—"Tracey Moffatt: *Free-falling*." A group of 25 photographs and a video installation by the Australian artist and filmmaker; through 6/14. . . "Richard Serra: *Torqued Ellipses*." Three monumental sculptures of Cor-Ten steel that explore the shaping of space rather than material as their primary subject; through 6/14. . . "Dan Flavin: 1962/63, 1970, 1996." Three installations using fluorescent light and six separate fluorescent works by the late sculptor; through 6/14. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5912), Thurs.-Sun. 12-6; \$4, \$2 students and seniors.

Museo del Barrio—"Taíno: Pre-Columbian Art and Culture From the Caribbean." The first comprehensive survey of the art of the Taíno, the dominant culture in Puerto Rico, the Dominican Republic, Haiti, Cuba, Jamaica, and the Bahamas from about 1200 A.D. to the arrival of Columbus in 1492; through 3/29. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.-Sun. 11-5, Thurs. 12-7; \$4, \$2 seniors and students.

Frick Collection—"Robert Adam, The Creative Mind: From the Sketch to the Finished Drawing." Sixty-six drawings and watercolors by the renowned eighteenth-century architect Robert Adam, his brother and partner, James, and artists employed in their office that were selected from the 9,000 Adam drawings acquired by Sir John Soane in 1833; through 4/5. . . "From the Lou-

vre to the Frick Collection: Poussin's *The Arcadian Shepherds*." An exhibition of one of the most celebrated icons of French art, Nicholas Poussin's painting, *The Arcadian Shepherds*, on loan from the Musée du Louvre; through 1/25. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.-Sat. 10-6, Sun. 1-6; \$5, \$3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery—"Desert Cliché: Israel Now." Works that deconstruct stereotypes of Israeli culture, by eighteen contemporary Israeli artists; through 2/4. 100 Washington Square East (998-6780), Wed. 11-8, Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11-6, Sat. 11-5; \$2.50 suggested donation.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"After *Mountains and Sea*: Frankenthaler 1956-1959." A survey of the artist's early paintings, including her groundbreaking *Mountains and Sea* of 1952, which laid the stylistic groundwork for her subsequent works; through 5/3. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.-Wed. 10-6, Fri. and Sat. 10-8 (Fri. 6-8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; \$12, \$10 seniors and students.

Japan Society—"Japanese Theater in the World." A history of Japanese theater traced through costumes, masks, puppets, musical instruments, posters, and other historic objects and ephemera; through 2/1. 333 E. 47th St. (832-1155), Tues.-Sun. 11-5; \$3 suggested contribution.

Jewish Museum—"ASSIGNMENT: RESCUE, The Story of Varian Fry and the Emergency Rescue Committee." The story behind the 1940-41 rescue mission undertaken by Varian Fry, a New York-based Frenchman who arranged safe passage out of France for many anti-Nazi artists, writers, scientists, and political refugees; through 3/29. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11-5:45, Tues. 11-8 (Tues. after 5; free); \$7, \$5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Gianni Versace." A tribute to the late designer that reveals the influence of art on his fashion and theater designs; through 3/22. . . "Jackson Pollock: Early Sketchbooks and Drawings." Fifty-five rarely or never-exhibited pages from the artist's three earliest extant sketchbooks, and 27 independent drawings, all dating from 1937 to 1941; through 2/8. . . "Francesco Clemente: Indian Watercolors." Eighteen recent watercolors by the Italian artist who spends part of each year in Madras, India; through 2/8. . . "John La Farge." A selection of paintings, drawings, watercolors, and stained-glass windows drawn from the museum's collection of works by the nineteenth-century American artist; through 1/25. . . "Richard Pousette-Dart, 1916-1992." A survey of the American Abstract Expressionist's paintings and works on paper; through 2/22. . . "Flowers Underfoot: Indian Carpets of the Mughal Era"; through 3/1. . . "King of the World: A Mughal Manuscript From the Royal Library, Windsor Castle"; through 2/8. . . "Klee Landscapes." Works in all media from the Berggruen Klee Collection; through 2/8. . . "Master Hand: Individuality and Creativity Among Yoruba Sculptors." Masks, free-standing figures, containers, and architectural posts by male and female Yoruba masters who were active from the mid-nineteenth through the first half of the

twentieth century; through 3/1. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.-Thurs. and Sun. 9:30-5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30-9; \$8 contribution, \$4 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.-Sun. 9:30-4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); \$8, \$4 seniors and students.

Museum for African Art—"African Faces, African Figures: The Arman Collection." African sculptures from the collection of the sculptor Armand P. Arman; through 4/19. 593 Broadway, bet. Houston and Prince Sts. (966-1313), Tues.-Fri. 10:30-5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12-6; \$5, \$2.50 seniors, students, and children.

Museum of American Folk Art—"A.G. Rizzoli: Architect of Magnificent Visions." A survey of architectural drawings, illuminated poems, and visionary writings by the San Francisco architectural draftsman (1896-1981); through 3/8. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533), Tues.-Sun. 11:30-7:30; free.

Museum of Jewish Heritage-A Living Memorial to the Holocaust—"Permanent exhibitions of more than 2,000 photographs and 800 historical and cultural artifacts documenting the Jewish experience from the 1880s to the present, and 24 films chronicling the memories of Holocaust survivors. 18 First Place, Battery Park City (968-1800), Sun.-Wed. 9-5, Thurs. 9-8, Fri. and eve of Jewish holidays 9-2, closed Sat. and Jewish holidays; \$7, \$5 students and seniors.

Museum of Modern Art—"New Concepts in Printmaking 1: Peter Halley." Artworks created by Halley as digital files on computer disk, comprising wallpaper and rub-down flowcharts that are fabricated by professional printers whenever a site-specific installation is planned; through 2/8. . . "From Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec to Andy Warhol: Exploring Techniques." An exhibition focusing on various printmaking techniques, featuring more than 70 works from the museum's collection; through 2/8. . . "Projects: Steve McQueen." A new film/video, *Deadpan*, that is a play on the Buster Keaton 1928 silent film *Steamboat Bill, Jr.*; through 2/10. . . "The Hubley Studio: A Home for Animation." Concept art, animation drawings, storyboards, background paintings, and layouts for the films of John and Faith Hubley, who established the Hubley studio in 1955; through 2/1. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.-Tues. 10:30-6, Thurs. 10:30-6, Fri. 10:30-8:30 (4:30-8:30 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; \$9.50, \$6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"New York From Above: An Aerial View." Paintings depicting aerial views of the city by Spelman Evans Downer; through 6/14. . . "Under the Big Top: Circuses in New York." Costumes, models, props, posters, and other circus paraphernalia and ephemera dating from equestrian John Bill Rickett's first circus on Broadway in 1793 to today's Big Apple Circus; through 2/22. . . "Beyond the Grave: Cultures of Queens Cemeteries." Photographs of cemeteries in Queens taken by Dr. Ilana Harlow; through 3/8. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.-Sat. 10-5, Sun. 1-5; \$5, \$3 students and seniors.

National Academy Museum & School of the Fine Arts—"Fair & Free: Images of Childhood, 1827-1992." Paintings, works on paper, and sculptures depicting children; through 3/8. . . "Stages of Creation: Public Sculpture by National Academicians." Models for public sculptures by Louise Bourgeois, Neil Estern, Marisol, Tom Otterness, Tony Rosenthal, and others; through 3/8. 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (369-4880); Wed.-Sun. 12-5 (Fri. until 8); \$5, \$3.50 seniors, students, and children under 16.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Mona Hatoum." A survey of sculptures, video, installations, and photographic documentations of performances by the Palestinian London-based artist; through 2/22. 583 Broadway (219-1222), Wed., Fri., and Sun. 12-6, Fri. and Sun. 12-6, Thurs. and Sat. 12-8 (free Thurs. 6-8); \$5, \$3 students, artists, and seniors, free for youths 18 years and under.

New York Public Library—"A Secret Location on the Lower East Side: Basement Publishing in New York City and Elsewhere." An exhibition focusing on the writers, artists, publishers, and communities who produced publications associated with the use of the mimeograph machine from the sixties through

On View

Marden, Helen

Given its conveniently short memory for the despicable deeds of some of its players, New York's art world is incredibly quick to waggle its finger at the slightest perceived injustice. Take, for example, the case of Helen Marden, an emerging artist who did what any artist would do when invited to exhibit her paintings in the 1995 Whitney Biennial. She accepted. But the moment the Whitney's list hit the fax machines, Klaus Kertess, the show's curator, was accused of favoritism—Marden's husband is the widely admired painter Brice Marden, who showed at Kertess's Bykert Gallery in the late sixties and early seventies. Helen Marden's energetic abstract paintings soon provoked more than the usual critical scrutiny. "A lightning rod for indignation in pre-opening art-world gossip, Helen Marden's presence has an undeniably nepotistic aspect that puts murderous pressure on her work to justify itself, which it does," wrote *Village Voice* critic Peter Schjeldahl, in what turned out to be one of Marden's few positive mentions. The experience left the artist, now 56, less than enthusiastic about exhibiting her work again. "I was more affected by it than I thought I would be," Marden says. "I didn't understand why people questioned my right to be a painter." Still, she followed the advice of her painter

friend Elizabeth Murray, who told her to just keep working and showing. Marden went on to a group exhibition at the Drawing Center and an artist's-choice show at SoHo 20 (her paintings were selected by Murray). Now, three years later, Marden is finally having her first one-person show, at Thomas Healy Gallery (530 West 22nd Street; through February 28). "The gallery asked me to show my work a year ago, and I thought it was healthy for me to do it," she says, admitting that the prospect of revealing her latest efforts made her anxious at first. But once the canvases were actually on the walls, her confidence returned. "I really believe in painting—this is how my thinking comes out," Marden says. "I don't have a choice." **EDITH NEWHALL**



Davis continued from page 48

presence, and her Madeleine is now a far more natural and nuanced characterization, a woman who knows how to gain attention by listening as well as by talking. By the same token, the once-creamy tone has thinned out, sounding particularly parched in the final scene; where one yearns for a fresh, healthy Strauss soprano to soar over the orchestra. That is now well beyond Te Kanawa's powers, so future roles, if any, will have to be chosen with care.

Otherwise, this is an experienced and generally alert *Capriccio* cast, if hardly one to change reluctant minds about the opera. With his plastered-down hair, surly tennis-anyone attitude, and darkly attractive baritone, Simon Keenlyside makes the strongest impression as Olivier, quite overwhelming David Kuebler's pallid Flaman and even upstaging Jan-Hendrik Rooter's rather too amiable La Roche. Kathryn Harries (Clairon) and Kim Josephson (the Count) fit neatly into the ensemble but project little vocal character. Andrew Davis is an old hand at conducting this tricky score; he and the Met orchestra contribute the evening's most satisfying pleasures. A spotty enterprise, then, one that would have surely worked out better in the more intimate surroundings of a mini-Met, a long-hoped-for and much-discussed theater space that seems doomed never to materialize.

WITH ALL THE THEMATIC PROGRAMS, PRE-concert lectures, and many instructive ancillary events that make up the music scene these days, performing institutions have taken over the job of music education from the schools. The **Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center** has joined the trend, and is now midway through a modest mind-expanding series entitled "Musical Evolutions: 1887-1920," concerts designed, says artistic director David Shifrin, to illuminate "the remarkable range and explosive evolution of musical styles from the late-nineteenth century to just beyond World War I."

I can do even less justice to such a huge topic here than the society can in the course of six programs, cleverly chosen as they are to show how many startlingly different works were composed during that brief period of dramatic stylistic change. The opening concert by the Orion String Quartet and guests playing scores by Fauré, Ravel, and Dvořák got the series off to a safe but musically strong start, and the more adventurous fare this week (Stravinsky, Janáček, Schoenberg, Webern, Debussy) should effectively challenge and instruct the society's conservative patrons without unduly rattling more tender sensibilities.

Tobias continued from page 49

KEVIN O'DAY, WHOSE NEWLY FORMED group, **O'Day Dances**, opened the annual Altogether Different series at the Joyce, is a guy with unerring footing: Again and again, he's managed to be in the right place at the right time. His history as a late-start dancer goes like this: Joffrey Ballet; Twyla Tharp; American Ballet Theatre (under Baryshnikov's reign); Frankfurt Ballet, where William Forsythe's slick choreographic ploys weren't lost on him; Baryshnikov's White Oak Dance Project. O'Day choreographed his first piece in 1994, for White Oak; his second was commissioned the same year by Peter Martins for the New York City Ballet. He's been invited back several times by both camps—and by other prominent groups joining the bandwagon.

I can understand O'Day's easy popularity. Mixing ballet, modern, and colloquial dance vocabularies, he produces works with a lot of surface appeal. His structures are clear (simplistic, if you ask me); his action is lively, juicy, and as full of contemporary attitude as a Jay McInerney novel. His dances keep the eye entertained, albeit briefly. If they lack complexity, mystery, poetry, and the power to disturb and move you—well, today's average culture consumer isn't much interested in these things anyway. And if ever there was choreography made with its main focus on the consumer, it's O'Day's.

His chamber-size group, so recently organized as to look ad hoc, is composed of appealing dancers fluent in both classical and modern technique. A couple are NYCB alums; all are remarkably agile, delivering exactitude with a casual air. Their repertoire comprises some of O'Day's earlier commissions (reviewed in these pages as they appeared) along with his latest effort, a quintet called *And Like That*, set to music you might call postmodern country and western. (It's by John King, with whom the choreographer has declared an ongoing alliance.) The new piece, which repeats itself and O'Day's previous work, appears to have two themes: man's relationship to his animal aspect and the confrontation between the classical and modern genres. Paul Taylor (in *Cloven Kingdom*, et al.) and Tharp (with *Deuce Coupe*, which juxtaposed her company's vernacular style with the Joffrey's ballet mode) dealt, respectively, with these subjects so originally, thoroughly, and effectively, it would seem nothing more need be said. If there is anything further to discover, O'Day will have to dig far deeper—in terms of movement and feeling—to make an impression.

the early eighties; 1/24-5/30. . . "The Romanovs: Their Empire, Their Books." A selection of illustrated books that were originally in the collections of the Romanovs, the dynasty that ruled the Moscow Tsardom and the Russian Empire for 300 years until the Russian Revolution of 1917, and were acquired by the New York Public Library from the Soviet government in the twenties and thirties; through 2/28. . . "Subject Matters: Photography, Romana Javitz, and the New York Public Library." The story of the visionary curator Romana Javitz, who, during her 39-year tenure (1929-1968), built the Picture Collection at the New York Public Library into a world-renowned resource of documentary photography; through 3/28. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10-6, Tues.-Wed. 11-6, Thurs.-Sat. 10-6; free.

New York Historical Society—"Twas the Night Before Christmas." An exhibition of the desk on which New Yorker Clement Moore wrote the poem "Twas the Night Before Christmas," and a rare copy of the poem handwritten by the poet for the Historical Society Library; through 1/25. . . "Signs and Wonders: The Spectacular Lights of Times Square." A look at the development of technology and imagery in Times Square's advertising signage; through 3/8. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Wed.-Sun. noon-5; \$5, \$3 seniors and children.

P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center—"Jack Smith: Flaming Creature"; through 3/1. . . "John Coplans: A Self-Portrait"; through 3/29. . . "Jackie Winsor: Sculpture"; through 3/1. . . "Lynne Yamamoto: Selected Work"; through 3/1. . . "Martin von Haselberg: New Works"; through 2/1. . . "Some Young New Yorkers: Four Artists"; through 3/1. . . "Vertical Painting Show"; through 6/28. . . "Heaven: Public View, Private View"; through 2/1. 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave. (718-784-2084), Wed.-Sun. 12-6; \$4 suggested donation, \$2 students and seniors.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"A Seal Upon Thine Heart: Glyptic Art of the Ancient Near East. ca. 3500-2100 B.C." A selection of seals from the Library's collection and from the Yale Babylonian Collection, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and several private collections; through 4/26. . . "To Observe and Imagine: British Drawings and Watercolors, 1600-1900"; 1/14-5/3. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008), Tues.-Fri. 10:30-5, Sat. 10:30-6; Sun. 12-6; \$6; \$4 students and seniors.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Transforming the Crown: African, Asian, and Caribbean Artists in Britain, 1966-1996." A survey of Black British art that is being held in collaboration with the Franklin H. Williams Caribbean Cultural Center (see photography listings) and the Bronx Museum of the Arts; through 3/15. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.-Fri. 10-5, Sat. and Sun. 1-6; \$5, \$3 seniors and students.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Arthur Dove: A Retrospective." Paintings, assemblages, pastels, and drawings by the pioneering American modernist; through 4/12. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11-6, Thurs. 1-8; \$8, \$7 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6-8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Pictures at an Exhibition: An Installation by Christian Marclay." An installation incorporating works from the Whitney's permanent collection; through 1/25. 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (878-2550), Mon.-Sat. 11-6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave. (546-1000). 1/21 at 10, 1/22 at 10 and 2: "The British Interior: English Furniture, Ceramics, Paintings, Silver, and Chinese Export Porcelain." On view from 1/17.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 1/28 at 10: "Important English & Continental Furniture & Decorations." On view from 1/22.

Sotheby's—1334 York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 1/21 at 10:15 and 2 and 1/22 at 10:15: "Arcade Furniture and Decorations." On view from 1/17. 1/23 at 10:15 and 2: "English Furniture." On view from 1/18.

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 1/29 at 10:30: "Posters." On view from 1/24.

restaurants

Fan Food... New Pepe... Pastry Pages

Manhattan Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. 38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Canal House—The restaurant at the SoHo Grand Hotel, a beige-on-beige dining room with *Alice in Wonderland* fixtures and furniture, turns out surprisingly tasty regional American fare. Try the macaroni and cheese, crab cakes, and the cornmeal-crusted chicken breast, or—if you're the type who likes to loiter in hotels—nurse a cocktail in the lounge. 310 West Broadway (965-3588). (M-E) AE, MC, TM, V

Capsouto Frères—Landmark French bistro with talked-about soufflés. Flemish-style building hosts local business folks at lunch. Dinner is a New York mix of neighborhood regulars, tourists, and trekkers from uptown. Dishes to try include the terrine Provençal and the roast duckling with ginger-and-cassis sauce. 451 Washington St. (966-4900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Cascabel—An elegant dining room with a rotating art collection, at a now-bustling intersection on the eastern border of SoHo. New chef Sam Hazen has instituted a hearty, highly seasonal menu with tasting menus for vegetarians and meat-eaters alike. 218 Lafayette St., nr. Spring St. (431-7300). (E) AE, MC, TM, V

Cellar in the Sky—This oenophile's dream changes its menu, and its well-chosen wine pairings, monthly; the one constant is the spectacular view. Four courses of creatively prepared, seasonal American fare costs \$60, and the flights of three wines begin at \$35. Lately, offerings have included a chili-grilled blue-prawn salad with mango marmalade and Cuba libre spices, roasted pheasant with spinach gnocchi, and a trio of Sonoma bottlings. Jacket required; love of heights recommended. 1 World Trade Center (524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. 2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Donald Sacks—A corporate dining room for those brave enough to leave the confines of their own glass walls. Straight-up American bistro fare for a strictly business crowd and peckish Century 21 shoppers. 220 Vesey St. (619-4600). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very cozy narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. 124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V

Filli Ponte Ristorante—A former longshoremen's hotel, newly renovated with a spectacular view of the Hudson River and New Jersey beyond. Join the throng—made men and gawking hangers-on—for fine Italian fare. 39 Desbrosses St. (226-4621). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright-ish dining room in the World Financial

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some New York advertisers among them.

The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows:

(E) = expensive, \$35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, \$15–\$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, \$15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: (\$) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. The emphasis is on Hudson River Valley cuisine, with specialties like venison prosciutto, squash soup, roast pheasant, and Catskill Mountains trout. 4 World Financial Ctr. (786-1500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special three- and five-course menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. 462 Broadway, at Grand St. (219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

Le Pactole—Contemporary and classical French cuisine in sophisticated surroundings with a breathtaking view of the Hudson River. Host-owner

Romeo DeGobbi makes brunch on Sunday a must. 2 World Financial Ctr., on the balcony of the Winter Garden (945-9444). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, V

Il Mattone—In a neighborhood populated by pricey destination restaurants, this affordable Italian place is a great, dependable alternative. Try the brick-oven pizza or house specialties like penne alla vodka, pollo Sorrentino, seafood scampi, and vitello saltimbocca. 413 Greenwich St. (343-0030). (I) AE, DC, MC, TM, V

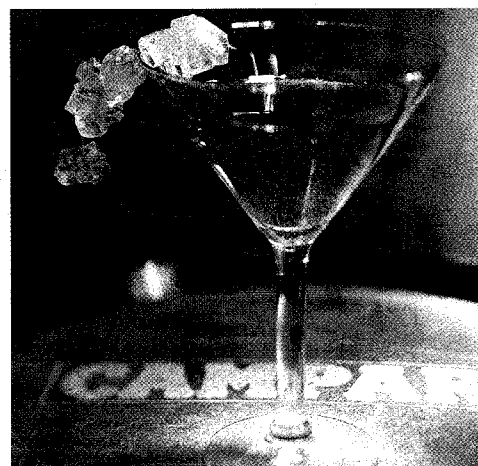
Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zepole at the TriBakery, and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. 239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted two Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. 109 Spring St. (274-8883). Also, 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M-E) AE, MC, V

Pierino—An Italian dining room full of businesspeople and city politicians for lunch and dinner for the bankers on their way uptown offering meta-traditional dishes like lobster and steak. Yes, that was Peter Vallone. 107 Reade St. (513-0610). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse serves up huge portions of smoked chicken and grilled ribs, plus regional appetizers and

ASK GAEL



Why are we traipsing through this Lower East Side alley?

Fabulous is where you find it. And Lansky Lounge is a likely pit stop, what with the radar clicking so madly on Ludlow. So we don gangster black and ostrich boas and duck into an alley behind Ratner's, that institution of kosher dairy, to explore its youthquake spawn. On the balcony with its plastic-wrapped pop art (Andy Christo, I presume) we sip a Bugsy (orange-infused vodka martini) while the kitchen dawdles. Worse than the wait is the nu-vel nosh itself, except for potato latkes with green apple-ginger chutney (edible) and luscious citrus-balsamic glazed salmon (possibly an accident). So what, it's a giggle. (104 Norfolk Street; 677-9489.)

desserts. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for a \$17.95 all-you-can-eat on Monday night. 143 Spring St. (431-3993). (I) AE, MC, TM, V

Below 14th Street, East

Asti—This 70-year-old Village mainstay epitomizes the concept of the singing waiter. Professional opera singers perform arias and show tunes while waiters manage to carry a tune and serve orders of seafood fra diavolo, Maine lobsters, and Black Angus steak. 13 E. 12th St. (741-9105). (M-E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. 12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V

Oso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. 88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Roettele A.G.—One of the very few places on these shores to serve a distinctive mix of Swiss and German cuisines, including hearty specialties like spaetzle, sauerbraten, Wiener schnitzel, and fondue. There's a lovely garden and, on Thursdays, the exotic strains of live Swiss music. 126 E. 7th St. (674-4140). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V

Below 14th Street, West

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. 268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-3300). (I-M) (\$).

Boxers—A lively neighborhood American bistro on a heavily trafficked corner of Sheridan Square. The giddy bar scene brings them in, and the high-spirited frenzy and good food keep them coming back. (A newer uptown branch offers a similar menu of American classics like chicken potpie and grilled steaks and burgers, and is decorated with a similar canine motif.) 190 W. 4th St. (633-2275). Also, 1152 First Ave., at 63rd St. (688-9663). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. 260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V

El Charro Español—Heaps of thoughtfully prepared authentic Spanish cooking. Do yourself a favor and sample the hearty paella and the house sangria. A sleeper worth getting in on. 4 Charles St., nr. Seventh Ave. (242-9547). (M) AE, CB, MC, V

Greenwich Cafe—This Village cafe, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungey feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. No cover for the jazz brunch. 75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I-M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Le Zoo—The newest West Village scene, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en crouste, and cassiolette. 314 W. 11th St. (620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V

One if by Land, Two if by Sea—Elegant Village restaurant situated within an eighteenth-century carriage house previously owned by Aaron Burr. Four fireplaces and nightly piano music enhance a fine menu of American specialties like beef Wellington. 17 Barrow St. (228-0822). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Salam Cafe and Restaurant—This casual Arabic restaurant ensconced in a Village brownstone offers a broad variety of Middle Eastern food, including kebabs, couscous, and lamb with yogurt-and-sesame sauce, plus lots of vegetarian options. Try

Data Feeding Frenzy

Super Bowl Sunday is one of those red-letter days—on a par, gastronomically, with weddings and bar mitzvahs—that involve food but never revolve around it. All that's usually required is a menu better suited to fulfill the caloric requirements of the guys on the screen than of the ones on the sofa. Domino's and Frito-Lay are frequent guests at these informal affairs, but New Yorkers, blessed with a superabundance of gourmet takeout shops, need not restrict their catering chores to the supermarket aisle. Manganaro's Hero Boy has long profited from game day, its six-foot missile of cold cuts the archetypal fuss-free he-man meal. But this year, football fever has blossomed in places as unexpected as the City Bakery (22 East 17th Street; 366-1414), where former ABC sports producer Maury Rubin has created dainty pigskins from chocolate and Guinness stout (above; \$12 for a six-pack). Below, a selection of places to forage for the feast. Be sure to call ahead.



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163 First Avenue, at 10th Street; 228-2900

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156 Second Avenue, at 10th Street; 677-0606

TV DINNER

The sultan of sausages. Choose from duck-and-Armagnac, merguez, rabbit-with-ginger, wild-boar-with-sage, venison-and-cherry, or chicken (\$5.95-\$11.95 for 4). Or try the duck prosciutto or pastrami, on rye.

Peruvian fried chicken wings marinated in garlic, cumin, and cayenne pepper: \$22.50 for a bucket of 30. (Supplement, if desired, with plantains and beef-stuffed potatoes.)

An alternative to the six-pack: a five-gallon mini-keg (\$50) or 15.5-gallon keg (\$100) of one of five house brews: Cornhusker Lager, Harvest Wheat, Indiana Pale Ale, Red Rooster Ale, or Farmer Jon's Oatmeal Stout. Deposit required.

David Page's "all-American tailgate package," \$19.95 per person: beef ribs, chili-glazed wings with blue cheese; homemade pepperoni and salami; and those old stadium standbys, peanuts, popcorn, and—licorice?

This Mexican takeout shop makes its own tortilla chips (yellow, white, blue, or whole-wheat), the ideal accompaniment for chile con carne (with beef, pork, black beans, and beer) and vegetarian green-chili chili.

Compose your own southern-style menu for a crowd of any size. Don't miss the fried chicken or barbecued brisket on mini-brioche.

Barbecue aficionados make pilgrimages to this unassuming, countrified kitchen for brisket, ribs, and chicken, all of which are available in a "Round-Up," with cole slaw, potato salad, and rolls, \$130 for ten.

The East Village version of White Castle. Ninety-six cents per bite-size burger; reheating instructions included.

For hors d'oeuvre, those Proustian franks in blankets and cocktail potato or kasha knishes; \$8.50 and \$7.50 a dozen.



the Lebanese wine. 104 W. 13th St. (741-0277). (I-M) AE, MC, TM, V.

Sevilla—Regulars flock to this popular old-world Village spot for its famed paella à la Valenciana and chicken Villary. Be prepared to overdose on garlic. 62 Charles St. (929-3189). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Tio Pepe—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. 168 W. 4th St. (242-9338). (I-M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. 69 MacDougal St. (673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.

Washington Place—The large, comfortable dining room feels vaguely colonial, with old prints on the walls and lots of dark wood, but the well-executed American menu couldn't be more modern. Standouts include maple-brushed salmon, roasted venison, and an unusually delicious cherry pie. 75 Washington Pl. (539-1776). (M) AE, MC, V.

Ye Waverly Inn—This shrine to Colonial times offers American standards like chicken potpie, baked peasant meatloaf, Indian pudding, and hot mulled wine. The room in the landmark building, dated to 1844, has three working fireplaces, and is decorated, in true Laura Ashley fashion, with lace curtains and floral wallpaper. 16 Bank St. (929-4377). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

14th-42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot invented by Charles Palmer and designer Fernando Saralegui, but the food is all very twentieth-century: crispy shrimp cocktail, cod-and-salmon cakes, veal stew, an exciting cheese course. 36 E. 22nd St. (228-4399). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. 2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Angelo & Maxie's Steakhouse—This luxurious new steakhouse serves enormous portions of beef—plus alternatives for artery-watchers—to a crowd that's come to have a good, gluttonous time. Many choose to follow their meal with a leisurely smoke, which they're welcome to procure in the well-stocked cigar store. 233 Park Ave. So., at 19th St. (220-9200). (M-E) AE, MC, V.

Back Porch—Ideal spot for Murray Hill residents to meet for drinks alfresco and southwestern-flavored fare. Sit outdoors as long as the weather holds. 488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Bambou—There's a new flavor on East 14th Street: ambitiously nouvelle renderings of Caribbean cuisine, like ackee-and-callaloo tart with scotch-bonnet-and-tomato salsa, and coconut-curry lobster with banana-lentil salad. The relaxing, tropical dining room and bar have already attracted such boldfaced names and beautiful faces as Harry Belafonte, Marisa Tomei, Iman, and Roshumba. 243 E. 14th St. (358-0012). (M) AE, MC, V.

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudi by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. We love the white-peach sangria. 23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark always pleases. Great beer selection, and the always hospitable longtime owners, the Brew family, make this an oasis in the desert above 14th Street. A new attraction is a weekend brunch accompanied by live Irish music, and fifteen versions of that most archetypal

brunch drink, the Bloody Mary. 156 E. 34th St. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.

Campagna—The Letterman crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. 24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Candela—A soaring space just off Union Square with medieval-theme décor and a contemporary American menu. Seared yellowfin tuna, braised lamb shank, and the random Asian influence as epitomized by the spicy chicken wontons indicate the chef's range. Light bites and a range of wines can be had at the already-buzzing bar. 116 E. 16th St. (254-1600). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, dependable establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuitotle glaze. 325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, V.

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American newcomer doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. 42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Heartland Brewery—A rollicking brewpub with a lively outdoor café and a menu as American as its Thomas Hart Benton-ish murals. Accompany your choice of microbrew with comfort food like meat loaf with buttermilk smashed potatoes, stout-glazed chicken with apricots and juniper berries, and—for adventurers—buffalo burgers. The beer-weary can sample from the city's largest selection of tequilas and single-malt scotches. 35 Union Square W. (645-3400). (I) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. 122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak frites, celeri remoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. 411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. 102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Novità—A beautiful new Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the hand-made pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. 102 E. 22nd St. (677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Oyster Bar—When a fire temporarily shuttered this Manhattan landmark, its long-faithful clientele were bereft, unsure of what to do with themselves at lunchtime. The doors have reopened, the vaulted ceilings have been (for the most part) repaired, and the regulars are taking their places at the counter. Famous for its 25 varieties of oysters, extensive wine selection, and comprehensive seafood preparations, the restaurant is a magnet for commuters and tourists alike. Grand Central Terminal, 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (490-6650). (M) AE, CB, DS, MC, V.



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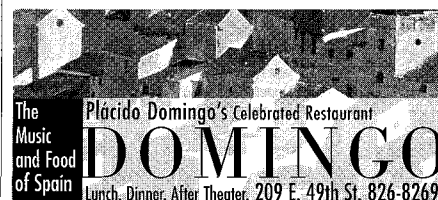
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Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. 414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami via a childhood in New York. Really. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. 250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.

Turkish Kitchen—This crimson-walled den has long been a beacon for adventurous eaters, who come for house specialties including kebabs, seafood and a variety of Turkish appetizers. 386 Third Ave., nr. 27th St. (679-1810). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. 21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. 216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I–M) (\$).

Bryant Park Grill—This long-awaited restaurant on the edge of the city's prettiest pocket park has been mobbed from day one. Go at an off-hour for Caesar salad, New York steak, soft-shell crabs, and scallion pancakes. 40th St., between Fifth and Sixth Aves. (840-6500). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Caffe Bondi Ristorante—Popular with the photographers who work in the Flatiron district and foodies from all over who fill the garden in warm weather. Specializes in Sicilian dishes like coniglio alla stimpata, pasta con sarde, and cassata Siciliana. Open seven days a week, including weekend brunch. 7 W. 20th St. (691-8136). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. 107 W. 17th St. (899-0303). (E) AE only.

Soul Fixins'—Until now, this humble source of delicious soul food has been a convenient pit stop for lunch in the Penn Station–Macy's vicinity. Now house specialties like collard greens, macaroni and cheese, ribs, and sweet-potato pie are available for dinner or catered affairs. Closed weekends. 371 W. 34th St. (736-1345). (I) (\$).

Tap Room—New York's very first Austrian brewpub, with fresh lagers and pilsners on tap and a menu that indicates a seriousness about food that's rare in the microbrewery business. Goulash, spaetzle, Wiener schnitzel, and homemade sausages sound like the perfect accompaniments for beer. 3 W. 18th St. (691-7666). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Caviar Russe—The owners of this caviar bar and boutique are also importers, which means that you're getting your Beluga—and golden Osetra, and Sevruga—right from the source. The petite restaurant ensconced in a midtown townhouse will gladly feed you a spoonful or a more substantial meal, like a foie gras sandwich with Armagnac-soaked figs, or steak tartare with baby-beet-and-black-truffle salad. Afternoon tea and prix fixe menus also available.

538 Madison Ave., nr. 54th St. (980-5908). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Cocktail Terrace at the Waldorf-Astoria—A convenient roost for a business breakfast or afternoon tea. At night, to accompany your cocktail, there's live piano music and the occasional fashion show. 301 Park Ave., at 50th St. (872-4818). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Divine Bar—This East Side establishment is all things to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge, and a casual, couch-filled living room where local office workers can unwind. The eclectic menu includes smoked-duck-breast bruschetta and chocolate fondue with fruit. 244 E. 51st St. (319-9463). (I) AE, MC, V.

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops and fish) on the table. 34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Upscale Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as carefully considered. 46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

La Mediterranée—A cozy midtown bistro famous for its simple, well-priced peasant food. Try house specials like cold poached salmon, chilled stuffed baby lobster, and baby lamb chops. 947 Second Ave., nr. 50th St. (755-4155). (M) AE, DC.

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The \$44 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. 2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (339-6719). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Mica Bar—This quiet side street in Turtle Bay is slowly becoming a spawning ground for luxe lounges. The most striking element of this new duplex is its enclosed deck bar, with a convertible roof that can open and close depending on the season. A menu of light Asian tapas features baked oysters, a variety of satays, and Hong Kong gravlax; the beverage menu, from sake cocktails to champagnes by the glass, is extensive. 252 E. 51st St. (888-2453). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

Monkey Bar—David Rockwell's glamorous renovation of this landmark bar retains the original murals and scones, and the menu offers extremely contemporary renditions of American fare, like tuna tartare with mango and avocado, and baked lobster with smoked bacon, corn chowder, and pommes Anna. 60 E. 54th St. (838-2600). (E) AE, MC, V.

Montebello—Shifting gears between neighborhood dinners and business lunches, the room transports patrons from their bustling surroundings to Northern Italy. 120 E. 56th St. (753-1447). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. 551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Naples 45 Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches

and the wide array of wines by the glass. 200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Otobe—Customers are ministered to by their own chefs in the private teppan-grill rooms. The cool, contemporary décor—beige tones and wood paneling—in the main dining room brings serenity to midtown. 68 E. 56th St. (223-7575). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

The Park Restaurant—The plush surroundings in this new hotel-lobby restaurant are much fussier, but no more elegant, than the French-American fare concocted by ex-Lespinasse chef Fabrizio Salerni. Sample dishes include porcini risotto, yellowfin-tuna tartare in wheat crust, steak-frites, and pan-roasted halibut in crispy rice paper. Piano music performed nightly, and cigar smokers have their own private lounge in which to indulge. 109 E. 56th St. (750-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.

Shinbashi—Authentic Japanese cuisine, including tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, served in elegant surroundings. 280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American-influenced French cuisine. Executive chef Michel Bourdeaux has gussied up the menu with dishes like Caribbean-style grilled swordfish on spinach, and cabbage stuffed with mushroom and roasted squab. During the more sedate lunch hour, dine to the background music of harp or a classical trio. 151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Torremolinos—This casual midtown restaurant serves a variety of Spanish regional dishes, like paella Valenciana and Castilian-style rack of baby lamb. 230 E. 51st St. (755-1862). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

The Town Crier—The American fare here includes standards like burgers and open-faced reuben sandwiches, and the ambience is geared toward rest and relaxation. Those not up for the relatively strenuous tasks of pool or darts may smoke cigars and watch any of the seven-count 'em—television sets. 303 E. 53rd St. (223-3157). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

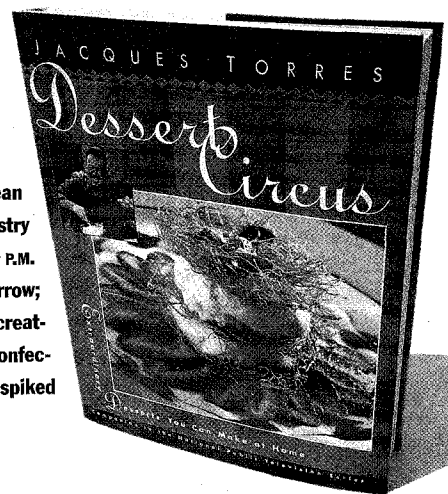
43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Barbetta—This elegant theater-district duplex is still owned, amazingly, by its founding family. The elaborate interior provides a peaceful background for regional specialties like fonduta, rabbit alla Piemontese, and a variety of wild-game dishes. The garden is a summertime oasis. 321 W. 46th St. (246-9171). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking from four till closing. 863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Broadway Grill—Conveniently located for preheater, with a good selection of thin-crust pizzas, pastas, and grilled fish and meat. The theatrical element is played up here, both in the décor, with displays of Broadway memorabilia, and in the live nightly performances. Crown Plaza Hotel, 49th St. at Broadway (315-6161). (M) AE, MC, V.

Photograph by Steven Freeman



In Print Jacques Torres, Le Cirque's longtime pastry chef and dean of desserts at the French Culinary Institute, has just published a pastry primer to accompany his new cooking show, which airs Sundays at 4:30 p.m. on Channel 13. Included among the 100 recipes in *Dessert Circus* (Morrow; \$28) are the Frenchman's signature skyscraper, stove, and snowman (created during the blizzard of '95), plus such unapologetically American confections as chocolate cornflakes, peanut-butter cups, and a warm rum-spiked soup inspired by Disney World's frozen chocolate-covered bananas.

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAs while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. 315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M-E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

China Regency—This Chinese-Japanese hybrid is located conveniently in midtown's hotel nexus. Try any of the noodle dishes or a sampling from the sushi bar. Private-party facilities are upstairs. 850 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (247-6440). (M) AE, MC, V.

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. 145 W. 55th St. (974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. 120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M-E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Da Rosina—A convenient pretheater location, specializing in homemade pasta and other casual Italian fare. Try the \$19.98 prix fixe. 342 W. 46th St. (977-7373). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

La Côte Basque—Jean-Jacques Rachou's transplanted shrine to French cooking has preserved the Basque murals and the coddled atmosphere of the original location one block east. Modernized, with a menu more "American with a French accent," the old-world institution has been successfully reborn. 60 W. 55th St. (688-6525). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

La Crêpe de Bretagne—This midtown bistro specializes in crêpes, serving over 70 varieties, sweet and savory, plus French classics from bouillabaisse to cassoulet. 46 W. 56th St. (245-4565). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops and pasta. 163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. 361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. 155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

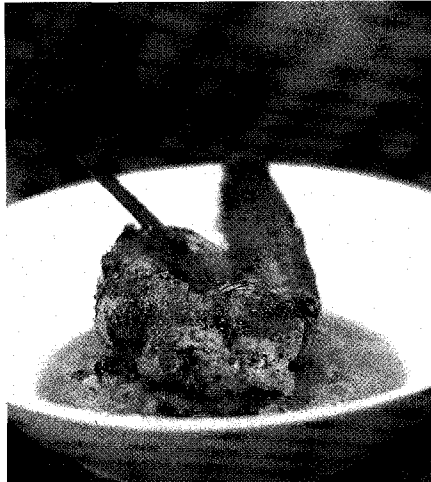
Les Pyrénées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. 251 W. 51st St. (246-0044). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and wood-oven pizza. 810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Molyvos—With Oceana chef Rick Moonen as its guiding light, this Mediterranean midtowner combines authentic flavors with a polished style that evades too many Greek restaurants. Sit at the bar to enjoy snacks from the meze menu, or indulge larger appetites with dishes like grilled octopus, rabbit stifado, and an enticing array of meat and fish entrées. 871 Seventh Ave., nr. 55th St. (582-7500). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

No. 18—During the day, this sleekly decorated midtown nook caters to the office crowd with an express lunch for an unusually-good-for-the-neighborhood price of \$13. At night, it morphs into an atmospheric martini bar and dining room where an eclectic variety of flavorful, well-seasoned American fare is served. The risotto is highly acclaimed, and the \$25 pretheater dinner is a bargain. 18 W. 56th St. (489-1888). (M-E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio



Object of Desire Out of His Shell

At Gramercy Tavern, Tom Colicchio's winter tasting menu offers a succulent spice-roasted lobster, dusted with a fragrant mix of freshly toasted mustard and coriander seeds, pink peppercorns, and cardamom, in a sauce laced with fennel and orange rind. (42 East 20th Street; 477-0777.) PETER KAMINSKY

Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. 120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. 148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Texas Texas Restaurant & Saloon—This casual barbecue joint on a bustling Broadway corner attracts tourists and local office workers looking for affordable southwestern grub like baby back ribs, plank-roasted salmon, and barbecued chicken. The CD player is programmed to play recordings by Texas artists only. 1600 Broadway, at 48th St. (956-7427). (I-M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Torre di Pisa—David Rockwell designed this midtown Italian import as a surreal version of the Leaning Tower. Pane fritto con prosciutto di Parma and fagotto al funghi porcini are examples of the chef's updated Tuscan standards. A separate cigar/smoking room is available for private parties. 19 W. 44th St. (398-4400). (E) AE, MC, V.

Victor's Cafe 52—A venerable neighborhood haunt with tropical flair. Try the Cuban sandwich or the roast suckling pork. 236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

57th-60th Streets

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, updated restaurant that's added a roster of sophisticated meat and seafood dishes to its renowned pastas. 200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. 57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. 160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ce-

ramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. 1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. 240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Two Rooms—You'd never expect it, but this landmark townhouse in the shadow of the Queensboro

Bridge is home to an extremely eclectic establishment, with colonial African décor in the skylit upstairs restaurant and a fireplace in the low-key downstairs lounge. Some of the dishes on chef Thomas Harris's contemporary American menu include seared duck foie gras, risotto of grilled sweet corn and pancetta, and crispy salmon in rice paper. 313 E. 58th St. (223-1886). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Above 60th Street, East Side

Allora—This cozy restaurant appeals to neighborhood regulars looking for gently priced Italian standards like osso buco and linguine pescatore. For the fish lover, crab cakes and Dover sole would make an ideal order. 1321 First Ave., at 71st St. (570-0384). (I) AE.

Andruska—Just because you live uptown doesn't mean you need to succumb to the relentless Chinese-and-pasta delivery routine. This understated restaurant serves a variety of Eastern European dishes, from the familiar (beef Stroganoff, blini with caviar or smoked fish) to the less so (Czech roast duck, coulibiac of vegetables). 1370 Lexington Ave., nr. 90th St. (369-9374). (M) DC, MC, V.

Boxers—This uptown outpost of the Greenwich Village Boxers has a similar menu of American staples like chicken potpie, burgers, and steaks. This spot, in the shadow of the Queensboro Bridge, enjoys the distinction of being one of the birthplaces of the Upper East Side swinging singles scene. In fact, the Tom Cruise vehicle *Cocktail* was filmed on the premises. 1152 First Ave., at 63rd St. (688-9663). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Cabana—The Pan-Caribbean menu at this East Side restaurant casts wide for its influences, which range from Cuban to Aruban. At \$17.95, a shellfish stew simmered in a tomato-garlic broth is the most expensive entrée. Lunch specials, especially the sandwiches like media noche and jerked chicken, are particularly good bargains. And where else could you find as eclectic an appetizer as the bocadillos, with conch and vegetable fritters, jerked chicken wings, and beef patties sharing the same plate? 1022 Third Ave., nr. 60th St. (980-5678). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.

Club Macanudo—This plush, elegant shrine to cigar-smoking also offers, besides an astonishing selection of smokes, a sophisticated variety of edibles. The American menu, listing such offbeat items as warm lobster enchiladas and pork loin with coffee-barbecue sauce, takes inspiration from Latin and Caribbean cuisines. Jackets required. 26 E. 63rd St. (752-8200). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of its otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. 1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Giovanni 25—This elegant regional Italian restaurant has its fans, including the telegenic likes of Dan Rather and Tom Brokaw, who partake of a menu heavy on game and dishes luxurified with seasonal truffles. Try the Dover sole and the black risot-

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Restaurants



Takeout Pick a Pepe

The perpetual line at SoHo's popular Pepe Rosso to Go should be considerably alleviated by the opening of Pepe Verde to Go, a new West Village outpost with more seats but the same luscious focaccia sandwiches and cheap (\$7.95 max), flavorful pastas. (559 Hudson Street; 255-2221.)

to with cuttlefish. 25 E. 83rd St. (988-7300). (M-E) AE, DS, MC, V.

Jolo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. 160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.

Mark's—Decked out like an English library, with plump, tasseled pillows to nest against. Fine East-West cooking and first-rate desserts. 25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (879-1864). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Mesa City—Bobby Flay's casual uptown bastion of innovative southwestern fare offers a unique variety of quesadillas, plus heartier dishes like ribs with molasses-barbecue sauce and sweet-potato tamale with spinach. The bar attracts regulars with the house margarita, spiked with cactus-pear juice, and its selection of twenty brands of tequila. 1059 Third Ave., nr. 62nd St. (207-1919). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. 1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. 100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. 28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. 1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Sign of the Dove—Because the room is lush and romantic, this restaurant has sometimes been overlooked in the pantheon of memorable New York institutions. Right now, the kitchen is among the city's best, turning out eclectic cuisine that draws from influences all over the world. The prix fixe lunch is a good way to test the chef's talents. 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (861-8080). (M) AE, MC, V.

Vermicelli—The décor of this restaurant is meant to evoke a much milder version of the Vietnamese jungle, with birdcage fixtures and a bamboo bar. Try the crispy shrimp rolls, cracked lobster with a ginger-scallion-and-honey sauce, or the grilled pork chop. 1492 Second Ave., nr. 77th St. (288-8868). (I) AE, MC, V.

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. 1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M-E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. 35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood merely bereft of them. The \$26.50 dinner prix fixe, available Sunday through Thursday, is a great deal. 222 W. 79th St. (799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouth-watering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. 423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Tavern on the Green—A must for your country cousin. This mazelike collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Tofu—The newest Asian arrival on the Upper West Side features both Chinese and Japanese food, including fresh, handmade noodles. Lots of bargains, including daily half-price sushi and lunch specials. 2741 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-7373). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steakhouse less stuffy than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. 44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Brooklyn

Lundy Bros.—This restored landmark restaurant serves a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializes in lobster and other varieties of seafood. Don't miss the oyster bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. Sunday brunch buffet available. 1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.

Queens

Pearson's Texas Barbecue—Deservedly heralded as New York's best barbecue, this cozy Queens joint draws fans from much farther than across the East River. The barbecued Texas beef is sublime. 5-16 51st Ave., Long Island City (718-937-3030). (I) (S)

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

in concert

Sylvia McNair performing with the St. Luke's Orchestra

Classical Music

Wednesday, January 21

Gregory Fulkerson, Violin—Performs works by Ives, Adams, and Glass. *Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 8; \$22.*

Israel Philharmonic Orchestra—Performs Beethoven's *Symphony No. 9*, with Sylvia McNair, soprano, Annette Markert, alto, Samuel Ramey, bass, the New York Choral Artists, and the American Boychoir; Kurt Masur, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5000), at 8; \$20-\$75.*

Thursday, January 22

Remy Boucher, Guitar—Performs works by Bach, Granados, Sor, and Rodrigo. *St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. (924-0077), at 8; \$12.*

New York Philharmonic—Performs Schumann, Schwanter, and the world premiere of Zorn's *Orchestra Variations*; Leonard Slatkin, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5000), at 6:45; \$20-\$75.*

Jacksonville Symphony—Performs Danielpour's *Elegy: A Symphony in Five Movements for Mezzo-soprano, Baritone, and Orchestra*, with Frederica von Stade; Roger Nierenberg, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; \$20-\$85.*

Bargemusic—Quartet performances of Beethoven and Dvorak. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061), at 7:30; \$23.*

New York Philomusica—Performs works by Brahms. *Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 8; \$20.*

Friday, January 23

Denk/Sharp Duo—Performs works for piano and violin by Zwilich, Beethoven, and Janacek. *Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 7:30; \$18.*

Tonhalle Orchestra Zurich—Performs Prokofiev, Dvorak, and Wagner, with Yefim Bronfman, piano; David Zinman, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; \$17-\$65.*

New York Philharmonic—See 1/22.

Saturday, January 24

Ahmet Kanneki, Guitar—Performs works by Villa-Lobos, Cherubito, and Erdener. *Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 8; \$17-\$22.*

Sunday, January 25

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Performs Stravinsky, Webern, Berg, and Schoenberg. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5000), at 5; \$25-\$35.*

Bronx Arts Ensemble—Performs Nielsen, Goodyear, and Dvorak, with Stewart Goodyear, piano. *700 W. 247th St., Riverdale (718-601-7399), at 2; \$25.*

Israel Philharmonic Orchestra—In commemoration of the state's fiftieth anniversary, Itzhak Perlman and Pinchas Zuckerman perform works by Strauss, Mozart, and Stravinsky with the symphony. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 7; \$50-\$250.*

Lucy Moses School—Performances of Bach and Mozart. *Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 3:30; \$5.*

Hei-Kyung Hong, Soprano, and Brian Zeger, Piano—Perform Strauss, Schubert, Honegger, Barber, and Ko-

rean folk songs for their recital debut. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5000), at 2; \$18-\$45.*

Moscow Conservatory Trio—Performs a Tchaikovsky piano trio. *Walter Reade Theater, Lincoln Center (875-5000), at 11; \$18-\$45.*

Bargemusic—See 1/15, at 4:30.

Monday, January 26

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Performs Stravinsky, Webern, Berg, and Schoenberg. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5000), at 5; \$25-\$35.*

New York Philomusica—Performs works by Brahms. *Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 8; \$20.*

Radu Lupu, Piano—Performs Schumann, Janacek, Bartok, and Schubert. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 7:30; \$16-\$60.*

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—Performs Rossini's *La Cenerentola*, 1/20 at 8 and 1/24 at 1:30; Donizetti's *L'Elisir d'Amore*, 1/23 at 8; Verdi's *Il Trovatore*, 1/22 at 7:30; Strauss's *Capriccio*, 1/21 at 8 and 1/26 at 7:30; and Mozart's *Die Zauberflöte*, 1/24 at 8. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000); \$24-\$200.*

New York Gilbert and Sullivan Players—Perform *Iolanthe*, 1/21-1/25. *Symphony Space, 2537 Broad-*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

way, at 95th St. (864-5400); \$25-\$55.

Dance

Mikhail Baryshnikov—Performs a solo piece by José Limón, as well as New York premieres of solo works by Mark Morris, Kraig Patterson, Christopher Janney, and Sara Rudner, 1/21-1/26. *City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212); \$55.*

"Altogether Different"—Works by Dendy, Brown, Cordona, Chen, Hultman, Kellman, and O'Day, 1/20-1/24. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); \$18.*

Fridays at Noon—Choreography by Tiffany Mills, Katie Langan, and Jaan Freeman, 1/23 at noon. *92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); free.*

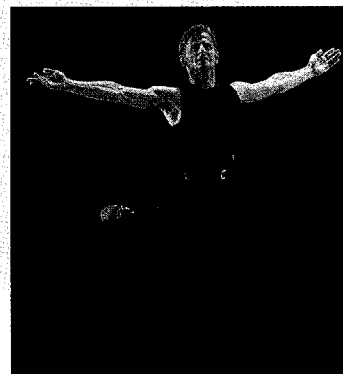
Colorado Ballet—Works by Fredmann, Chatal, others, 1/25 at 2. *Brooklyn Center for the Performing Arts, Brooklyn College (718-951-4500); \$25-\$30.*

Previews

Dancing With Myself

One of the problems with interviewing Mikhail Baryshnikov is that he doesn't emote very much. He doesn't enjoy philosophizing on his career or the state of the dance world, nor does he enthusiastically answer questions about his artistic tastes. This taciturnity, though, seems to befit a storyteller of the body. It also confirms the man's myth—the stubborn egomaniac of *White Nights*, the sadistic womanizer, the perfectionist American Ballet Theatre director so distant and withholding of praise that he forced his own departure in 1989. Even now, Baryshnikov doesn't attend ABT performances—"I see ballet very, very rarely, which means I cannot judge the form anymore," he says in his whispery, Russian-accented tenor. "And when I do go, it's to the New York City Ballet." His boycott is more than a nine-year grudge—Baryshnikov's enthusiasms have fallen a bit more left field. "This is a wonderful time for audiences and choreographers in modern dance," he says. "We're so blessed by the present—Paul Taylor, Merce Cunningham, Trisha Brown, Twyla Tharp, Lucinda Childs. And, of course, Mark Morris is an incredible addition to this . . . sky, so to speak." Much has been made of Baryshnikov's one-of-the-gang role in the White Oak Project, an ensemble dance company he began with Morris in 1990, but it's known that even among this group, he is still the star. This week, nearly a quarter-century after his defection to America, Baryshnikov will have the stage entirely to himself—surprisingly enough, for the first time in the U.S. And though, at nearly 50, Baryshnikov may have danced his last *Giselle*, the program of solos he'll be performing at City Center—choreographed by Morris, José Limón, Kraig Patterson, Christopher Janney, and Sara Rudner—is perhaps more demanding. "I guess I'll miss the camaraderie of an ensemble before the performances," he says uneasily. "But I like having the time to concentrate." Opens January 21.

VANESSA GRIGORIADIS



nightlife

X - e c u t i o n e r s . . . F l i p s i d e . . . T h e O l d O f f i c e

Concerts

"Bach & Sons, Brubeck & Sons"—Jazz meets baroque (in the great tradition of sixties gems like *Play Bach Jazz*), as Brubeck and three of his sons join Christopher Hogwood and the Handel and Haydn Orchestra for a series of works by the latter composers, as well as a handful of jazz numbers. 1/28 at 7:30 P.M. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (840-2824).* \$25-\$35.

Backstreet Boys—Pop's newest batch of shirtless pretty-boy teen idols—interchangeable with such heavyweights as Take That and New Kids on the Block but for their Miami origins and their underdogs-in-their-homeland success story. (In a nutshell: The Boys hit it big in Europe well before they broke in the U.S.) But before dismissing the wonder-pony-set entirely, keep in mind that theirs is a tradition that gave birth to no less worthy a group than the Jackson Five. With Los Umbrells. 1/28 at 7:30 P.M. *The Vanderbilt, Plainview, Long Island (212-307-7171).* \$24.50.

"Cuba: Where the Rhythm Is Hot"—What with Cuban music emerging as the jazz flavor of choice for the mid- to late nineties, it's fitting that Jazz at Lincoln Center is hosting this overview of the island's smoking rhythmic heritage. Guests of the Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra include Chucho Valdes, Frank Emilio, Pedro Hernandez, Nico Rojas, Changuito, and Cachito. 1/22 and 1/24 at 8 P.M. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500).* \$37.50.

Dizzy Gillespie Tribute IV—Trumpeters of the moment Jon Faddis and Nicholas Payton pay homage to the second-greatest innovator in the instrument's history (not to disparage such achievements as inventing bebop and Afro-Cuban jazz, but you've still got to give Louis Armstrong his due). The top-notch rhythm section of Mike Longo, David Williams, and Winard Harper rounds out the bill. 1/28 at 7 P.M. *Abrons Arts Center's Harry de Jur Playhouse, 466 Grand St. (598-0400).* \$15.

"New Orleans Jazz Piano"—Move over Jelly's *Last Jam*, here comes the real history of ragtime and blues piano, as given to us by some of jazz's finest historian-musicians: Dick Hyman, Henry Butler, Ruth Laredo, and Tom McDermott. 1/24 at 8 P.M. *92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100).* \$25.

"Rialto Ripples: The Piano and George Gershwin"—Dick Hyman, Alan Feinberg, and Rob Fisher continue the fraternal centennial with this exploration of the compositions of Gershwin the Younger. As a slightly morbid bonus, the concert's organizers have arranged for a disklavier player piano to replay some rolls recorded by George. 1/27 at 8 P.M. *Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, 157 W. 57th St. (248-7800).* \$35.

Badal Roy & Friends—The tabla-playing jazzman—who keeps Ornette Coleman's rhythm section percolating—fronts his own outfit of fellow free-types, fusionists, and other south-Asian swingers. 1/24 at 8 P.M. *Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St. (545-7536).* \$15.

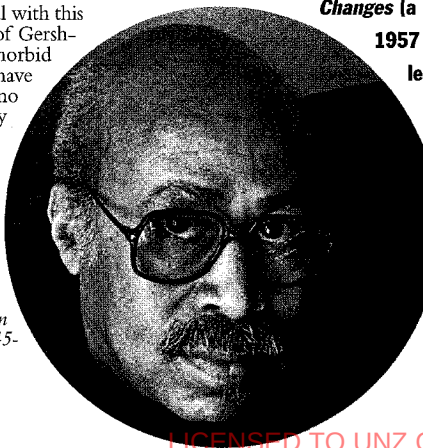
Yanni—Sure, he's easy to make fun of—what long-haired, mustachioed New Age svengali isn't? But examined in a broader context, Yanni's ambitious spectacles are masterpieces of prog-rock pomp. Consider him a Mediterranean Keith Emerson, using an impressive bank of keyboards to helm a swirling miasma of dancers, visual effects, etc. Of course, all this looks a heck of a lot better, say, in front of the Taj Mahal or atop the Acropolis than it does on the same boards on which you're used to watching the Rockettes hoof. Nobody said the guy's perfect. Through 1/22 at 8 P.M. *Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Avenue at 50th St. (307-7171).* \$47-\$102.

Talent Rocket Science

A gleaming pate and Coke-bottle glasses may not be the jazzman make, but somehow the lab-tech look suits Tommy Flanagan just fine. Soft-spoken and pensive, the 67-year-old pianist has in recent decades turned to jazz's primary laboratory—the piano trio—where, in his case, work proceeds at Manhattan Project levels. A supreme stylist forged in jazz piano's nuclear age (the hard-bop era of Bud Powell and Hank Jones), Flanagan had been the mainstream's preferred accomplice—not only abetting legends of the Miles/Hawkins/Milt Jackson stripe but also music-directing stars like Ella Fitzgerald and Tony Bennett. But when Flanagan decided to bring his coveted skills to bear on smaller instrumental groups, things really got interesting. And the larger world has been thankful ever since. Thunderous chops, uncanny sensitivity, impeccable taste, relentless swing—Flanagan's prodigious gifts as an accompanist only hinted at his skills as a trio leader, where his melodic ratiocinations and frightening command of jazz literature make for sparkling colloquies on jazz history and technique. It's in the latter realm, in fact, where Flanagan's current trio is close to astounding. With drummer Lewis Nash and bassist Peter Washington, both steady members since 1991, Flanagan has at this late date found one of the supplest, most telepathic piano trios in jazz history, one whose few peers include those of Ahmad Jamal and Oscar Peterson. The group burns brightly on last year's *Sea*

Changes (a reprise of material from Flanagan's 1957 debut as a leader) and will doubtless enchant and amaze at Birdland (January 21–25), where Flanagan once subbed for Bud Powell himself. "Inside" harmonically, and rhythmically gracious, Team Flanagan still defies the laws of physics at nearly every set. Beware: Behind those glasses lurks a monster.

CHRIS NORRIS



Clubland

Arlene Grocery—The Lower East Side's newish, hip-pish, and appealingly inexpensive (okay, free) rock and folk venue. 1/22: The Phoids; Supercrème. 1/23: Her Vanished Grace. 1/24: Red Betty. 95 Stanton St. (358-1633). \$.

The Baggot Inn—A cozy West Village gathering spot for NYU students and other sweater-wearing folk enthusiasts. 1/22: Industrial Tepee. 1/23: In a novel approach to booking, the Inn presents "Sam Night," a bill that's been put together on a first-name basis. The Sam Shaber Band; Sam Bisbee; the Good Sam Club. 82 W. 3rd St. (477-0622). \$.

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 1/22: Freedy Johnston; Veda Hillie. 1/23: Johnnie Johnson; Little Isidore & the Inquisitors. 1/24: Steve Forbert. 15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).

Brownies—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. Cozy and congenial, even if you're not pierced. Shows nightly at 9. 1/24: The Bush Tetras. 1/27–1/28: The Derrailers; The Hangdogs. 169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). \$.

CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's Stateside explosion and, twenty years later, still a smoking, flyer-strewn pit—in a good way. 1/21: Fuel. 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). \$.

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie, comfortably down-home, with living-room couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. 1/21: Dana Fuchs. 1/22: Al Copley. 1/23–1/24: The Holmes Brothers with Sweet Georgia Brown. 1/27: Sheena & the Swampdogs. 73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). \$.

Coney Island High—Originally a glam-trash revival hall, this two-level East Village funhouse now reflects the neighborhood's cultural diversity, with indie-rock and punk bands sharing the venue with some of the city's wackiest parties. 1/20: L.E.S. Stitches; the Drastics; Furious George. 1/21: Very Very; Liquid; Djukebox; Sun Dogs. 1/24: Sebastian Bach, of Skid Row, with Richie Scarlett of the Ace Frehley Band and Jimmy Flemion of the Frogs. 15 St. Marks Pl. (674-7959).

Photograph by Darryl Pitt/Retna.

Continental—A dark, grimy, shotgun shack of a rock club, hosting some of New York's hardest-working rock bands and attended by scroungy hipsters and willful lowlives—basically St. Marks under a roof. Look for cameos by D Generation and Joey Ramone, who lives in the nabe. 25 Third Ave., at St. Marks Pl. (529-6924).

The Cooler—The meatpacking district's subterranean, steel-corroded home to alternative rockers, avant-garde-jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.s. A sleekly refurbished meat locker with black light, moody atmosphere, and a Patti Smith photo. 1/23: One Groovy Coconut; Skavovvie & the Epitones. 1/24: Blow Up N.Y.; The Spitters. 1/26: Lee Ranaldo; Christian Marclay. 16 W. 14th St. (229-0785).

Don Hill's—South and west enough to scare away the rabble, this inconspicuous bar hosts sophisto rockers, club kids, and vinyl gourmets—all of whom groove to some of the best D.J.s in the city. Fridays, the gay bacchanalia SqueezeBox takes over. Alternate Saturdays see the retro-music hodgepodge party "Lo-Fi," at which jump-blues, ska, and surf-rock bands rub shoulders. 511 Greenwich St. (219-2850). \$.

Fez—Mingus fever and lush faux-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house, playing the works of the great, brawling jazz bassist with a freshness and authority rarely seen in jazz today. Hidden beneath the Time Cafe, Fez takes some ambition and assertiveness to access on a crowded night. Wednesday's year-old comedy revue "Stella" continues to deliver some of the finest young stand-up talent in the city—along with some swell tunes and other downtown fixings. 1/25: The Sun Ra Arkestra. 1/27: Lisa J. Cornelio; David Hamburger. Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).

Knitting Factory—The Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, four stages, two microbrew-bearing bars, and some of the biggest names in now music. "Exotique" (Tuesdays in the sub-basement Old Office lounge) promises "music from around the world and back." 1/22: Baby Steps. 1/23: Nana Vasconcelos and Vinicius Canturia; Cyro Baptista's Vira Loucos. 1/24: Chris Whitley. 1/26: Oliver Lake Big Band. 1/27: Ensemble Elektra. 74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).

Manny's Car Wash—A little Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells here for ladies' night. Every Sunday, it's Manny's World Famous Blues. 1/21: The delightfully lecherous André "Mr. Rhythm" Williams, whose trademark showstoppers include "Bacon Fat" and the jaw-droppingly un-p.c. "Jail-bait." 1/22: Chicago's electrifying Lonnie Brooks. 1/23: Dana Fuchs. 1/24: Johnny Allen. 1558 Third Ave., bet. 87th and 88th Sts. (369-BLUES).

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more au courant time slots of MTV. 1/21: The Interpreters; Din Pedals. 1/22: Steve Poltz. 1/23: The Schramms; Laura Cantrell; George Usher. 1/25: Sexpod. 1/26: Pat Dinizio. 1/27: Tom Paul; Prime 8; Jake. 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).

Rodeo Bar—A surprisingly untacky honky-tonk in Kips Bay—with gas-station signs, mounted longhorns, and peanuts in the shells. Its urban rockabilies tend to be pierced and dyed, and its stage occasionally hosts greats like Austin legend Ronnie Dawson, Joe Ely, and Otis Blackwell, all past visitors. Every Monday: Western Caravan. 1/21: The Health and Happiness Show. 1/23–1/24: Sleepy LaBeef. 375 Third Ave. at 27th St. (683-6500).

S.O.B.'s—The city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadia back home. Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 1/24: Katende and the Viva Dancers. 1/26: George Guzman y La Familia. 1/27: Leroy Sibbles. 204 Varick St. (243-4940).

The Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. Every Fri-

Opening Cellar Dwellers

Get under the skin of two very different Manhattan neighborhoods and you'll find... two very different subterranean clubs. In TriBeCa, the Knitting Factory's newly opened Old Office lounge (pictured) is a sub-basement oasis, where skronk-weary hipsters can escape the hubbub of the club's three other performance spaces. The live music in the Old Office—from downtown stalwarts such as Elliot Sharp, Kramer, and Pheeroan Aklauff—is low-key, but appropriately forward-looking (see club listings for schedule). Meanwhile, the world-renowned rock-and-roll incubator that is the Upper West Side now has Flipside (246 Columbus Avenue, near 72nd Street; 712-1666). With oddly shaped furniture, a dab of leopard-print carpeting, and self-consciously cheesy light fixtures, the sprawling nightclub has "quirky" written all over it. Last week, Beatles-manqués Badfinger (minus frontman Pete Ham, who offed himself in 1975) helped inaugurate the club, but Flipside's management hasn't booked many other acts. You can't blame them, though: A partial Badfinger reunion is a pretty tough act to follow.



day and Saturday, the Tony Corbiscello Big Band gets the room swinging, lindy-hopping, and otherwise engaging in social behaviors of yesteryear (look for guest appearances by John Pizzarelli and other bona fide big names), after which the next generation takes over, to ever-more-vigorous dancing. The Flying Neutrinos play Saturday evenings in January. Too much hopping got you pooped? Take a load off in the upstairs Blue Room Lounge. 1/23: The Crescent City Maulers. 240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).

Tramps—The "Elements of Hip-Hop" tour (1/20) brings together three of the most astounding acts in the genre today. Opening the bill is Rahzell (the "Godfather of Noise"), who uses his prodigious vocal skills to function as a one-man walking rap history. Pantomiming a DJ's motions, Rahzell (who's also in Philadelphia's the Roots) mimics the sound of dozens of classic hip-hop records—not just the vocals, but everything from the beats to the background singing. His own

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is not next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. \$ = cash only.

compositions are equally astounding. Next, turntablist collective X-ecutioners (formerly known as the X-Men) go the other way, deftly intercutting records to create new songs that sound like nothing you've ever heard. Though he's actually from Chicago, headliner Common is a rapper in the grand tradition of De La Soul, A Tribe Called Quest, and other so-called "Native Tongue" rappers of New York's late-eighties rap heyday. Sensitive, intelligent, and witty, he's the perfect antidote to the dull sludge Puffy and friends try to foist off as rap. 1/24: C-Tec. 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).

Webster Hall—The big advertisements outside the far end of the Midtown Tunnel for this place really say it all: "If you're entering Manhattan through a tunnel, you're our demo." 125 E. 11th St. (353-1600).

Westbeth Theatre—The West Side's midsize, mid-priced rock venue, which makes up for some unfortunately placed columns with the pleasant addition of a sultry bar and lounge. Sandra Bernhard extends her uproarious and shocking run into February. 1/22: Smoky-voiced chanteuse Holly Cole, who's as comfortable rearranging a Lennon-McCartney chestnut as she is channeling Billie Holliday. 151 Bank St. (691-2272).

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful).

Dead Night. Sunday is "Fastbreak," a jungle-tech-no-hip-hop—"Kung-fu breakbeat" extravaganza. 1/23: Rollins Band guitarist Chris Haskett takes a turn leading his own outfit. He should be good at fronting—he's learned from the best. 161 Hudson St. (966-5244).

Jazz

Birdland—A roomy bandstand overlooking a classy boîte as suggestive of Big Band-era elegance as the club's name. Every Monday night, the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Every Friday the Lew Anderson Big Band swings from 5:30 to 7:30. 1/21–1/25: Tommy Flanagan Trio (see essay, page 76). 1/27: The Famous Duke Ellington Orchestra conducted by Paul Ellington. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M. 315 W. 44th St. (581-3080).

Blue Note—With a first-rate sound system and a great view from every seat in the house (the standing-room area at the bar's not bad, either), the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30 P.M. 1/20–1/25: The great and hilarious Ruth Brown gives as good as she gets, as she celebrates her septuagenary. 1/26–1/29: Two of the greatest electric organists of all time—Jimmy Smith and Brother Jack McDuff—lead quintets in a double bill that should have boogaloo fans drooling. 131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).

Cornelia Street Cafe—1/22: Deborah Silverstein. 1/23: Al Quart Quartet. 1/24: Phoenix with Patrick Pfeiffer. 1/29: Court Square. 1/30: Littman Levine & Anthony. 1/31: Johanna Grüssner Band. Sets at 9 P.M. 29 Cornelia. (989-9319).

Ed Sullivan's—Tucked practically inside the Ed Sullivan Theater, the old-man bar turned chichi dining spot offers swing jazz nightly and a waiter who looks just like the place's namesake. Tuesdays and Thursdays: the Ed Swanston Trio. Every Friday, Sullivan's is home to the Harlem Jazz Legends, fronted by the incomparable singer Laurel Watson. Wednesday, hard-swinging New Orleans clarinetist Rick Hardeman leads his quartet. Saturday, the Joe Traina Quintet, featuring Natalie English. No cover; two-drink minimum Fri. and Sat. 1697

Broadway, bet. 53rd and 54th Sts. (541-1697).

Iridium—Merlot, the artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center, hosts some formidable jazz comers in its cozy basement, along with the occasional legend. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. 1/20-1/25: John Abercrombie Trio. 1/27-2/1: James Moody Quintet. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.—Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. 44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).

The Jazz Standard—Midtown south's newest, biggest, and happeningest hangout for hard-boppers and the men and women who love them. You can't hear the bands from the swanky first-floor restaurant, but the basement club's modified menu should more than suffice. 1/19-1/22: The Wess "Warmdaddy" Anderson Quartet. 1/23-1/25: Hot-jazz stalwart Benny Waters puts youngsters like Illinois Jacquet to shame, as he swings on to his 96th birthday. Sets Sun., Tues.—Thurs. at 8 P.M. and 10 P.M., Fri. and Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and midnight; \$10-\$15 cover on weekdays, \$15-\$20 cover on Fri. and Sat. 116 E. 27th St. (576-2232).

Red Blazer—Reopened in a new spot, the famed Theater District jazzerie continues to offer up fine sounds. Monday: Rick Hardeman and his New Orleans Jazz All Stars. Tuesday: Kelly Freizin Jazz Band. Wednesday: Sunny Daniels Swing All Stars. Thursday: Stan Rubin and His Swing Sextet. Friday: Sam Ulando and the Bourbon Street Jazz Band. Saturday: Bob Cantwell and the Stompers. 32 W. 37th St. (262-3112).

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post-Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Every Sunday, the Jazz Composers Forum, followed by the Across Seventh Street Septet. Every Monday, Jason Linder's youthful, Ellington-meets-Mingus big band. Wednesdays, it's the Sam Yahel Organ Quartet. Shows start at 10 P.M. 1/23-1/24: Zaid Nasser Quartet with Jamil Nasser & Harold Mabern. 183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). \$.

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M., with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. 1/20-1/25: "Tribute to Cannonball Adderley." 88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. 1/20-1/25: Hotshot young trumpeter Roy Hargrove went Cuban on his recent—tenth—disc, *Habana*. For this engagement he's lined up the stellar likes of Chucho Valdes, Gary Bartz, and the inimitable percussion trio of "Chaguito" Quintana, "Anga" Diaz, and "El Negro" Hernandez. Expect nothing short of full-on Latin fireworks. 178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). \$.

Zinno—A pretty Italian restaurant with a tiny piano on its awning, Zinno is more dining spot than jazz club, though its musical guests are often pleasant surprises. Shows Mon.—Sat. at 8 P.M. 1/19-1/24: Ken Peplowski, Michael Moore, and Howard Alden. 1/26-1/31: Valtinho Brazilian Jazz Quartet. 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182).

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—Animal House ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Sundays: "All Star Comedy." Mondays: Open-mike night hosted by David J. Tuesday—Thursday, shows at 9:30 P.M. Fridays and Saturdays, the club promises "the

country's top comedians," with shows at 8, 10, and midnight. 82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).

Carolines Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays and Tuesdays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. 1/23-1/24: Nick DiPaulo. 1/22-1/25: Paul Mooney. 1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100). \$12.50-\$18.50, two-drink minimum.

Catch a Rising Star—The high-class variety show-place has broadened its focus from straight stand-up to a mix of sketch and alternative comedy, theater, and musical performances. Friday's "The Big Bad Music Show" explores that riskiest of all entertainment territory, humor-rock. Shows Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Wed. and Thurs. at 9 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11 P.M. 253 W. 28th St., (244-3005).

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. 1/19-1/25: Dave Attell; Wanda Sykes-Hall; Greer Barnes; Jim Norton. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 8:30 P.M., 10:15 P.M., and 12 A.M.; and Sun.—Thurs. at 9 P.M. 117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Fri. at 9 and 11:15 P.M.; Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.—Thurs., continuous from 8:45 P.M. Cover is \$15 Fri. and Sat.; \$12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. 1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and palatial comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Sun.—Thurs. at 8:30

P.M.; Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30 P.M. Cover is \$12 Fri. and Sat., \$8 on weeknights. Two-drink minimum. 1/23-1/24: Colin Quinn; Ted Alexandro; Patrice O'Neal. 34 W. 22nd St. (367-9000).

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. Shows: Sun.—Thurs. at 7; Fri.—Sat. at 7, 9, and 11:30 P.M. 1/23-1/24: Ric Crom; Todd Barry; Susie Essman; Tom Papa. 236 W. 78th St. (595-0850). \$7-\$12.

Cabaret

Arcimboldo—On Sunday evenings, this stylish trattoria in the U.N. neighborhood offers "Opera With Taste," a series of programs featuring selected arias performed by a rotating ensemble of up-and-coming young stars from the Metropolitan Opera, at 7 and 8:30. The prix fixe dinner menu (seatings at 6:15 and 7:45) is \$40; no music charge. 220 E. 46th St. (972-4646).

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta, are the keynote of this Village landmark. 13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).

Belmians Bar—1/20-5/2: Peter Mintun. \$10 music charge; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel*, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).

Cafe Carlyle—Eartha Kitt's back for ten weeks of growling, purring, and other forms of sexy cajoling. Not bad for a woman who'll hit 70 before the month is out. Call for reservations. Every Monday, Woody Allen swings through the early set with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band. Sets at 8:45 and 10:45 P.M. \$50 (\$25 for Davis's late, Woody-free set); no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel*, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).

Cafe Pierre—Singer-pianist Kathleen Landis. \$12 minimum; jacket and tie required. *Fifth Ave.* at 61st St. (940-8195).

Danny's Skylight Room—Every Monday and Tuesday, Ronny Whyte is in the piano bar. \$6-\$15, plus \$10 minimum. 346 W. 46th St. (265-8130).

Don't Tell Mama—Every Wednesday in January, Julia "My Boyfriend Is a Genius" Douglas plays. Mondays, Scott Coulter performs "Remember the Magic." 1/24: "C'est Comedie," with Esther Gooheart, Vicky Van Tassel, and Lisa Blythe Pearlman. 1/26: Maryann Lombardi and Kara Pawlowski perform "Written in Ink—Notes to Myself." \$10-\$15 cover, two-drink minimum. 343 W. 46th St. (757-0788). \$.

Eighty-Eight's—A West Village venue whose unassuming facade conceals a top-notch little theater within. \$15, with a two-drink minimum. 1/20 and 1/27: Steve Lutvak. 228 W. 10th St. (924-0088).

Rainbow and Stars—Romance, prewar charm, and wood paneling, hundreds of feet above midtown. Tues.—Sat. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 11 P.M.; seating for dinner is at 6:30 P.M. 1/20-2/7: John Pizzarelli. 30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).

Sardi's—Fridays through 2/27; Comic, singer, dancer, and pianist Mark Nadler performs numbers from his 3,000 song repertoire of standards, show tunes and other theater-district fare. No cover; \$12 minimum. 234 W. 44th St. (221-8444).

Bars

Bar 5757—At the Four Seasons Hotel. This swank mausoleum has thirteen different martinis on its menu. Included among the various fruity mutations is the James Bond Original—yes, you guessed it: "shaken, not stirred." 57 E. 57th St. (758-5700).

Howard Johnson's—The last vestige of the real Times Square has the perfect seedy cocktail lounge secreted away in the back. The biggest surprise about the clientele isn't its touristy makeup; it's how small it is. Shouldn't this, the archetype for simu-diners like Ellen's Stardust, be the neighborhood's biggest attraction? Well, fewer of them means more room for us, so complaints aren't really in order. 1551 Broadway, at 46th St. (354-1445).

Talent Spin City

If today's flavorless commercial hip-hop brings you down, the X-ecutioners' mind-boggling turntable antics may be just the musical Prozac you've been looking for. This New York quartet of D.J.'s (or "turntablists," as they prefer to be called) generally eschew rapper-frontmen, preferring to create grittily joyful worlds out of a few deftly intercut records. At Tramps, January 20, they open for gifted Chicago rapper Common, on a bill that harks back to rap's salad days, when the mike holders and the record spinners shared the spotlight.



the mix

Nadine Gordimer... Weary Feet, Rested Souls

John Leonard's TV Notes

Nordic Sagas (1/21; 8 to 9 P.M.; Channel 13) lets Alan Alda, on behalf of Scientific American Frontiers, go to Scandinavia and tell us all about the 1,000-year-old Viking ships whose skeletons have just been rediscovered at the bottom of Denmark's Rathsildel fjord; about their family histories and the legends that have passed into epic literature; about Icelandic genealogical data suggesting that multiple sclerosis goes back to at least A.D. 874, about spiders, birds, and more than 50 species of plant on a brand-new island created in 1963 by a massive eruption of magma in the Atlantic; about a new portable unit, part camera, part cell phone, and part tracking device, that lets the mentally disabled picture and talk to the outside world; and about a reindeer roundup in central Sweden twelve years after radioactive clouds passed by from Chernobyl. See Hawkeye row a boat and lasso Rudolf.

Creating Ragtime (1/21; 9 to 10 P.M.; Channel 13) goes backstage at the Los Angeles and Toronto productions to listen to snippets of the music, talk to the composer, the lyricist, the set designer, and even the novelist (a typically dour E. L. Doctorow, who seems to like the musical more than he did the movie), and to show us some turn-of-the-century film footage. If Emma Goldman gets the shaft in this brief visit, we do glimpse enough to make us want to see it all—which I did at the last dress rehearsal before the first preview, and I must say it makes *Rent* seem puerile.

America's Endangered Species: Don't Say Good-bye (1/24; 8 to 9 P.M.; NBC) allows a surprisingly calm James Woods to be so inspired by Harvard sociobiologist E. O. Wilson as to hit the road with a pair of passionate wildlife photographers, Susan Middleton and David Liittschwager, and log more than 125,000 miles in a converted milk truck to look into the dire straits of North Carolina red wolves, Florida panthers, the black-footed ferrets of Wyoming, baby toads and bald eagles and blue butterflies and delta green ground beetles, the wild Indian manatee and the Presidio manzanita. We also meet some scientists, conservationists, and characters, some in seed pods and others in the Navy.

Human Bomb (1/24; 9 to 11 P.M.; The Movie Channel) stars a very blonde Patsy Kensit as a recently widowed, still-grieving American schoolteacher who ends up in picturesque Munich just in time to be taken hostage by ecoterrorist Robert Spitz—who calls himself Lud, after the Luddites who thought England's Industrial Revolution was a lousy idea—along with a whiny bunch of well-connected kids at the exclusive Hegel International School. She will bravely cope with a ticking bomb while, outside fending off the media and Bavarian politicians, top cop Jurgen Prochnow worries about how

to defuse the situation before he has another Olympics-like disaster on his hands. A taut script (by Lionel Chetwynd) and the unusual locale make what's predictable at least watchable.

Busby Berkeley: Going Through the Roof (1/26; 8 to 9 P.M.; Turner Classics) kicks off a Super Bowl week of 47 movies in which the choreographer indulged his taste simultaneously for symmetry and excess, with the usual snippets (*Babes on Broadway*, *Strike Up the Band*), some never-before-seen-by-me footage, and interviews of everybody from Esther Williams to Kenneth Anger. In a way, the Super Bowl is a Busby Berkeley production number.

Radio Highlights

New York & Company—Weekdays at 2 P.M. 1/21: Etymologist Richard Lederer talks about the vagaries of English. 1/22: Joseph Skibell discusses *A Blessing on the Moon*; The Film Society of Lincoln Center's celebration of Hungarian Cinema is highlighted. 1/23: Robert Olen Butler on *The Deep Green Sea*. WNYC AM; 820.

Casper Citron—Saturdays at 10 P.M. 1/24: Author Paul Moore talks about how he became an activist for the oppressed; Patrick J. Gannon and Allen Braun discuss the "language area" of

the human brain and its not-so-surprising similarities to that of the chimpanzee; Howard Chau, assistant managing editor of *Time* magazine, talks about its "Man of the Year," Intel chairman Andrew Grove; sports commentator Dick Schaap talks about football and the Green Bay Packers. WOR, 710 AM.

The Lewis Burke Frumkes Show—Sundays at 8 P.M. 1/25: Physicist Freeman Dyson from the Institute for Advanced Study. WNYC, 105.9 FM.

The Written Word

Kate Bornstein—1/21 at 7 P.M.: The transgendered author reads from *My Gender Workshop: How to Become a Real Man, a Real Woman, the Real You, or Something Else Entirely*. A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850).

"The Writing Life"—1/22 at 6:30 P.M.: In honor of National Book Month, the winners of the 1997 National Book Awards (Charles Frazier, Joseph J. Ellis, William Meredith, and Han Nolan) will discuss their work and lives. Celeste Bartos Forum, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. (576-0031); free.

A Martin Luther King Day Tribute to Ralph Ellison—1/19 at 8 P.M.: The author of the 1952 American classic *Invisible Man* is remembered with a program of readings and reminiscences by a number of writers who knew and admired him, including Saul Bellow, John F. Callahan, R. W. B. Lewis, James Alan McPherson, and Albert Murray. 92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); \$12.

Nadine Gordimer—1/26 at 8 P.M.: The South African Nobel laureate reads from her latest novel, *The House Gun*, at the 92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); \$12.

Lectures and Panels

From Africans to Americans—1/22 at 7 P.M.:

Columbia professor of history Dr. Daryl Michael Scott explores the trajectory of African-American history. 92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); \$125 for seven sessions.

Investment Strategies for the Late Nineties—1/26 at 8:15 P.M.: Charles Clough of Merrill Lynch & Co. reviews the factors affecting the stock and bond markets with Claire Beneson of Zweig Funds and Dr. Harold Erlich, economist. 92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); \$18.

Past, Present, and Future of N.Y.C. Government—1/21

On View Charlotte Perriand, still ablaze at 94, is among the century's foremost decorative arts designers, with a career spanning Art Deco, machine aesthetic modernism, "organic rusticity," and, yes, plastic. In "Charlotte Perriand: Interior Equipment," a small group of her innovative works (on loan from the Centre Georges Pompidou in Paris) can be viewed through January 31 at the Urban Center. (See listings.)

at 1 P.M.: To celebrate the 100th anniversary of the Charter of the City of New York, the New York Law School Symposium will examine the social and political forces that led to the adoption of the 1898 charter and its 1989 revision. Ernst C. Stiefel Reading Room, 47 Worth St. (431-2115); \$25.

Elmore Leonard—1/19 at 8:15 P.M.: The author of numerous screenplays and 34 novels, including best-sellers *Rum Punch*, *Get Shorty*, and *Cuba Libre*, talks about writing crime fiction with crime writer S.J. Rozin as part of the Y's "Crime and Punishment" lecture series. 92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); \$18.

Career Workshop—1/21 at 1 P.M.: A Wednesday-afternoon workshop in which career counselors

of best-sellers *The Fitzgeralds and the Kennedys*, *Lyndon Johnson and the American Dream*, and the recent memoir *Wait Till Next Year* appears as part of the 92nd Street Y's "About Women" series. 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); \$18.

Biographers and Brunch: Andrew Motion on John Keats—1/25 at 11 A.M.: A lecture followed by a light brunch and informal conversation in the 92nd Street Y's Weill Art Gallery. At Lexington Ave. (996-1100); \$18.

Tours

Ragtime Tour—1/24 and 1/25 at 2:30: A Flatiron District walking tour that explores New York

surrounding Manhattan's City Hall. Meet at the Nathan Hale Statue, located at the Murray Street entrance to City Hall Park (439-1090); \$15.

The Cathedral of St. John the Divine—1/25 at 1:30 P.M.: Tour the world's largest (and still unfinished) Gothic cathedral. Call 996-1100 for further information; \$25.

Martin Luther King Jr. Day in Historic Harlem—1/19 at 1 P.M.: Celebrate the holiday with a tour through the historically rich hub of African-American culture. Stops include the Abyssinian Church, Striver's Row, and sites associated with literary legends Langston Hughes and Zora Neale Hurston. Meet at the northwest corner of 135th St. and Lenox Ave. at the Schomburg Center (439-1090); \$9.

Metropolitan Opera—Weekdays from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.: A unique, behind-the-scenes view of the creation of the opera. Includes costume and set design, the performers' rehearsal facilities and dressing rooms, and the opulent auditorium. At Lincoln Center; call for reservations and times (769-7020); \$8.

Happening Beyond the Beloved Country

In 1980, South African novelist Nadine Gordimer complained that interviewers in America and England tend to be interested "only in my life vis-à-vis the apartheid society in which I live." And apartheid, Gordimer has repeatedly explained, was not the reason she became a writer. "I am a natural writer," she insisted as early as 1962, by which she meant she "started from the inside. It wasn't the impact of events around me which drove me to express myself." As recently as 1989, though, she was still having to answer the same question about the creative stimulus of injustice: "I began to write out of a sense of the mystery of life. . . . I don't think that any real artist begins from a political stimulation, or conscience." That Gordimer is a real artist is evident in all her books (she will read from her latest, *The House Gun*, at the 92nd Street Y on January 26). And while early biography is hardly proof of transcendence, Gordimer's nonetheless reads like a typical *Künstlerroman*, or portrait of the artist as young woman. Many great writers were indifferent students; young Nadine had a habit of running away from school "year after year." Many great writers profit from what would normally be considered an immutable misfortune; Gordimer spent five adolescent years sequestered at home with a heart ailment, socializing with no one her own age, during which time she developed an active inner life. Many great writers have to introduce themselves to literature; the teenage Nadine read such unlikely titles as *The Anatomy of Melancholy* "omnivorously." Finally, writers tend to be at some level incorrigible show-offs; before she devoted herself

to fiction, Nadine would prance around her parents' parties "rather cruelly imitating people whom they knew." Had Gordimer never written about her country, her life (not to mention her work) would most likely not have assumed secondary importance to her opinion of Winnie Mandela. But she did direct her attention exclusively to South Africa, and there is an upside to the misapprehension that she provides a mere study in black and white: The best novelist of her hemisphere is also a winner of the (increasingly politicized) Nobel Prize.

LINDA HALL



Kathy Fanning and Deborah Sauldsberry teach you about how to "Keep Your Head Above Water During Career Transition." Marble Collegiate Church, 3 W. 29th St. (686-2770); \$5.

Doris Kearns Goodwin—1/28 at 8: The prize-winning author of *No Ordinary Time* (as well as the author

City in the era covered in the new Broadway show. Call 465-3331 for reservations; \$12.

Titanic History Tour—1/24 and 1/25 at noon: A Greenwich Village walking tour that journeys past the homes and businesses of New Yorkers who were aboard for the *Titanic*'s first and only voyage, discussing their lives and accomplishments. Stops include the Edith Evans Memorial and the home of John Jacob Astor. Call for reservations (465-3331); \$12.

The East Village—1/24 at 2 P.M.: Once the farm of Dutch governor Peter Stuyvesant, the East Village is now one of New York's most mercurial neighborhoods. To take this tour, meet at Astor Place, in front of the No. 6 subway kiosk (969-8262); \$10.

Centennial Cities—1/24 at 1 P.M.: On the occasion of the city's 100th anniversary, explore the area

Events

44th Winter Antiques Show—Through 1/25: The Seventh Regiment Armory is the setting for this annual event benefiting programs run by the East Side Settlement House. Every object in this staggeringly large show is authenticated by a vetting committee of more than 100 art and antiques experts from across the country, and all manner of furniture, decorative arts, and fine arts is available. Park Ave. at 67th St. The \$16 admission includes a catalogue. Call 718-292-7392 for further information.

Exhibitions

Charlotte Perriand: Interior Equipment—Through 1/31: The first American exhibition featuring this important designer (who, in addition to creating her own decorative arts, has also during her long career collaborated with Le Corbusier and Pierre Jeanneret). The Urban Center, 457 Madison Avenue (935-3960); free.

Traveling Through China—Through 1/24: More than twenty still lifes, portraits, and landscapes by contemporary Chinese painters depicting images of Chinese life in the aftermath of 1989's Tiananmen uprising. The exhibit was guest-curated by artist and scholar Jian-Jun Zhang of the Shanghai Art Museum. The Forbes Magazine Picture Gallery, 62 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (206-5549); free.

Glowing Topiary Garden—Through 1/31: An environmental art installation of light, form, and sound by landscape artist Ken Smith brightens up downtown during the holiday season. Sponsored by the Alliance for Downtown New York, the "Glowing Topiary Garden" is a hybridization of a French topiary garden and a Japanese Zen garden. So 250 wind chimes and seventeen large, beautifully lit cones find themselves most intriguingly and strategically placed in Liberty Square Park (next to the World Trade Center).

50 Years of "The Subway Sun"—Through 3/22: An exhibit of the poster series "The Subway Sun," which regularly inspired and admonished passengers on everything from their patriotic duty to proper underground etiquette. New York Transit Museum, Boerum Pl. and Schermerhorn St., Brooklyn Heights (718-243-8601); \$3.

Assignment: Rescue—Through 3/29: "The Story of Varian Fry and the Emergency Rescue Committee" commemorates Varian Fry, an American relief worker responsible for rescuing nearly 2,000 Jews and opponents of the Nazis, including Marc Chagall, André Breton, and Hannah Arendt, from Vichy France during World War II. Though Fry's efforts are not as well known as those of Raoul Wallenberg and Oskar Schindler, his accomplishments are no less riveting. The exhibit is composed largely of historic photographs, artifacts, and related works of

WEARY FEET, RESTED SOULS

A GUIDED HISTORY OF THE
CIVIL RIGHTS MOVEMENT



In Print Civil Service

Landmarks of the Civil War abound, but how many of us can name more than a few southern sites where the twentieth-century battle for racial equality was fought? With 'Weary Feet, Rested Souls: A Guided History of the Civil Rights Movement,' Townsend Davis leads a 30,000-mile tour through seven states, identifying hundreds of locales that the National Register has yet to deem Historic Places. (Norton; \$27.50.)

Sports

art. The Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3200); \$7.

New York From Above: An Aerial View—Through 6/14: An exhibit of 26 paintings by contemporary painter and geographer Spelman Evans Downer that chart the evolution of Greater Gotham over the past 100 years. His work depicts historical landscapes before extensive urbanization as well as space-age satellite views of Manhattan. The Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); \$5 suggested contribution.

Mechanical Marvels: Invention in the Age of Leonardo—Through 3/1: This exhibit brings the "Renaissance of the Machine" that swept Europe in the fifteenth century back to life, with large-scale silk-screen reproductions of original drawings, 50 remarkable working models, and a number of multimedia and virtual-reality stations. The show concentrates on the inventions of Filippo Brunelleschi, Taccola, Francesco di Giorgio, and Leonardo da Vinci. On view at the Liberty Street gallery at the World Financial Center. Tues.-Fri. 11 A.M.-6 P.M., Sat. and Sun. noon-5 P.M. (945-0505); \$6.

Online

New York Magazine on the Web—This week in "Stephanie's Surf Report" (in the "Today" section of www.newyorkmag.com), we're taking a look at the feminine side of the Internet. From East Village visionaries to the ever-present AOL, these site builders think they know what girls want—and the best way to give it to them. Whether you're 12 years old and want to start playing soccer or 45 and need to make a career change, there appears to be plenty of cyberspace to wire women to the Web (so far). Elsewhere on www.nymag.com: Read the first paragraph of the latest novels in "First Words" to decide whether it's worth it to read the rest; follow Vanessa's daily event picks in "Vanessa Takes Manhattan"; use our expanded, searchable "Cue" section; and enjoy selected articles from the current issue. So surf us, already.

Shooting the Bull—Michael Jordan has made it something of a tradition now to compliment Nets rookies when the Bulls come to the Continental Arena. Last season MJ was full of praise for Kerry Kittles (basically applauding him for not being the attitudinal Allen Iverson). Then in December, his Ainess bestowed the royal seal of approval on Keith Van Horn, albeit in diplomatically drab terms. "Keith Van Horn is a very solid basketball player," Jordan said. "He gives [the Nets] an overall versatility. That's going to improve this team." Of course, one could say that all this praise is Michael's way of indicating he still doesn't take the Nets seriously, that he simply finds them earnest and cute. Maybe the best compliment the Nets could get would be from Michael's sullen dismissal of their significance, say, after a really good thumping at the hands of Van Horn and Kittles this Friday, January 23. (See *Game Week* for team schedules.)

CityHawks Super Bowl Party—1/25; 4:30 P.M. Tired of suffering all that drunken I-could-do-better analysis from your athlete-mangé friends during the big game? Then forego their beery charms this year and watch the world's most-hyped event with some guys who actually play football for a living. The CityHawks, New York's own arena football squad, are hosting their second annual Super Bowl party. Former Giant and current Hawks' QB Mike Perez will be there, as will the always-trenchant Jets color analyst Dave Jennings. LadyHawks cheerleaders will also be on hand to wittingly reject your witty "pass play." Play-by-Play Sports Bar, Madison Square Garden. Call 465-5888 for more information.

Super Bowl XXXII Option II—1/25; 4 P.M. If you can't stand sitting still for three hours, Hackers Hitters & Hoops has a slightly more active option for you. Besides enjoying a complimentary buffet and free beer from kickoff until the first score, you can hit the batting cages, shoot hoops, or play a little mini-golf when the Packers put the game away in the first quarter. Advanced reservations encouraged but not required. \$2-\$25. 123 W. 18th St. Call 929-7482 for information.

Horowitz continued from page 27

tered and bringing them to the table was important but it wasn't enough. It hasn't translated itself into the kind of political influence we as a people need."

Though Butts believes he has been able to develop the right kind of influence, he continues to get hammered for working closely with both Governor Pataki and Senator D'Amato. "He's entitled to those relationships," Sharpton says, "but people are gonna say he's not been with us; he's been with them. He's gonna have to explain where he is politically."

"I felt that Mario Cuomo had taken the black community for granted, and I don't think George Pataki is doing that," Butts says. "I don't agree with him on everything, but he's been very good on economic development. And I'm certainly willing to defend my relationship with a politician who as far as I'm concerned has credibility, keeps his word, and to whom I have access. It doesn't mean I've sold out."

If Butts runs, it will undoubtedly be on the Democratic line, and it remains to be seen whether his work with the Republicans will hurt him. "He's engaging in the kind of conduct," says State Senator David Paterson, whose baby was christened by Butts, "that twelve or thirteen years ago he would have condemned. If Charlie Rangel and [powerful Democratic state assemblyman] Denny Farrell had been doing what he's doing right now, he would have been screaming about it. So there's certainly been a metamorphosis of his philosophy."

The likeliest and most logical political scenario for Butts is a run against Congressman Rangel. It's his home district, it's where he'd presumably have the strongest grass-roots support, and it has an ironic historical precedent: Rangel was the young upstart who defeated Adam Clayton Powell Jr.

Rangel says he is gearing up for a challenge from Butts and has already begun—though the race is ten months away—doing polls, having strategy sessions, and for the first time hiring a fund-raiser. Rangel echoes what is probably the most common criticism of Butts: He's inconsistent.

"In one interview, Calvin supported Ruth Messinger, then said if Giuliani would come around, he could support him, and then he said he might be a candidate himself," Rangel says. "I told him I'm a poker player and the way we play poker is unless you sit down at the table and ante up, you don't win."

And that, in the final analysis, is clearly what Butts needs to do. If he believes the path he has chosen is the one, 30 years after Martin Luther King's death, that black leaders ought to follow, he needs to sit down at the table and ante up.

GAME WEEK

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
RANGERS		STL MSG 7:30PM		PHI MSG 7:30PM		NJ FOX 3PM	
ISLANDERS		CHI SC2 8:30PM		STL SC2 8:30PM		OTW SC 7PM	
DEVILS		DET SC 7:30PM		PIT SC 7:30PM		NVR FOX 3PM	MON SC 1:30PM
KNICKS	BOS MSG 1PM		IND MSG 7:30PM			DET NBC 3:30PM	
NETS	SA SC 7:30PM		HOU SC 7:30PM		CHI SC 7:30PM	WASH SC 7PM	
	1/19	1/20	1/21	1/22	1/23	1/24	1/25

kids

Sleeping Over... On Ice... Tropics

Children's Events

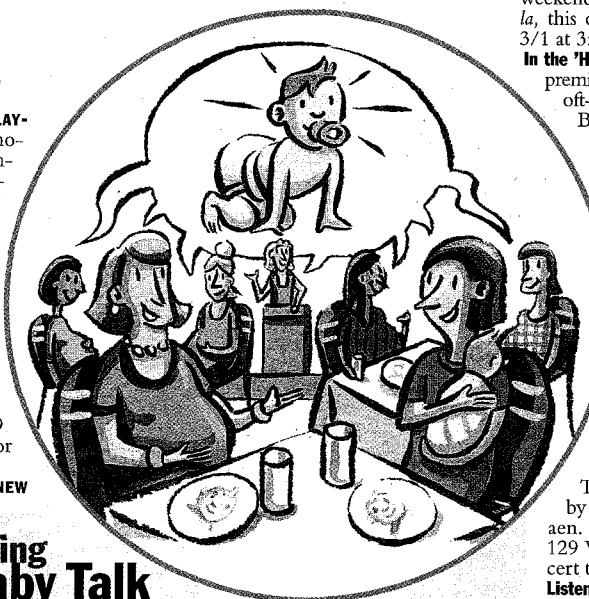
In the Bag—For 40 years now, **THE PAPER BAG PLAYERS** have brought childlike qualities—most notably their trademark boxes-into-spaceships inventiveness—to joyous, freewheeling performances for children. A gala opening-weekend performance of *The Big Sleepover* is at the Danny Kaye Playhouse 1/24 and 1/25, starting at 1:15. Regular performances continue weekends at 2 through March 8. 68th St. bet. Park and Lexington Aves. (772-4448). Tickets are \$15 and \$20; \$40 for the gala.

If the Shoe Fits—Other Voices presents a campy operetta version of the classic. The single performance of *Come Over Cinderella* is 1/25 at 1:30. **TRIBECA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER**, 199 Chambers St. (346 8510). \$13 for adults, \$8 for kids. ●

Heat—Remove the mittens and hats at the **NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDEN's** Enid A. Haupt Conservatory, and pause to smell the flowers. Toddlers may simply want to dash between the African desert and the Ecuadorian rain forest in the full acre of glassed-under terrain. Bigger kids can conduct simple experiments at docent-staffed Discovery Stations (Tues. through Fri. from 10 to 1, and weekends from 11 to 3) or get guided audio tours geared to kids. Through March. 200th St. and Kazimiroff (Southern) Blvd. in the Bronx (718-817-8700). Winter grounds admission to the garden and conservatory combined totals \$5 for adults, \$3 for seniors, students, and children ages 6 to 16. Free to everyone all day Wednesdays, and on Saturdays from 10 to noon.

Chill Out—Former Olympian Jamie Eggleton turns Urchin in "Disney on Ice—Aladdin." Expect eye-popping sets, spectacular effects, that familiar plot, and those catchy Menken/Ashman songs. **NASSAU COLISEUM**, Uniondale, N.Y.; 1/20-1/25; **CONTINENTAL AIRLINES ARENA**, East Rutherford, N.J., 1/27-2/1. For tickets, call 307-7171; \$13.50-\$40.

Strung Along—**PUPPETWORKS'** *Cinderella*, adapted from the 1697 French story by Charles Perrault, is set in eighteenth-century France. The lavish production—with romantic music by Jules Massenet, composer of the operatic version of



Happening Baby Talk

I can usually pump out about nine ounces in the morning," Sam's mother announces nonchalantly at her New Mommies' Network lunch table. The others, who say their milk-production levels are about half that, seem a little taken aback. These gatherings of new moms (which sometimes include dads) are held at restaurants around the city as opportunities for parents to meet one another over lunch. On this day, new mothers have trekked to Zinno's in the village bearing babies in Snugglies and carriers. (Events for parents with older children are also held.) The meetings feature guest speakers, and as lunch winds down, Lori Shecter of Babywatch will speak on "Nanny Know-How: How to Screen, Hire and Work With a Caregiver." But first the twenty or so women in attendance eagerly talk shop, pausing now and then to coo at their progeny. "As a lawyer I pulled all-nighters all the time," 8-week-old Madeline's mom says, recalling life before motherhood. "But then you always knew you could sleep in at some point." "All I really want to do when I'm not feeding him is stare into thin air," another mother confides, a comment that's greeted by knowing nods from around the table. Infants in stretchy outfits suck dreamily at bottles or dive into enormous breasts. Shecter's observations are sobering. "Many people in a place like New York are baby-sitting because it's the only job they can get," she claims. Her company is in the business of surreptitiously videotaping sitters as a check for parents. "Only last week," she says, "we saw that one sitter kept the baby in a swing for four and a half hours." According to Shecter, more than half the sitters videotaped by Babywatch end up getting fired. A couple of moms jot down notes, but others continue to chat in hushed tones:

"He's sleeping for nine hours at a stretch."

"I hate you."

\$10-to-\$30 network lunches are offered at several restaurants once to three times weekly. To reserve, call 769-3846.

BARBARA ENSOR

Ground Rules:

● = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

the story "Cendrillon"—includes elegant "ombres chinoise," silhouetted figures going to the ball. Weekends through April 5 at 12:30 and 2:30. 338 Sixth Ave., Park Slope, Brooklyn (718-965-3391). Reservations required. \$7, \$5 for children. Miss Majesty's Lollipop Playhouse at the **GROVE STREET PLAYHOUSE** presents *Humpty Dumpty Falls in Love*, weekends at 1:30, and another version of *Cinderella*, this one participatory and comedic. Through 3/1 at 3:30. 39 Grove St. (741-6436); \$8.

In the Hood—*Little Red Riding Hood* (a New York premiere) brings a sly modern sensibility to the oft-told tale. 1/24, 1/25, 1/31, and 2/1. 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (627-7373). Individual tickets are \$18.50; a flexible ten-ticket subscription to **THEATREWORKS** productions is \$145.

Note of Intrigue—In the first of three concerts designed to introduce children to chamber music, Inspector Pulse gets tangled up in compositions by Haydn, Beethoven, Dvořák, Mendelssohn, and Bruce Adolphe. Performers include the Borromeo String Quartet and rising young pianist Melvin Chen. 2/1 at 1 and 3. Subsequent "**MEET THE MUSIC**" concerts are "The Magical World of Maurice Ravel" (also in the Merkin Concert Hall; 3/1 at 1 and 3) and "Nature's Musicians: Birds!" (Alice Tully Hall; 3/15 at 2, with compositions by Handel, Saint-Saëns, Britten, and Messiaen. Lincoln Center's Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (875-5788). Individual concert tickets are \$12; \$30 for the series of three.

Listening In—Bang the Lion, Bow the Panda, Buzz the Bee, and Toot the Bird take kids on a musical adventure at **LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY's** concert for children ages 3 to 5 called "Do You Hear What I Hear." The program—part of a Lolli-Pops three-concert series—will include Aaron Copland's "Hoe-Down" from *Rodeo*, George Gershwin's "Lullaby," an excerpt from Haydn's "Surprise Symphony," and Mussorgsky's "Ballet of the Chicks in Their Shells." 1/24 at 12:30 and 2, 1/25 at 10:30 and noon. Florence Gould Hall, French Institute, 55 E. 59th St. (704-2100); \$32. ●

Works in Progress—**CITY LIGHTS YOUTH THEATRE** presents the Third Annual Reading Series of New Plays for Families—designed to encourage and promote the best new plays for multi-generational audiences.

Calabazas Street, about a woman thought to be crazy and a chance encounter involving a lost baseball, is read by students of the Youth Theatre and professional actors, 1/25 at 2. 78th Street Theatre Lab, 236 W. 78th St. (262-0200). Tickets are \$2.

One-Woman Show—*The Land of Smiles*, a puppet play written by Susan Delery Whedon, showcases many of the former New York City Opera singer's other talents. Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays at noon. *Puff the Magic Dragon* is staged the same days of the week at 1:30 (through 1/28). **PAPAGENO PUPPET THEATRE**, 862 Columbus Ave., at 82nd St.; 874-3297. Tickets are \$5. Reservations required.

c u e	
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Patricia Falvo	Movies
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Vanessa Grigoriadis	In Concert
Linda Hall	Books
	Events
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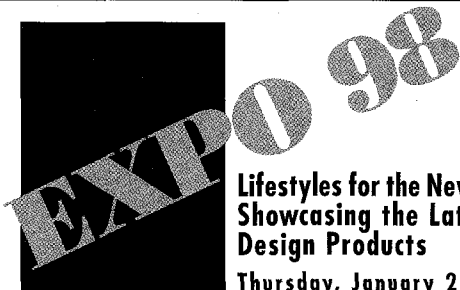
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Love Is A Two-Way Street—On my street: great-looking, successful Jewish woman, young 41, upbeat, outgoing personality, quick mind/wit, thoughtful, giving nature, sophisticated, poised, with old-fashioned sweetness. Seeking divorced Jewish man from similar place, who believes you get what you give in life and in love. 1373 ☒

Can Hit The Ball—Out of the park! Fun-loving, curious, world-traveling, swing-dancing female, 42, desires man who can field with the best of them. 1363 ☒☎

She Has A Captivating Smile—And beautiful eyes. When I look into them, I see her warmth and sincerity. She is attractive, affectionate, 5'4" plus, 30-40 years young, with more than two caressing handfuls of hair (gentleman prefers brunettes). We love the city/country, my two collies, her one child (or none), tennis, horseback riding, romantic restaurants and warm fireplaces with fine wine. I'm 47 years young, 5'11", successful, monogamous. Friends say I'm handsome (what do they know?!). When our eyes meet, all of life's pressures will seem to vanish. Nonsmoker only. Note/photo. 1418 ☒☎

Let's Put Each Other First—My man reads NY Magazine mainly for the ads because he's "looking"...and, with a busy life, an extraordinary woman's hard to find. My man is motivated, noted in his field and driven by his own vision. My man has a zest for life and desires to accommodate. When he loves, he loves completely. He's Jewish, 40s plus, married before, and ready to meet me: an embraceable blue-eyed beauty, 44, slim, with presence, charisma, Ivy-bright, independently successful, good cook, and blessed...but missing you. Please respond. 1330 ☒☎

One Enchanted Evening—Stunning, curvaceous, slim, 5'7", Asian - international, sensual, captivating - seeks highly accomplished, powerful yet compassionate gentleman with integrity and warmth. 1371 ☒

Very Pretty, Blue-Eyed Blond MD—5'8", 120, Jewish Manhattanite with many fine qualities - seeks a truly special man (38-58) for love and marriage. 1452 ☒☎

Enthusiastic, Dynamic—Very handsome, successful executive, 38, very fit, 6'1", Jewish - enjoys music, dancing and travel. Seeks a stunning, tall, slim, elegant woman for a lasting relationship. Photo preferred. 1345 ☒

Precious Gem—Pretty black female, fit, 36, never married, no children - seeks handsome, tall, fit, ambitious, kind professional male for monogamous relationship. Race unimportant. Photo. 1359 ☒☎

Sassy, Silly, Smart And Sultry—5'2" professional seeks male version, plus 6 to 12 inches (in height). Time for a deep, meaningful relationship. Me: little girl at heart, pretty, kind, fit, vivacious, passionate. This 35, single Jewish female, successful beauty, seeks man of my dreams. You: brains and brave, compassionate, fit, funny, fearless, professional, independent and self-confident (with no clinging baggage). Us: love at first sight, travel, home, city, country, Jerry Garcia, Sinatra, Knicks, zoo, caviar, Mallomars, mergers and acquisitions, sidewalk cafes and 21... Come fly with me for life. Phone/photo a plus. 1439 ☒

Slender Woman, 40s—Single, 5'8", seeking financially secure, corporate or professional man, to share theater, dinner, travel and "quiet times". Picture and bio a must. 1430 ☒

Successful, Tall, Very Fit Male—38, 6'2", 192 lbs, blue/green eyes, single, athletic, educated, confident, attractive, passionate, giving, witty, with diverse interests. Seeks single female, 28-35, slim, intelligent, engaging, sensuous, affectionate, kind, and desirous of a loving relationship. 1365 ☒☎

Seeking That Rare Lady—Refined, smart, sweet, with classy/preppy look, 38-45. I'm a handsome, fit, 5'9", Jewish man of high character, 40s, with success and style. Let's share life with humor, honesty and the finer things. Photo. 1434 ☒

MD/Equestrian Seeks Sleeping Beauty—Handsome prince, mid 40s, thin, 5'10", warm and witty, seeks slim, beautiful soul mate, 28-38, equally comfortable in black cocktail dress, plaid skirt or jeans - for romance, fun, family. Photo a must. 1355 ☒

SEND

A WRITTEN RESPONSE
Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS

New York Magazine, Box # _____
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

Are You Tall, Handsome, Sexy—Worldly, cultured, elegant, successful, smart, Jewish, 30s-50s, with old world manners? ...Warm, loving, sweet, funny, good-natured, generous, ready for marriage/kids? This sophisticated, Jewish, blue-eyed brunette, Esq., with international upbringing, 37, 5'8", 115, beautiful inside and out, warm, kind - has wit, sparkle, style, stunning figure - seeks a gentleman and a scholar, with integrity, heart of gold. Well-dressed, sensitive, strong, giving, romantic, mature? Let's do the arts, Met opera, bike, antiques, fine dining, luxe travel. Photo. 1436 ☒

Pretty Jewish Grandmother—Young-looking, great style, warmth, taste, seeks similar male, 60-70. Photo. 1389 ☒☎

Accomplished, Pretty Lady—Slim, energetic, athletic...desires intelligent, thoughtful Jewish man, 49 plus, fit, funny and caring. You are comfortable in black tie or jeans, in the mountains and at the shore. Note/photo. 1433 ☒

Slim, 5'6", Refined—Bright, witty, very attractive Jewish Manhattanite, varied interests - seeks single, successful Jewish male professional, 58-65. Photo. 1457 ☒

Programmer—Seeks educated, 25-35 lady for romance. Note/photo. 1344 ☒

Handsome, Successful Jewish Attorney—27, 6' plus, world traveler, affectionate, seeks an attractive, intelligent Jewish female, 23-32, for romantic dinners, movies and more. Photo/note/sense of humor a must. 1353 ☒☎

Male Doctor—57, 6'2", enjoys dancing, dining and dogs. Seeking a woman of position and refinement. Photo. 1440 ☒

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Older Man Desired—Very pretty, thin, smart, sexy, kind, rich, fun, 38. Seeks charming, worldly, successful man, 50-70, to pamper with love, loyalty, warmth and respect he deserves. POB 919, NYC 10025

The Right Time—Attractive male, in good form, 32, 5'10", sandy hair, Christian background, Ivy-educated, builder/investor, is seeking an unattached woman, 24-34 - strong sense of reality a plus, warm personality a must. 1406 ☐

We, The Jury—Find this single Jewish male - 36, 6'2", slim, very handsome (honestly), sexy, successful, athletic, health-conscious, funny...and not so innocent. Therefore we recommend "life" with a very pretty, stunning, sexy, fit, single Jewish female, 25-40, to be his inmate (oops!) - soulmate(!)...who enjoys comedy clubs, movies, sporting events and winter weekend getaways - as partners for a life sentence. Photo necessary for reply. 1409 ☐

Attractive Wall Street Professional—LI resident, 60, secure, fit, wide range of interests, movies and tennis, 5'8", athletic, seeks attractive woman for long-term relationship. Photo requested. 1437 ☐

Any British Men Around?—Very pretty blond, 33, 5'10", slim, fit, well-educated and traveled, seeks sincere man for friendship and romance. Note/photo. 1336 ☐

Wealthy Older Man—Tall, distinguished-looking, looks younger than his years. Never married. World traveled, well-educated, cultured and considerate. Company president. Residences Manhattan and Connecticut. Wishes to meet a younger professional woman in her late 30s or early 40s, with no children as yet, slim, medium height, educated, who still harbors desire for possibility of marriage and family. If you're seriously interested in exploring this matter, please write a descriptive letter in your own hand and send along with a recent photo. Thank you. 1458 ☐

Dancing Bears—If you're looking for dancing bears, don't answer this ad. But if you'd like to meet a Jewish female, divorced, 5'2", 110 lbs, early 40s, attorney, Ivy League, who resembles Princess Caroline of Monaco...interested in movies, theater, working out, museums, Wall Street Journal. If you are between 40 and 55, have a sense of humor, compassion, love animals, send photo/note. 1360 ☐

Professional, Very Attractive—Slim, blue-eyed blond, 45 - loves Manhattan, dining out, theater, movies, museums, travel, long walks. Seeks professional man, slim, 5'9" and over, 40-55, with great sense of humor, passion and intelligence. Photo a must/note. 1431 ☐

Great Guy—White Jewish male, 31, down-to-earth, attractive, enjoys camping, hiking, antiques, live music... In search of soul mate: attractive, petite white female, 25-35, with similar interests, to laugh through life. Note/photo, please. 1442 ☐

For The Selective Gentleman—Seeking an educated, elegant man of substance, mid 40s-mid 50s, who is classy, affectionate, witty, romantic, sensitive, passionate, successful and who knows how to enjoy the best life has to offer. I am a cultured, charming, classic blond lady, 5'4", 105 lbs, alluring, well-educated, sensitive, kind, successful, a "Renaissance" woman who is enthusiastic and cheerful about life and its finer aspects. Recent picture/home number appreciated. 1377 ☐

Heading West?—An attractive, petite, fit, 38-year-old, single white female with long auburn hair, brown eyes and a great sense of adventure, invites you to do so! I'm NYC-born, Boston-educated (JD), and frequently travel East as a real estate executive - but have discovered a wonderful lifestyle in ski country (Colorado). Come ski, bike, hike and climb with me and I'll explore NYC and beyond with you. Note/photo. 1386 ☐

Very Pretty—37-year-old blond, green eyes, 5'4", Jewish, professional, divorced mother of one, slim/athletic, witty and passionate. I enjoy theater, movies, fine dining and romance. Seek emotionally secure, very successful, fit, attractive male, 35-48, for best friend and soul mate. Note/photo optional. 1322 ☐

Classy, Slim, Pretty Redhead—Full of spice and vinegar, seeks stable, attractive Jewish professional, 56 plus, with great sense of humor. Photo/note/photo. 1328 ☐

Let's Meet Already!—Me: 43, successful, single, athletic, attractive, with love of fitness, the arts and Manhattan meriment. You: 20s plus, petite, athletic, artsy, in search of sensitive, loving, evolved, marriage-minded man. Race/religion irrelevant. Photo appreciated. 1429 ☐

Care To Dance?—Professional Irish-American lady, 40 - works NYC, likes arts, seeks similar gent. Note/photo. 1390 ☐

Hey, Ya Never Know...—One-of-a-kind, effervescent female, 29, with universal appeal, seeks great guy under 40, with sense of humor and adventurous spirit. Those who know me love me, and so will you if you are kind, considerate, and willing to explore the possibility of Manhattan days and nights. Note/photo/photo. 1455 ☐

Catholic Professional—31, tall, handsome, athletic, seeks very pretty, classy, sweet, slim Catholic gal with traditional values, 21-31. Note/photo. 1403 ☐

Genuinely Nice Guy—Tall, dark, secure, located in CT woods, spiritual, musician/lawyer, Wasp, seeks late 30s-early 40s woman with grace, charm and humor, for love and companionship. Photo required for response. 1348 ☐

Very Attractive—Voluptuous/slim, petite, new attorney, outgoing and funny, seeks together, outdoorsy, unconventional guy, 40s-early 50s. 1420 ☐

Jewish Male—63, 5'10", athletic, secure, seeks compatible female, 45-60. 1395 ☐

Adventurous Male—46, 5'9", seeks fun-loving, passionate woman. 1422 ☐

We Need A Good Man For Mom—She's a stunning, single Jewish widow who loves music, movies, theater and travel. Seeks handsome, adventurous, funny, nonsmoking, successful, warm-hearted, single Jewish male, 56-63. Note/recent photo. 1358 ☐

Herpes - No Big Deal—But a deal nonetheless. Handsome, tall, athletic, well-established professional, 45, seeks attractive, perceptive woman, 30-40 - needs congenial companion for this manifestly crazy yet utterly wonderful ride. 1380 ☐

Business Executive—In late 30s, seeking a down-to-earth, easygoing, white or Asian woman not seeking a marriage-driven relationship. You should be between 25-40 and enjoy dining, Knicks or Rangers. Photo and bio to: 1379 ☐

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Let's Get Serious—Professional, Christian, 37, Hispanic, sexy lady seeks tall male, Hispanic or white, 35-43, professional, nonsmoker - for a fun yet serious relationship. Note/photo. 1342 ☐

Genuine, Intelligent, Attractive Woman 5'3", 29, seeks professional man, 30 plus, for serious long-term relationship. Please be 5'5" plus, financially secure, emotionally available, with a sense of humor and integrity. Note/recent photo. 1339 ☐

Very Cool Life Seeking To Share—Exciting career, city home, farmhouse retreat. Smart, sexy journalist, widowed young, adventurous, seeks divorced or widowed man, 44-54, literate, warm and wanting a shot at a lasting relationship. 1396 ☐

Pretty White Female—41, professional, with varied interests, seeks white male - 40-50, tall, good-looking, intelligent, with a sense of humor. Live in lower Fairfield County but love NYC. Photo. 1462 ☐

Latin Man—Trim, fit, educated, honest, 30s, with varied interests, seek female counterpart. Photo/note a must. 1357 ☐

Alchemist Seeks Treasure—Handsome, successful, literate, passionate, single Jewish male, 33, looking for his destiny: single Jewish female, 23-33, beautiful yet not superficial, bright yet unpretentious, complex but not complicated. Follow your destiny by dashing off letter/photo. 1447 ☐

Pianist/Writer—42 and fit. I love karate, travel, the beach and laughter. Seek female. Note/photo/photo. 1323 ☐

Complexity And Contradiction—Accomplished academic turned businessman, tall, slim, reasonably handsome, sophisticated, unpretentious. Many interests: arts, film, travel, design, cities, countryside. Seeks intelligent, educated, independent woman of casual style and substance, 27-37, thin, pretty, leggy, creative professional with easygoing sense of humor. Note/photo. 1382 ☐

Witty, Cute—Financially secure, 50, exceptional ex-businesswoman, ready to meet an emotionally together, able-bodied, honest, stable, regular, down-to-earth, secure, sound-minded (I'm not kidding) man who can laugh. No smoking. 1320 ☐

As featured in Forbes,
Harvard Law Bulletin
and People.

From the Desk of
Daniel G. Campbell, Esquire

New Year's Resolutions: 1997

- ✓ 1. Make partner.
- ✓ 2. Buy weekend home.
- ✓ 3. Lower handicap.
- 4. Go out on better dates.

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Batgirl Seeks Caped Crusader—Fit, 36, attractive Wall Streeter by day, seeks tall, successful, Jewish, 33-45 Batman. Must be a witty Joker, intelligent Bookworm, warmhearted Mr. Freeze and athletic Riddler for forever sidekick. No Eggheads, please! Bat phone and photo. 1446 ☒ ☐

Jewish Cinderella Has Bunions—But shoe will still fit. Cute, slim, golden-hearted gal, accomplished, quiet/communicative, honest, sensitive/strong, 30s - seeks similar, monogamous, compassionate, young liberal prince/commoner, any faith, for modest "royal wedding"/heir(s). 1332 ☒ ☐

Easy To Love—If you are a gentleman between 45-55, who loves Cole Porter, Paul Stuart and William Butler Yeats, please reply. Picture preferred. 1366 ☒ ☐

Tall, Handsome, Highly Intelligent—Affluent, single male, 38, interested in meeting an affluent woman of substance, for friendship. Note/photo. 1367 ☒ ☐

Let's Do Lunch!—Pretty, petite, MBA, 35, Jewish ad exec (who looks great in jeans), seeks down-to-earth, intelligent male, 32-45. Note/photo. 1326 ☒ ☐

No Assembly Required—Toy inventor, 35, smart, funny, down-to-earth, handsome and fit, successful, well-educated, Jewish... blah, blah, blah. Seeking a silly, kind, creative playmate for a fun-filled, everlasting play date. A note and photo would be appreciated. 1466 ☒ ☐

Gay Jewish Man—30. NY's supposed to be the place to meet the perfect gay Jewish male. It should be easy to find a 25-35-year-old, Jewish, intellectual, good-looking, healthy, athletic Manhattanite. I should just be able to call 777-JEWS or something, press 2 for gays and find 50 Jewishly involved, warmhearted professional guys in my zip code alone - one of whom should be the guy for me. I thought NY was all about convenience! But seriously, I know I'm looking for someone who's hard to find. I'd love to hear from you. 1286 ☒ ☐

Bubbly, Fit, 5'2"—Athletic, successful Jewish-Italian beauty seeks twin flame with open heart. He is 35-45, athletic, health-conscious, good-looking, financially and emotionally secure. (212) a plus. 1346 ☒ ☐

Beautiful Professional Woman—29, seeks marriage-minded, accomplished and caring male, 29-39. Photo/note. 1378 ☒ ☐

Single White Female—50, NJ, bright, upscale, attractive, looking to meet a great guy for long-term relationship. Interests: movies, dining out, etc. 1393 ☒ ☐

Athletic, Articulate, Artistic—Dancer turned child psychologist, 40, Jewish, seeks an adventurous man under 50 to climb a mountain and paint a happy ending. Note/photo. 1410 ☒ ☐

Always And Forever—Friendship first? Kind, handsome, 38, 5'7", steadfast, genuine Jewish man of integrity - fit, athletic, very successful, JD... Seeks fun, sweet, creative, upbeat, passionate woman for relationship full of sharing, love and family. Photo. 1453 ☒ ☐

Fairy Tale Ending—Attractive Jewish widow, 59 years old, 5'7", slim, in search of very special male, 55-70. Must be tall, warm, affectionate, passionate, financially secure, and a cut above. Yup, I want it all. Photo/note/photo. 1461 ☒ ☐

Hidden Treasure Sought—Are you a well-kept secret? Pretty, artsy Jewish JD, 33, seeks multifaceted, 30s man with gentle disposition, for loving collaboration. Note/photo. 1387 ☒ ☐

This Independent—Caring, fun-loving and nice (not too nice!) woman wants to meet a smart, independent, stable, sensitive (not too sensitive!) guy who's between the ages of 38-50. Let's meet for lunch and talk about movies, books, grand aspirations, favorite cartoon characters... You know, a date. 1340 ☒ ☐

Very Attractive Attorney—40, cultured, petite brunette, slim, with adorable adopted little girl, seeks warm, positive man, equal in all respects, to share happiness. 1354 ☒ ☐

I've Got A Great Career—Now ready for the rest - love, kids, the works! Cultured, creative professional woman, Jewish, seeks educated, good-natured man, sense of humor, 35-45, loves work and life. Note/photo. 1383 ☒ ☐

Gay White Man—Retired, attractive, comfortable, seeks younger companion, well-built, to share life's pleasures. 1441 ☒ ☐

Special Friend First—For this pretty, educated, jazzy Bubbie. Be a wise, secure, funny, sexy potential Zadie, 60-70ish. The last hugs can be the best. 1435 ☒ ☐

Finance Marketing Wiz Seeks—Wise investor. I'm blue-chip style, NASDAQ spirit. Pretty, sexy, petite, athletic, young 50s (in 30s shape). Me: warmth/wit, (com)/passion, smarts/soul. Value life, humor, dancing, dining, jazz, city highs, beach lulls, words, art. Be kind, handsome, fit, sane, secure, enjoy your toys/prize deeper joys. Our mensch-merger yields high dividends. Long-term investors only, 48-60, Jewish. Note/photo. 1415 ☒ ☐

A Tall Order—A tall and very beautiful woman in her early 30s...with poetry in her soul and an IQ greater than her weight. This handsome and successful man won't disappoint you. 1324 ☒ ☐

Pretty Woman—Tall, curvy, athletic professional, 46, seeks tall, intelligent, interesting man, 45-55. 1364 ☒ ☐

Not A Fan Of The Bar Scene—39 year old white male, physician, serious about searching for love, lighthearted about life and enjoying what New York has to offer. Seeking attractive, fun, smiling female, 28-35. I am handsome, sensitive, caring and a believer in true love. Send note, photo, please. 1467 ☒ ☐

Honest, Loyal—Tenured language professor seeks a low-keyed, upbeat, unencumbered woman, 40 plus, to share summers in Italy, skiing, fine dining. NYC/north Jersey. 1369 ☒ ☐

Extremely Attractive Jewish Female—30, stylish, well-educated and refined, seeks upscale gentleman, 35-45, with the same characteristics, who is accomplished, financially successful and marriage-minded. Note/recent photo. 1438 ☒ ☐

The Dream—Laughter, love, hugs, a family and country home. Me: attractive, very successful Jewish male, 52 (looks 45), 5'7", in great shape, kind, intelligent, fun-loving, grounded, skier, sailor, bicyclist, tennis, golf. You: Jewish, 36-43, nurturing, fun, affectionate, love the outdoors, nonsmoker... Share the dream with me! Note/photo/photo. 1327 ☒ ☐

Alluring Attorney - Brainy Beauty—Young 45, 5'6", sexy, curvy, medium build, classy, delightful, earthy, fun, giving, humorous, intriguing, Jewish, kind, loving, more...seeks tall, fit Jewish man - sophisticated, successful, sensual soul mate for ABCs of love. 1325 ☒ ☐

Sensuous, Attractive—Slim, young 42, bright, Jewish professional woman would love to meet a young-looking, cute guy, 37-45, Jewish, successful professional, warm, sensuous, great sense of humor, confident and well-rounded, for committed relationship. 1399 ☒ ☐

Loyal Lady—Gentle, educated, slim, vivacious, good-looking, artistic, seeks gentleman, 70 plus, cultivated, kind, tired of living alone, financially able to enjoy the good life together. 1335 ☒ ☐

I'm In The Dark—Come light up my life! Attractive, successful radiologist, 43, 5'9", 155 lbs, white, Jewish and quite single. Enjoys movies, long walks on the beach and good conversation. Seeks a slender, intelligent female "live wire", 25-35, to spark romance, marriage and kids! Note/photo appreciated. 1385 ☒ ☐

Italian, Blue-Eyed Brunette—38, 5'4", attractive, trim, bright and funny, with affectionate disposition, seeks fit, handsome, humorous, well-mannered romantic (5'8" and over, 35-45) - must be successful professional, financially and emotionally secure. Recent photo a must. Note and phone. 1347 ☒ ☐

Buried Treasure—Unsinkable chick, 35, petite, fit, professional, attractive, fun. Full deck. Built for city/country, dining, movies, cooking, travel. Needs discovery by outgoing, handsome professional - white Catholic male, 33-38, for lifetime of smooth sailing. 1375 ☒ ☐

Looks Like Kirstie Alley—35, Jewish, 5'11", blue-eyed, DDS. Enjoys biking, tennis and traveling. Seeks a tall, bright professional male (35-45), who is emotionally and financially stable. Photo is a must. 1350 ☒ ☐

Finally In "My Element"—Having lived and worked in the city for years, am now settled in Westchester County. I am a cute, fun-loving, successful Japanese-American in my mid 30s, Ivy MBA. I pride myself most on being intelligent, genuinely nice, warm, virtuous, grounded, curious about life and intense about things that are important to me. Although outwardly gregarious, I'm a quiet, thoughtful person who cherishes privacy and time alone. If you are a man with similar sentiments, I would welcome a note and photo. 1381 ☒ ☐

Blond, Tall, Slender—Very attractive Jewish woman seeks relationship with a successful man - into the arts, conversation, reading, travel and romance. 42-52 only. 1449 ☒ ☐

Monmouth County Teacher—28, attractive, athletic Catholic female, easygoing, energetic...enjoys sports, traveling and the beach. Seeking kind, handsome, professional, family-oriented man with a good sense of humor. 1372 ☒ ☐

Romantic Psychologist—Jewish, with decency, integrity and good looks. Please be a smart, accomplished, pretty woman, 44-54, with a kind heart. 1459 ☒ ☐

Worth The Wait—Jewish female, PhD, lots of energy, passion for life - youthful/athletic, 41, 5'3", shapely, natural beauty. Seeks Jewish male, 35-plus, communicative, affectionate, inquisitive, for relationship/family. Note/photo. 1349 ☒ ☐

Lawyer—Warm and creative, Jewish, 5'8", 45, fit, seeks pretty, slim, moderately well-read woman, age 32-38, to share my life with. Note and photo. 1331 ☒ ☐

Italian-American Widower—50 plus, bi-continental lifestyle, active, outgoing businessman, nonsmoker. Seeks single female, 38-47, for companionship, possible long-term commitment. Please send photo, birthdate, background. POB 2428, Amagansett, NY 11930

Optimist's Optimism Waning—When will I find a warm, attractive woman of depth, 29-37, who likes to talk, enjoys movies and the arts? I'm a good-looking, humorous, ambitious attorney, 39, seeking an optimism injection. Photo/note. 1445 ☒ ☐

Gorgeous Blond—30, professional, animal lover, seeks handsome Jewish professional male, 30-40, nonsmoker, 5'10" plus, marriage-minded, great sense of humor. Note/photo please. 1404 ☒ ☐

SEND

A WRITTEN RESPONSE
Here's How:

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New York Magazine, Box # _____
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

Not Just A Pretty Face—Great sense of humor, easygoing, single Irish-Catholic woman, 40, full-figured, native Manhattanite - love to travel, love movies, museums and theater. Looking for a someone to share all the city has to offer. 1374 ☒

Alluring, Playful, Leggy, Pretty—Warmhearted, single Jewish female, 5'6", slim, with a mischievous streak, desires romantic, fun, cultured, single/divorced Jewish male, 39-51, nonsmoker. 1368 ☒

Tall, Handsome Greek Attorney—40, seeks curvy, sexy Latin fox. 1401 ☒

Honest—Gay man, 38, 5'6", smart, fit, strong, gentle, nonsmoker. 1400 ☒

Nibble From The Full Plate Of Life—With me. Meander through museums, concert halls, cities and countryside worldwide. Desire mutuality, respect, passion and beauty. Be rich in mind and spirit. Blue-eyed beauty seeking 55-62-year-old, educated Jewish man. 1464 ☒

Handsome, Single White Male—44, intelligent, successful, values honesty and openness, has a heart of gold, sidelined by herpes. Believes in loving and respecting someone for who they are as a person and how they are inside. Looking for an attractive, understanding female, 25-38, to share friendship, life, fun and future in a growing relationship leading to marriage and family, with unconditional love for each other. Note/photo. 1428 ☒

Attractive Professional, Lesbian—46, seeks a kind, intelligent, passionate woman for loving relationship. 1402 ☒

Handsome, Trim, Caring—Seeks slender, educated, classy lady, 50ish. Dance, travel... Photo/note. 1384 ☒

Dark-Haired, Green-Eyed Beauty—Tall and slender, athletic, spiritual, Harvard MBA and CEO, seeks down-to-earth man with integrity, who wants a happy home life and quiet evenings with friends. I have two gorgeous girls. Your children from prior marriage warmly welcomed. City/country life ideal. 1341 ☒

English-Australian—Model looks, successful, exciting, investment banker, 28, seeks a beautiful woman who has traditional values, 20-30. Photo/note. 1370 ☒

I'm One Of Many, But Am I The One?—Slim brunette - loves art, music, nature, sports, travel. If you're an attractive guy, 45-55, fun, in-shape, sincere... then tell me! Note/photo, please. 1448 ☒

Casting Call—Italian-Jewish male professional, 31, 5'9", 165 lbs, seeks fun-loving, pretty starlet, 22-32, for starring role as lover and best friend (race unimportant). Please send photo/note. 1397 ☒

50ish, Fun-Loving Jewish Widower—Seeks friendship first: petite nonsmoker, loves teddy bears, country life. 1417 ☒

The Voice Of Your Eyes—Is deeper than all roses. I'm 42, a single white male, financial professional, who is shy, sensitive and sincere. I'm interested in meeting a professional Christian woman, 40 or younger. I long for a relationship full of warmth and understanding, hopefully leading to marriage and a family. Please send me a current photograph and write to me. 1405 ☒

Sexy, Smart, Slim—Caring, educated, affluent, petite (212) widow seeks 60-plus, (914)/(201)/(203) mensch. 1398 ☒

Very Attractive LI Lady—5'8", thin, executive, in great shape, loves to work out, golf, go to afternoon movies and the Philharmonic. I enjoy dining in Manhattan and also love to entertain at home. Seeking a handsome, successful, intelligent man, in great shape, to have a good time with, 5'10" or taller, 45-55 years old. Photo. 1392 ☒

I Made Mom A Promise—I have spent the last few years building a business. I now wish to spend the rest of my life building a loving, caring relationship with someone who seeks same. 39, dark hair, blue eyes, 6', 165 lbs, athletic, seeks female, 29-39, who loves summers on the beach, Vermont Inns, skiing, sushi, movies, kisses that never end, long talks, long walks, laughter, family, friends and honest people. Kissing required, laughter supplied. Your letter and photo must open my heart. 1333 ☒

Jewish Widow—Classy LI lady with panache and joie de vivre, 60s, interested in meeting a mensch with family values. Honesty, caring and a sense of humor essential. Note/phone. 1411 ☒

Warm, Attractive, Lively—Self-employed woman. Interests include the arts and world affairs. Seeks intelligent, kind, stable man, mid 50s-60s. 1356 ☒

Philanthropist?—Attractive woman, 29, down-to-earth, sophisticated yet a kid at heart, financially secure, world traveler - seeks man who enjoys black-tie affairs to camping, can jump on a plane to Africa to help cheetahs or go to a charity ball in DC. Love to give to life? Romantic? Financially secure? Enjoy the best of what the world has to offer? Please write. 1414 ☒

Successful English Investor—6'2", 37 years old, stubbornly seeking sweet-natured, beautiful 20-35-year-old Manhattanite into eating, drinking and playing pool. Note/photo, please. 1419 ☒

Happy, Attractive, Eclectic—41-year-old, single, successful professional female seeks wonderful man. Note/photo. 1338 ☒

Romance For Sale—Soul mate is sought by this financially secure, down-to-earth and passionate 36-year-old male. I live in the City, but my heart belongs to the Outdoors. I enjoy traveling (from New England to Exotic), romantic dinners and great conversation. I'm 5'9", an athletic build (work out regularly) and handsome. I'm Jewish (nonreligious), but you don't have to be. I'm in search of an attractive, fit lady, 28-35, who will laugh with me and share some magic. She should prefer Nikes to pumps, and jeans to Armani. Note/photo...please. 1416 ☒

Warm, Honest—Jewish businessman (former Cub Scout), 55, enjoys NYC and traveling. Seeks slim, attractive professional for good times and long-term relationship. Note/photo. 1376 ☒

Gay White Male—35, masculine, professional, not into the scene. 1412 ☒

Dance and Romance

New York Magazine's 5th Annual Pre-Valentine's Bash

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at the
COPACABANA ♥♥♥

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On The Road—Evolved Jewish man seeking my queen (38-48). Ski, bike, run, dance and sing. Please be normal. 1361 ☒

Writer Of Sports-Betting—And blackjack books - 6'5", 44-year-old, single white male - seeks 25-45-year-old, single white female. Some of my likes are traveling, movies, basketball, football, wagering, the unconventional, good conversation and good humor. Phone, please. 1352 ☒

Brown-Eyed Professional Man—With traditional values (enjoys skiing, the beach, movies and quiet dinners), seeks intelligent, adventurous, slim, pretty Christian female, 32-38, to share life's experiences and raise a family. Photo/phone. 1450 ☒

Would You Rather—Respond to this personal ad or have Marv Alpert give you a shiatsu massage while singing Broadway show tunes? Attractive, slim, divorced professional who recently hit the big 5-OH!...and suddenly finds himself actually calling about that adjustable bed they sell on TV, seeks caring lady who gets excited by jury duty. Please send photo, note and phone. 1444 ☒

Down-To-Earth West Side Woman—With a country heart. Attractive, slender and fit, compassionate and contemplative, single, Jewish (nonreligious) professional, 40, who loves humor, dogs, snowfall, good food, red wine, close friends and autumn leaves - seeks complementary male counterpart, professional, 38-52, with a good soul and an open heart. 1427 ☒

Beautiful Woman—(Inside and out), sensuous, blond, fit, fun, with adventurous spirit and a career of her own, seeks successful counterpart, 40-55, to share in life's pleasures. Loves to ski, travel, golf and more! Note/photo. 1334 ☒

Blue-Eyed Gem—Handsome, intelligent, sincere, financially secure 41-year-old with great sense of humor and diverse interests. Seeks sophisticated, attractive, slender woman, 28-37. I'm serious about a relationship and would like to meet the right woman. Note/photo/photo. 1468 ☒

Handsome Attorney—Witty, baby blues, movie lover, piano player, weight lifter, Jewish, 33 - seeks very voluptuous, intelligent lady as friend, lover and soul mate. Queens/LI area only. 1454 ☒

Woman Of Your Dreams—Happy and looking pretty good at 60, craves a fun-to-be-with, enthusiastic and interesting, smart guy. 1426 ☒

I've Got Silver In The Stars—And gold in the morning sun. Otherwise, I'm your basic 50-year-old guy, apt to read, rite, rithmetize, play sports, climb mountains. If you're a spirited woman on a road less traveled, why, I'd love to hear from you. 1337 ☒

Really Great Guy (Nobody's Perfect)—Tall (steals aisle in movies and on planes). Good-looking (love handles - size small). Athletic (rollerblade challenged). Late thirties (rarely acts it). Bar mitzvah (Cliff Note comprehension). Successful professional (never satisfied). Easygoing (except when I'm difficult). Makes good decisions (married briefly). Sense of humor (married briefly). Honest, loyal, sensitive and kind (always!). If you would care to rescue an expressive, romantic and truly great guy with a big heart, who wants to share a life of love, laughter, family, a puppy (negotiable), and live happily ever after, I await your note/phone/photo. 1391 ☒

Concert Pianist/College Teacher—50, nice guy, attractive, down-to-earth, sincere, romantic, seeks deeply committed Romance of the Century with attractive, adjectivally endowed, 40s woman who listens to classical music. Photo helps. LI/NYC. 1343 ☒

Mature Male—Complex mind, uncomplicated personality, seeks slim, fit, affectionate Manhattan female, 45-50, for loving, caring, tender relationship. 1216 ☒

Successful Entrepreneur—Very handsome GQ type, 48, 5'11", world traveled, professional, Manhattanite - seeks a lady with beauty, class and warmth, for caring, committed relationship. Note/photo. 1421 ☒

Affectionate Woman CEO—Seeks man capable of loving and being loved. Are you 45-65? Boring need not apply. Are you a lover of life? 1463 ☒

Handsome, Athletic Male—36, Jewish, successful, looking to meet the right girl for lasting relationship. Must love dogs. Photo a must. 1329 ☒

NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

The Cairo Practors
The Boulder Dash
The Tampa Proofseals
The Vail Threats
The Beijing Beauties

Above, the Hialeah Irregulars. Sports Teams: real places, invented names. Competitors are invited to devise one such.

Results of Competition 898, in which you were asked for prequels, the earlier version of a person, place, or thing.

Report: You're good. You're really good. We've pre-viewed prequels in prior puzzles. So herewith the prepeats: Victor Premature. *Nieuw Amsterdam* Magazine. Prince Kong. Intern Zhivago. Sweeney Toddler. Hemisemidemi Moore. Colonial Pacino. Before Weddings and a Funeral. Trainingbra Streisand. Prior Richard. M. Chrysalis. Ante Mame. 6-Up. Pre-Madonna. The Roman Empire State Building. The Flatironage Building. Caveman Ray. Newt Rockne. Quentin Taranpretino. And Prince. Let this be a lesson to you. And not a moment too, uh, soon.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to New York to:

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KING TOT
Richard Fried, Brooklyn

PRECONSTRUCTING HARRY
*Harry Rosenbaum, Englewood, N.J.;
Rita K. Farrelly, Bronxville, N.Y.*

DEMITASS
Beverly Stainnis, West Lawrence, N.Y.

NIÑA FOCH
Martha Everds, N.Y.C.

BABYBOOMER ESIASON
*Carleton Carpenter, Warwick, N.Y.
Powerhouse Gym, Baldwin, N.Y.*

SISTER HELEN PREPREJEAN
*Russell Marlow, N.Y.C.
similarly: Jeremy M. Parker, N.Y.C.*

GLENN CLOSE BUT NO CIGAR
Bruce Arendash, N.Y.C.

Competition Rules: POSTCARDS, PLEASE, TYPEWRITTEN IF POSSIBLE. ONE ENTRY ONLY should be sent to Competition Number 901, *New York Magazine*, 444 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022-6999, or e-mailed to 104700.2563@compuserve.com. It must be received by January 30. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York*. Results and winners' names will appear in the March 2 issue.

Denby continued from page 43

mat, marry a young policeman? Would she leave him for a young nobody? In this movie, such questions are beside the point. Almodóvar embraces the Mediterranean, or celebratory, view of sex, familiar from Boccaccio's stories, in which eros is a democracy of matching bodies and temperaments. Society, money, status all shrink to nothing. Despite his erotic fixations, Pedro Almodóvar is the cinema's last true innocent.

IN THE AWARD-WINNING DUTCH MOVIE **The Dress**, a thin summer frock, enlivened with a pattern of golden leaves against a blue background, passes from one person to another and destroys, or nearly destroys, the women who wear it and the men in love with these women. *The Dress*, which was written and directed by Alex van Warmerdam, is based on a mysteriously whimsical idea: We never know why the garment has been cursed, or what the curse means. *The Dress* is a fairy tale without a witch. And the movie, though fascinating, is marked less by magic than by perversity. Two of the young women who possess the dress are very appealing, but Van Warmerdam treats them rather badly. The housekeeper Johanna (Ariane Schluter), mistress of a brusque old painter, attracts the interest of a railway ticket collector (played by the director), who follows her home and climbs into bed with her when the painter isn't there. Johanna, an easygoing woman with a quick smile and a beautiful figure, is shocked but not altogether indifferent, and at first the collector seems possible as a lover. When he is revealed as a creep, the moviegoer, as well as Johanna, feels cheated. And when this creep then pursues the next owner of the dress, young Chantelle (Ricky Koole), who is alone in the country and vulnerable (her parents are away), we are appalled. The sexual scenes are staged as comedy, but the comedy is devoted to a potential rape. I won't reveal what happens, but Van Warmerdam seems little concerned with the pleasure of his audience. And why shouldn't he be? Why shouldn't he charm us? It's not as if he had anything profound to say. The curse hanging over the dress is removed from ritual or rage or guilt or anything else that might give it meaning. *The Dress* takes some unusual twists and turns, and the way the story just passes from one vignette to the next is deft, but I can't help feeling that the movie's conceits are at the service of a remorseless—a meaninglessly remorseless—view of life.

David Denby's 1998 reviews are available at newyorkmag.com, along with movie news, a schedule of upcoming openings, and more.

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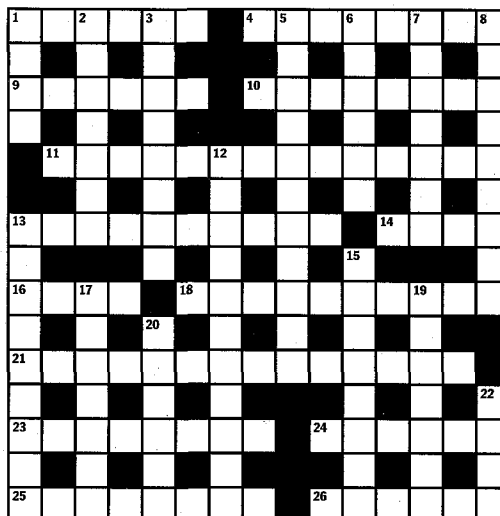
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The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

- 1 See 1 down.
- 4 A lot of toil? Shame. (4,4)
- 9 One's absorbed in article on art of raising capital. (6)
- 10 Sovereign with rod, pole and perch detailed at left perhaps. (8)
- 11 Ignorance assumed with non-smoking characters. (4-10)
- 14,13 Ignored like Sutherland's "Christ in Glory" once. (4,2,8)
- 16 Here Aschenbach died; so pass the hat round. (4)
- 18 Turn to satellite TV: hackneyed outfit but revolutionary. (10)
- 21 Policy uniting Panama with South Carolina, Rhode Island and Maine, without a doubt. (3-11)
- 23 The end opposite the 1 across. (3,5)
- 24 Michelangelo's angel. (6)
- 25 They fought for the old Trucial State railway. (8)
- 26 The Modern Woman? 'e would agree! (6)



DOWN

- 1,1 ac Show support for string players. (4-6)
- 2 Sacerdotal word from the law-giver's brother. (7)
- 3 An extended farewell from Daventry? (4-4)
- 5 So Luther was seen, getting in the RC-Establishment hair. (4-7)
- 6 Hang on! This is no place for non-swimmers: no point! (6)
- 7 Transport provided to universal acclamation. (7)
- 8 Almost terminate order to be French: let them keep their distance. (9)
- 12 Self-possessed motorist. (5-5)
- 13 I thought you got it! (9)
- 15 Young shaver gets to the top. (8)
- 17 Old artiste at opening of Drury Lane show, no? (3,4)
- 19 Influence found where Golding sought it at Salisbury. (7)
- 20 "Tempo con amore" bringing not a word from the family! (6)
- 22 Span 1 across to 23. (4)

'I Come From Alabama': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

- 1 Treaty
- 5 Silent greetings
- 9 Defunct New York hotel
- 14 Direction for Greeley
- 18 Airwick target
- 19 One of the Waughes
- 20 Egyptian beetle amulet
- 22 Kind of saxophone
- 23 Delhi dress
- 24 Abbr. at an applied-science U.
- 25 TV star from Alabama
- 27 "Jeopardy!" emcee
- 29 — Mongolia
- 31 Disney dwarf
- 32 Lukewarm
- 34 Arbor
- 36 In a manner like
- 37 Squealer
- 39 Hardens to hardships
- 41 Arlene or Roald
- 43 Former Philadelphia Symphony conductor
- 46 Slanted type: abbr.
- 48 Looked daggers (at)
- 50 Justice from Alabama
- 53 Bouquet container
- 54 Coast Guard ships
- 56 — jogg
- 57 Golf-ball position
- 58 L.A.-based petroleum biggie
- 59 Memorable Mel
- 60 Altar's alcove
- 62 Safer of "60 Minutes"
- 65 Bandleader from Alabama
- 69 Officiates at a tea
- 70 Ripped
- 71 Nothing
- 72 Regatta need
- 74 Wishing place
- 75 Very very
- 77 Governor from Alabama
- 82 Grow fond of
- 84 Rush-order abbr.
- 85 Each calendar square
- 86 "— she blows!"
- 87 After an aitch
- 88 Vintner's tub
- 90 Acted as substitute
- 93 Kin of 17-Down
- 94 Baseballer from Alabama
- 98 France's FBI

- 99 Bois de Boulogne, par exemple
- 100 Frankenstein's flunky, in a film
- 101 Andy's radio sidekick
- 103 Disregard
- 105 Commandment negative
- 106 Spill the beans
- 108 Japanese commando
- 110 She played Moll Flanders
- 112 Libra's symbol
- 115 Colombian poncho
- 117 Swordsmen's wounds
- 120 Author-lecturer from Alabama
- 124 Detached territory

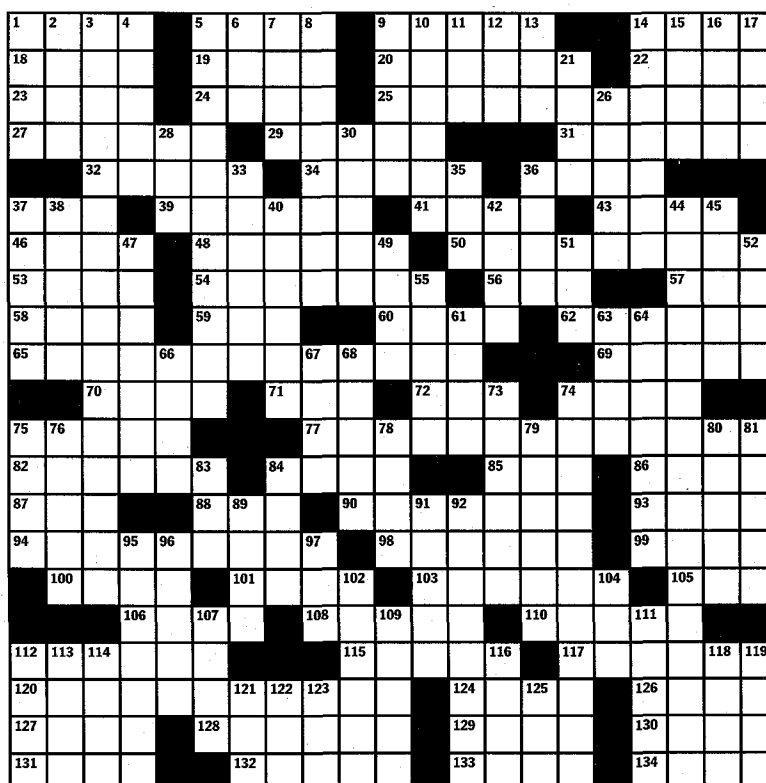
- 126 Saucy
- 127 Server's edge, for short
- 128 Dry-cleaner's problems
- 129 Use a swizzle stick
- 130 Showed up
- 131 Jazzman Stan
- 132 Rough up
- 133 A-one
- 134 Alan Arkin's son

DOWN

- 1 Part of P.M.
- 2 Sixth Hebrew month
- 3 Civil-rights leader from Alabama
- 4 Indian clan
- 5 Singer from Alabama

- 6 Hurray, to José
- 7 Art —
- 8 "Unfinished Symphony" composer
- 9 Lopsided
- 10 Filled with fear
- 11 Create lacework
- 12 Miner's quest
- 13 British India
- 14 Like an insomniac
- 15 Alternative word
- 16 Octagonal road sign
- 17 Theatrical honor
- 21 Striped fish
- 26 Shiny up
- 28 Finial
- 30 "I'm Beginning — the Light"

- 33 Minnesota city
- 35 Pep-squad shout
- 36 Seaweed
- 37 Competitor
- 38 Video-game name
- 40 Wickerwork reed
- 42 Jessica's husband
- 44 Actress from Alabama
- 45 More skiddy
- 47 Beethoven Overture
- 49 Confound it!
- 51 Electrical unit
- 52 Locksmiths' items
- 55 Animal footprint
- 61 Stumbling block
- 63 Autobahn auto
- 64 Type of desk
- 66 Quod —
- 67 demonstrandum
- 68 U.S.S.R. planes
- 69 Earnest appeals
- 73 Blush
- 74 Actor from Alabama
- 75 Beehive State
- 76 Oahu patio
- 78 Decides, with "to" or "for"
- 79 Serve the needs of
- 80 Largest city of Africa
- 81 Standing straight
- 83 Eggs
- 84 Power source
- 89 Bedouin
- 91 Board used in séances
- 92 Sunday musician
- 95 Rhine city of Germany
- 96 "Stormy Weather" songsmith
- 97 Sine qua —
- 102 Ambulances' whines
- 104 Le Gallienne of the stage
- 107 Solicits
- 109 Ward healer
- 111 Animal-shelter org.
- 112 Rug with a high pile
- 113 Give over
- 114 Landed
- 116 In the matter of
- 118 Humorist Bombeck
- 119 The Main — (Broadway)
- 121 Greek vowel
- 122 Chemist's whereabouts
- 123 Southampton coll.
- 125 Mouth piece





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